October, 1903

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Baffling Cipher.

The best thing in *The Red Triangle*, Mr. Arthur Morrison's recent contribution to detective literature, is an exceedingly clever cryptogram which we think we could safely defy the most astute and persevering of our readers to decipher if they would battle with it strictly on the merits of the case and refrain from looking ahead. The crytogram, which is of vital importance in the story of *The Red Triangle*, is found written in a fine hand on a strip of paper which has been rolled and concealed in the hollow of a key. It consists of a series of figures, running in the following order:

9, 8, 14, 4, 20, 18, 5, 9; 15, 19, 20,
0, 3, 9, 8, 5; 3, 23, 0, 0, 5, 13, 14,
19; 19, 20, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 1; 5, 20, 0,
0, 0, 0, 3, 22; 1, 15, 0, 0, 0, 0, 18,
5; 1, 8, 20, 11, 18, 9, 5, 20; 12, 5,
23, 14, 14, 1, 1, 20

Now at the very first glance this cryptogram appears to be almost childish in its simplicity. If we except the naughts, the numbers most frequently repeated are 5 and 20, which occur seven times each. Now, the vowel most frequently occurring in average English writing is e, and we see at once that e is number five in the alphabet, counting from the beginning. Moreover, if we go on so counting we find that 20 is t, which is one of the most frequently occurring consonants. Thus it seems that the cipher is of the simplest nature, consisting merely of the substitution of figures for letters in the exact order of the alphabet. But what of the naughts? They are baffling, especially when we note that in three places there are actually four naughts in succession; and, of course, no letter is repeated four times successively in any English word. This is as far as Brett, Arthur Morrison's Dr. Watson, the companion and historian of Martin Hewitt, Arthur Morrison's Sherlock Holmes, is able to proceed. So he passes it on to the "great detective" who promptly points out the significance of the semicolons which divide the missive into eight lines of eight figures each, and demonstrates with the aid of a chess board and the move of a knight starting at the proper point, that the cipher expanded to a freely expressed message, reads: "The plunder is in the ventilator, the loss is discovered, take away the booty at once; Martin Hewitt is here, and I fear I may be watched."

A Family Affair.

World's Children, one of the handsome illustrated books of the autumn, strikes us as being decidedly a family affair. The text is by Miss Dorothy Menpes. The pictures, about one hundred in number, are the work of her father, Mortimer Menpes, the well-known artist. These pictures have been reproduced by the artist's daughter, Miss Maud Menpes. Finally, the illustrations were engraved and printed at the Menpes press. We should say that this establishes a record.

A Precursor of Omar.

The introduction of a precursor of Omar Khayyam to the American reading public is the avowed object of a rather

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DOROTHY MENPES.

curious volume, *The Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala,* which has been rendered into English by Ameen F. Rihani. Abu'l-Ala, according to the preface of the book, lived in the latter part of the tenth and the first half of the eleventh centuries, and, at a time when Europe was arming itself for the first Crusade, was fighting against the fallacies, the shams and the lies of the ruling class of his time in its social, religious, and political aspects. When a boy, his father taught him the first principles of grammar and thus instilled in his mind a love for learning. Subsequently he was sent to Aleppo, where, with a private tutor, he pursued his studies. His poetical tendencies were developed in his boyhood, and his first attempts were made when only eleven years of age. He was attacked by smallpox when a child and almost lost his sight as a result of the disease. Thereafter his eyes were always weak, and he became, in middle age, totally blind. In his twenty-fifth year he visited Bagdad, the centre of learning and the capital of the Abbaside Califs, remaining there about nineteen months, attending the lectures of the leading Sufis and doctors, and making the acquaintance of the learned men of his time. His career as poet and scholar actually dates from the time of his return from Bagdad, and according to his biographer he soon became "the master of the learned, the chief of the wise, and the sole king of the bards of his century." Marrah became the Mecca of every literary aspirant.

The translator points out the similarity of thought existing between Omar Khayyam and Abu'l-Ala. The former, he thinks, was an imitator or a disciple of the latter. The birth of the first and the death of the second poets are not very far apart from each other; they both occurred about the middle of the eleventh century. Whoever will take the trouble, urges the translator, to read Omar Khayyam in conjunction with what in this volume is

MAUD MENPES.

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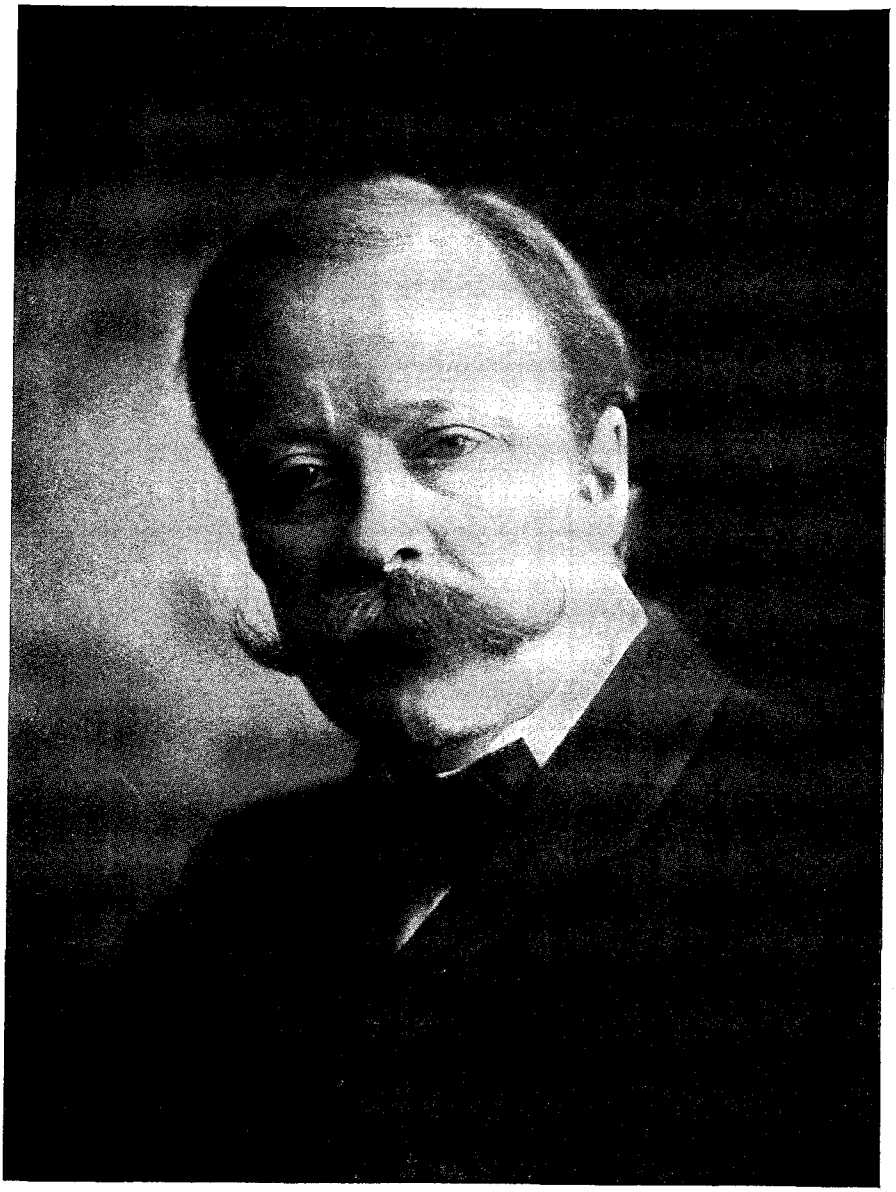
translated of Abu'l-Ala cannot fail to see that the skepticism and pessimism of Omar are, to a great extent imported from Marrah. In his religious opinions the Arabian philosopher is far more outspoken than the Persian poet. "I do not say that Omar was a plagiarist, but I say this: Just as Voltaire, for instance, acquired most of his liberal and skeptical views from Hobbs, Locke, and Bayle, so did Omar acquire his from Abu'l-Ala." While we do not thoroughly agree with the estimate of the translator, we are reprinting a few of the quatrains in order that our readers may judge for themselves:

Behold the Night, lest vauntingly we say,
"He fell a-bleeding, 'neath the sword of Day,"
Again recharges with his starry host,
While all the fiery Suns in ambush lay.



MORTIMER MENPES.

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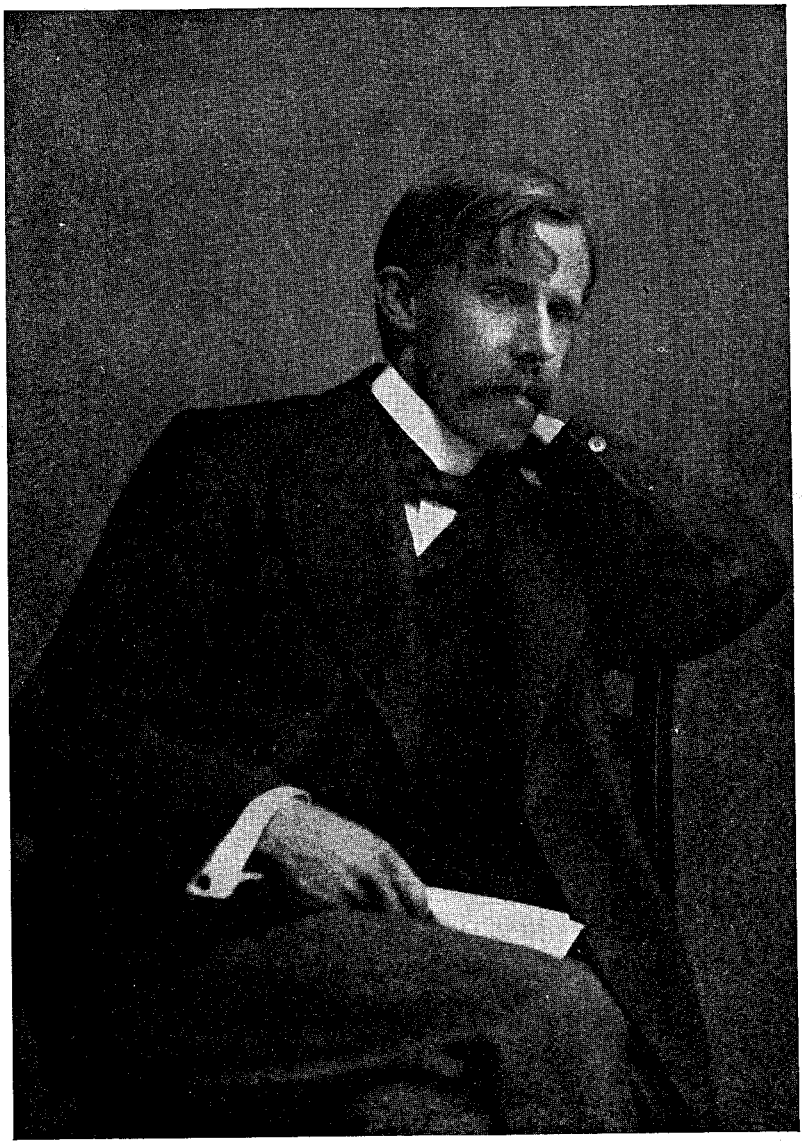

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, AUTHOR OF "CHEERFUL AMERICANS."

Many a Grave embraces friend and foe,
And grins in scorn at this most sorry show;
A multitude of corses therein pressed—
Alas! Time almost reaps e'er he doth sow!

The Days devour us all; none will they spare,
And fang'd hours, Lion-like, upon us stare;
Anon they bound, and twixt their teeth we groan,
Anon return to their eternal Lair!

The door of Certainty we can't unlock,
But we can knock and guess and guess and knock:
Night quickly carries us upon its Sail,
Ship-like, but where, O Night-ship, is thy dock?

Enchained in blindness of both Faith and Sight,
I two long nights make of my darkest Night;
Once Ummu-lila luring I espoused,
But even she my darkness could not light.

Lord Salisbury as Journalist.

The articles in the daily and weekly newspapers elicited by the death of the late Lord Salisbury have been in the main as commonplace and perfunctory as might be expected. One which appeared in the London *Academy* was rather out

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BEULAH MARIE DIX, AUTHOR OF "BLOUNT OF BRECKENBROW."

of the usual, since it went back of his diplomatic career and confines itself entirely to "Lord Salisbury as Journalist." When Salisbury, at the age of twenty-seven made an unmercenary marriage, money became a matter of much moment to him. His father would not increase his allowance, English politics offer little profit to the beginner, so he began writing for the press. The *Saturday Review* had been started a year before and in its columns was published the series of articles on which Salisbury's rank as a journalist mainly rests. And this rank the *Academy* considers a very high one. Whether the "master of flouts" gave tone to the *Saturday*, or, on the contrary, took tone from the *Saturday*, is a matter which his final biographers must seek to determine. Meanwhile a personal opinion may be recorded—that the *Saturday Review* was in reality a creation of the future Premier's; and that, in the capacity of creator, he has left a clearer stamp on the journalism of the day than that made by any other one man of his generation. Matthew Arnold thought Disraeli was the only living statesman among his contemporaries

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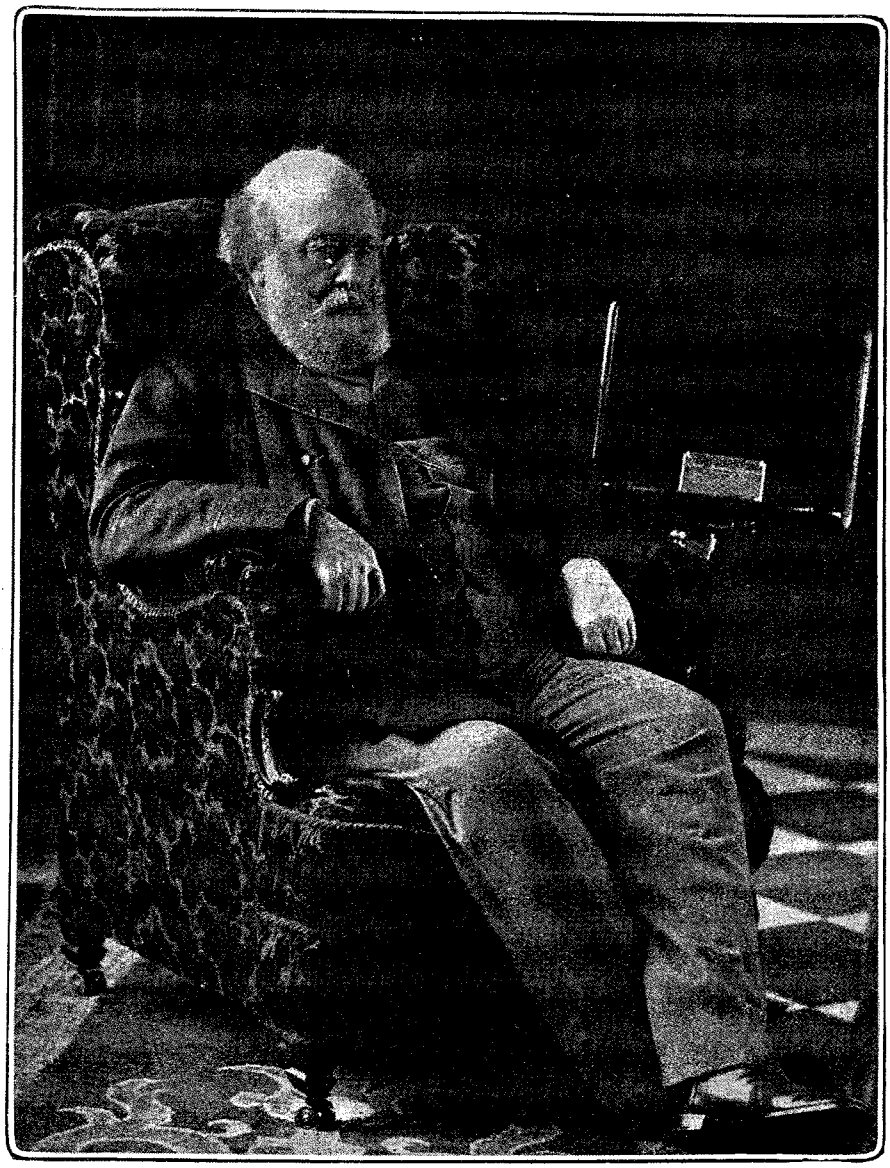
who had really felt "the spell of literature"; but Matthew Arnold would have been the very first to own the obligations which literary men, himself not excepted, owed to the existence of the *Saturday Review*.



THE LATE LORD SALISBURY.

"Wisely enough, perhaps," thinks the *Academy*, "no record was kept of the complete series of articles contributed to the *Saturday Review* by that caustic pen. But many of the articles are signed nowhere, yet are signed everywhere. Especially during that Reform period, when Disraeli completed the 'education' of his party, the success of the adventurer added more gall than before to the ink of the seceder. The men who had not seceded were at least to be taught their place as puppets. Such was the natural attitude of the man who had withdrawn without drawing after him all the stars of the Tory firmament. 'Mr. Dis-

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raeli,' the readers of the *Saturday Review* of July 6, 1867, were told, 'accurately estimated the weakness of his followers, and saw how easily they would yield to a little firmness'; but he has even now to do many things that they do not like. Especially he has to adopt a course that must be very trying to his subordinates.' In the early part of the session he used Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gathorne Hardy as his instruments for ascertaining the temper of the House. They were allowed and were encouraged to talk as if they still believed in Conservative principles; and when they flagged, the Attorney-General was 'instigated,'—and so forth. 'Instigated,' 'allowed,' 'used,' 'instruments,' 'subordinates'—these are the flouts which pepper this article, and many another like it, week after week. The idea was to detach stragglers, and not only their grievances are imagined, but their own sufferings in the bearing of them. 'But these useful persons do not like to be put up only to be knocked down, and Mr. Disraeli has had to use humbler people as his ninepins. In the discussion on giving a third member to the great towns he found in Mr. Adderley exactly the very ninepin he most wanted; and, having stimulated him to stand up, he knocked him down completely, and with a contemptuous and almost cruel indifference.' The cynicism with which the manœuvres of the game of high politics are treated is a note of all these articles; and, for men who could bear without affront to be called 'ninepins,' there was a last insult—to be bracketed with Bright."

Literary "Impossibilities."

A little over two years ago we printed in this department ten or a dozen letters for the purpose of illustrating the sort of utterly impossible communications which make their way into the editorial offices of magazines. We published these letters without any especial enthusiasm, even a little wearily; but because we believed them to be undoubtedly amusing and because they tended to bear out our firm conviction that no Impossibility in any other walk of life is quite so utterly impossible as the Impossibility with literary aspirations. This has always been so, and it is growing more so every day. When Thackeray was the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* he contributed to that periodical a half humorous, half pathetic little Roundabout Paper entitled "Thorns on the Cushion," in which he told of the ennuis and irritations of editorial work, and the letters, pleading, abusive, threatening, insulting, which caused an editor soon to learn to hear with a shudder the knock or the whistle of the postman. In this paper he told of the indignant epistle of a little Irish actress with an imaginary grievance, of the letters enclosing a poem, a pitiful story, and a prayer for acceptance, of the pangs which went with the rejection which duty and common sense made inevitable; in fact all the thorns on the cushion which conspired to render the occupation of the chair joyless and thankless. How keenly Thackeray felt all this was shown by his speedy resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill*. Yet we do not think there is an editor connected with a large magazine to-day who will not smile rather pityingly as he rereads "Thorns on the Cushion," and maintain stoutly that the troubles of which Thackeray complained were not very great, after all, when contrasted with similar troubles of the present time. You see there are ten literary Impossibilities to-day where there was one half a century ago. And that, we think, tells the story.

While part of the material of the paragraphs printed two years ago came through the mail addressed to this office, the letters which we are now printing have nothing whatever to do with THE BOOKMAN, but were received by another magazine. We are quite ready to vouch absolutely for their authenticity and for two reasons: In the first place, because of our personal knowledge of the gentleman, one of the editors of the magazine in question, who has kindly allowed us to publish them. In the second place, because as we have pointed out before, no one human mind is capable of the invention of any such series of letters. And here we wish to say that for the paragraphs which follow credit is due to Mr. Charles Hanson Towne.

There seems to be prevalent, Mr. Towne thinks, the general impression that an editor leads a secluded existence which by keeping him out of touch with

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the rest of the world renders him sour and surly and ill-natured. That is why, our young school-girl friend will tell you, he is so cruel and exasperatingly rude. He does not clasp hands with humanity; he is selfish and altogether impossible. But does he not come into touch with humanity? They would think differently if they could see his desk any morning of the week, piled high with the personal notes of entreaty, accompanied by the wonderful brain-children of, it would appear, every being who can hold a pen. Budding geniuses write to him, and sentimental lovers, in submitting to his critical judgment their sad effusions, tell him that their particular love is the most beautiful the world has ever known. And over-worked mothers take time to inform him of the astonishing sonnets their latest pair of twins are producing; tired fathers write of "Harold's rondeaux" (though they do not spell rondeaux correctly); and country school-mistresses entreat an early reading of their "poems" and demand a prompt remittance, as they are "saving up for the Saint Louis Exposition."

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This is all interesting, some one will ask here, but is it funny? Is it not more pitiful than humorous that so many simple souls come to such an unfeeling confessor in his unadorned confessional and lay bare their very hearts and reveal their desires and hopeless aspirations? At first, most editors will tell you if you speak to them of this, that their hearts are touched by such epistles and complete confessions. But as time goes on and the kindly editor has received, in answer to his thoughtful responses to young and inane literary aspirants, a reply somewhat as follows, he ceases to care. Indeed, after a dozen or more such abusive missives are hurled back upon him, he becomes utterly callous, or, if he is wise, he laughs. When a busy man has given a half-hour of his valuable time to dictate a word in season to a youth who will never be able to write, as even a blind man could discover, and receives no more thanks for his pains than this, one cannot wonder that he grows indifferent:

Dear sir, your crazy, i *can* right, you dont know what your talking about. Your a d—— fool and your old paper aint no goo anyhow. i no good potry wen i see it, and my prose is exellent to, having bin critcised by the best. Their is those who strive to keep us from getting to the front where we belong, but it aint no use. So ile take your old paper and throw it in the fire and ile tell all my frens to do the same. All edtors are fools anyway. Your a bigger one. . . .

Lines followed which are unprintable. Is it possible to pity such a person? One regrets—but, then, editors are always regretting!

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Any one would smile when a poor little note like this comes in from a man far off in a remote Western town:

Please don't return this story to me if you don't want it, as I do not wish my wife to know it has been rejected. She would laugh so at me.

The simple request was borne in mind, of course, and the bulky manuscript destroyed. A woman in Kansas once wrote to a certain editor, asking him what price he paid for stories. He told her that his regular rate was ten dollars a thousand. Back came a letter, saying she thought she would "rather stick to chicken-raising, as it would take her so long to write a thousand stories!" Letters very similar to the following are often addressed to magazine editors. Let us quote it with all its wonderful punctuation:

Gentlemen: I am greatly in need of money at the present time. I have written some at the request of different publishers, of both poetry and prose; a man who is at the head of one Publishing House in Chicago, I have never yet seen him: told me by letter—that I was "a bright literary lady:" (but he only paid me—starving prices). I felt that that, was the highest compliment I had ever received; at that time I was a guest at a relatives house, and I tried to *keep* that letter; but without avail.

I had been told by the *servant* of the wife, of my relative, whose guest I was, that his wife meddled with *my* writings. I had not the convenience of locking them up securely. I would as soon cut my own hand off, as I would have read the contents of a postal card, addressed to her name; but a *letter* is a *more* sacred thing. I am a *mother*, and at a very early age of their life, I taught each one, the dishonor of reading the letter of another person, without his or her permission.

I would like to take The Management of Children,—for my subject: but if *you prefer* to give me a subject, it will be equally as easy a task for me.

Pleading most earnestly, for a position as one of your contributors: I shall impatiently await your reply.

Most Respectfully yours:

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The reading of manuscripts is a weari-

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some task, and the letters which accompany the majority of them are usually uninteresting enough. But often a delicious epistle will come that causes the most languid editor to smile, and lightens the cares of the day's work. He sometimes gains such an insight, through one of these notes, into the secret affairs of his distant correspondents, as would have delighted the soul of Balzac. Take this, for example, which came from a California woman who had sent under another cover the closely written pages of an interminable novel:

I am most ambitious to appear in the leading magazines and papers throughout the country, and if you like the first hundred thousand words of my novel, I will send you the rest as soon as it is completed. I am working hard on it now. My husband idles his days away. He will not work, but is only too willing to sleep, and I have to do something to support the family. I am conscientious about my literary work, and feel sure that I was cut out to be an author. I cannot afford to pay the express charges on my story, so send it at your expense. If you return it—and oh, I pray you won't!—please prepay the package, for we are very, very poor. I have been writing ever since I was a child, and I am now forty-three years old, but I have never had anything published either in a paper or a book. But I know I am just as big a genius as Hall Caine, only I have never had the chances he has. We have had hard bacon for breakfast so long that I'm tired of it; so please hurry my check if you accept my story, as I would like a change of food, and also I would like to surprise my indolent husband.

The same post brought the following note from the same town:

Dear Sir: By this mail I understand that my daughter, who is married, is sending you a pleading letter—I know it must be pleading, for she has been writing them for years—and a big manuscript. I beg you to believe it will be the *greatest kindness* if you will pay no sort of attention to her story or her letter. She is the mother of three young children, and while her husband does all he can to support her and them, he cannot earn very much, owing to a heart weakness. She should take in washing, as I have had to do, and try to help out, by that instead of by writing fool stories. She has always had an idea that she was a great author, and we cannot keep the pencil out of her hand, although we hide it and the paper pads too. If she would spend more time in doing honest, sensible work instead of wasting her days in composing novels that I know are trash, she would be better off. So please don't answer her request, and don't encourage her in any way. I am her mother, and I know. Yours in all sincerity,

It is strange how countless are those who take to literature in order to make a livelihood, when they would be better occupied in the most menial manual labour. One of the saddest things an editor encounters is this waste of energy in ignorant, or at least semi-ignorant, people. They seem never to weary of their efforts, and day after day their sorrowful manuscripts flock to the judgment desk. No one takes to painting in this way, or—to street-cleaning. Perhaps it is the deathless desire to see one's name in print which causes this fearful, unending band to work so ceaselessly. But even sadder still it is when an editor's personal friends, who have hitherto been in the insurance business or have been managers of shoe-factories, solemnly take up the pen. "Smith is running a magazine," they will say; "he will help me along. It is so easy to write." Previous normal ambitions are forgotten; the square of land and the wholesale price of leather are relegated to oblivion. These big sane men sit up nights to finish a problem novel or a five-hundred line epic. They forward their manuscripts to Smith with absolute confidence, saying, in a little note, "I know if I haven't punctuated this all right you'll fix it up"; or, "if the rhymes aren't perfect, you can easily remedy such a trifle." And when Smith is forced, through a sense of duty, to return their contributions, they cease to speak to him.

The class of people who demand that their effusions be accepted is of course only to be laughed at; but there is another class which is really to be pitied. Even in the hurly-burly of his work, he would indeed be a hard-hearted editor who did not pause to wonder if the writer of the following note carried out his threat:

Dere sir: i am in poverty. Unless you except this pome by leven oclock thursday morning i will jump into the hudson river. do not think i am fooling. i am in ernest. i have strugled two hard and i am tired of being rejected.

Such letters are by no means infrequent. They are probably genuine, but of course they emanate from disorganized brains; yet they are wofully pathetic and make an impression upon the most indifferent. Almost invariably, however, no definite address is given. The following note reveals an equally hopeless state of mind:

Dear Sir—I wrote to you sometime ago and

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sent a poem—I was *actually* suffering for food and I know my work was all right. Your answer was a *printed* notice saying you would be pleased to hear from me again. Now I am *suffering* for food and *shelter* and shoes and actual living necessities. My rent is overdue two weeks, and neighbors are helping me until help comes. Now I have a number of poems —first class, and should not be suffering when I am so tallented. But I will not give out any more of my work without money. Will you send some one quickly to interview me—as I have no care fare and actually borrowed for paper and stamp. I have *beautiful* poems. But I will not trust any more. I have been fooled enough and my suffering now is too great. I sent you one called "A Suicide." I thought it would reach your sympathy. But it failed to do so. Please dont fail me now, for I am a genius.

One reads, sometimes, in articles of "Advice to Young Authors," that it is best not to enclose any letter at all when forwarding a manuscript. The latter will speak for itself. It is true that the majority of notes accompanying stories or poems are superfluous; and they are never kept on file in editorial offices, except in rare instances. There is a well-known poet, however, whose finished lyrics are appreciated by thousands of verse-lovers, and the editor of one magazine, at least, would regret the absence of the delightful little rhymes which invariably accompany those sent for publication. With a Valentine poem recently came this bit:

Dear Editors:

When February comes around
And roses (save those in the ground)
Will very probably be found
    At florists only,
Perhaps from off the lyric vine
You may remove this Valentine,
And keep the roses—yours and mine—
    From feeling lonely.

A clever verse was accompanied by this:

Duly—but not Dooley—done
So it is not truly Dunne.
    And for these tricks
    The dollars six
Are not an unruly dun!

And this he wrote one day:

As you will see, this lyric turns
Upon a song by Bobbie Burns.
You like the one by Robert B.——
Perhaps you'll like this one by me.

The Greatest Feat of Magic Ever Performed.

For some time we have intended to call attention to an article by Professor Brander Matthews, which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for May of this year. The article was about what Professor Matthews called "The Greatest Feat of Magic Ever Performed," and was notable in that the writer offered a very convincing solution of a feat of which the performer, the great Robert Houdin, in his Memoirs did not reveal the secret. Houdin told the story of the trick, but only on one point did he even hint at anything which would serve to clear away the mystery. In 1846 the magician was at the height of his popularity, and upon one occasion was invited to Saint Cloud to give an exhibition of his dexterity before Louis Philippe, the royal family, and the Court. The performance was given in one of the drawing rooms of the palace within a certain number of square feet inclosed by silken ropes, and Houdin with only his young son as an assistant could not rely for his effects upon the tricks of lights and mechanism which would have been at his disposal had he been exhibiting on the stage of his own theatre. Nevertheless, despite these handicaps, the conjuror not only gave an admirable performance, but he brought it to a conclusion by a trick that was invented especially for the occasion—the trick to which Professor Matthews refers as the greatest feat of magic ever performed.

Houdin borrowed from the noble spectators several handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel, and laid on the table. Then, at his request, different persons wrote on cards which the conjuror handed about, the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this had been done, Houdin approached the King and begged him to take three of the cards at hazard and choose from them the place he might consider most suitable. "Let us see," Louis Philippe said, "what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.' That is too easy for a sorcerer; so we will pass to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.'

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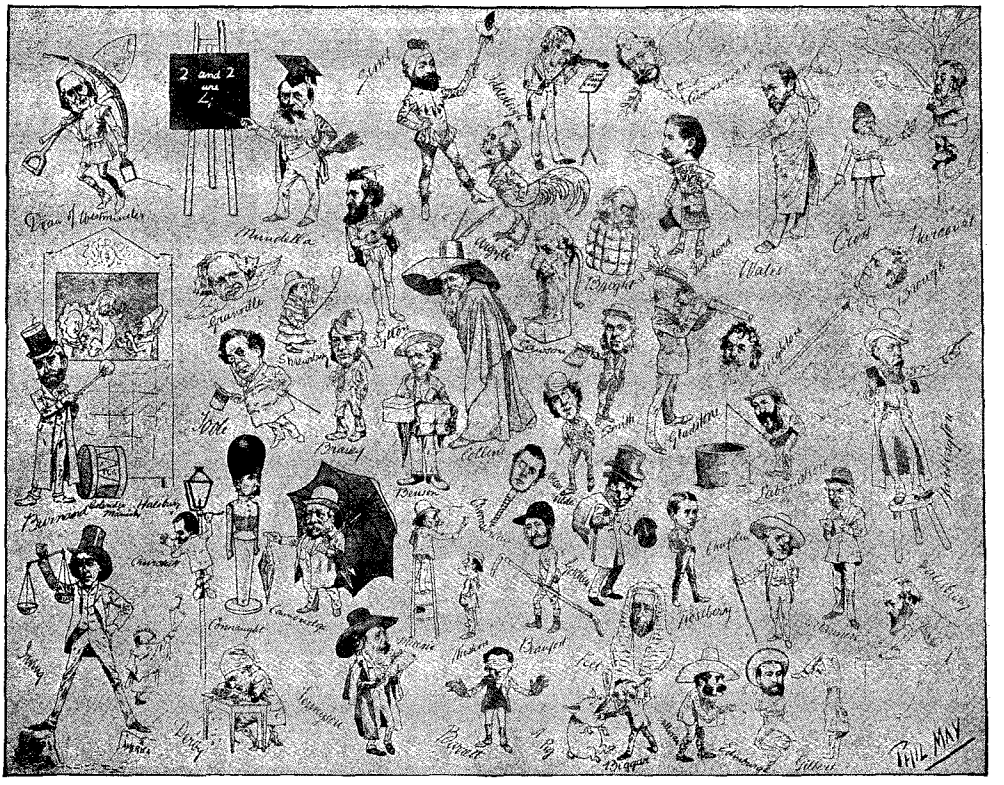
That would suit me, but it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the King added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert-Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" "Will your Majesty deign to inform me?" "It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the chest of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue." "Only that, Sire? Deign to order, and I will obey." "Very good,



PHIL MAY'S FIRST SOCIAL CARICATURE PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "SOCIETY," 1885.

then; I should like to see such a magic act. I, therefore, choose the orange tree chest." The King gave an order in a low voice and a number of attendants immediately ran out to guard the orange tree, in order to prevent any fraud. Houdin placed the handkerchiefs beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand, he ordered them to proceed to the spot chosen by the King. Then he raised the bell; the little parcel was no longer there, but a white turtle dove had taken its place. An attendant in whom it was impossible to suspect collusion was sent to the orange tree to open the chest. This was done with considerable difficulty, the attendant thrust in his hand, and, with a cry of surprise, drew out a small iron coffer eaten by rust. The King asked whether the handkerchiefs were to be found in this coffer. "Yes, sire," replied Houdin, "and they have been there, too, for a long period." "How can that be? The handkerchiefs were lent you scarce a quarter of an hour ago." "I cannot deny it, Sire; but what would my magic powers avail me if I could not perform incomprehensible tricks? Your Majesty will doubtless be more surprised when I prove that this coffer, as well as its contents, was deposited in the chest of the orange tree sixty years ago. If your Majesty will be kind enough to open this casket the proof will be supplied. Deign to remove from the neck of this turtle dove the key of the casket which it has just

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brought you." The King unfastened a ribbon that held a small rusty key, unlocked the coffer, and read the following:

This day, the sixth of June, 1786. This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family.

Underneath the parchment containing these words was found a parcel which, when opened, was seen to contain the six handkerchiefs which had been placed on the table only a few minutes before.

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This is the story of the trick as it was told by Houdin in his Memoirs. The magician offered nothing in explanation beyond dropping a hint that he had procured a duplicate of Cagliostro's seal from a fellow magician some time before. Professor Matthews, however, in his article guesses at the manner in which the feat was done in a way that is, to say the least, ingenious and plausible. According to him it was less a trick than a shrewd bit of psychological guessing on the part of Houdin, who knew Louis Philippe to be clever in small things, and divined which of three cards the King would choose. To a conjuror of Houdin's attainments it was, of course, the merest child's play to make the King take among the cards on which the guests had written, three which Houdin himself had prepared. He knew that the first place of concealment suggested would be dismissed from the King's mind on the ground that it was far too easy. The second was certainly difficult enough, but it was entirely too far away. The third place, being both difficult and convenient, was undoubtedly the one which would be chosen. In other words, Houdin played a variation on the guessing game invented by Poe's boy with the marbles. The rusty coffer had been prepared and placed in the chest of the orange tree days before, the substitution of the turtle dove for the parcel of handkerchiefs was in Houdin's every day repertory, and the whole feat becomes simplicity itself.

❦

Professor Matthews's amusing article had the effect of sending us back to reread the Memoirs of the man who was unquestionably the most extraordinary conjuror of modern times. His attainments not only won him wide success on the stage of his own theatre; they obtained for him official recognition and made him for a time a dignified representative of the French Government. In developing the African Empire in the fifties the French administrators were harried and hampered by the fanatical Marabouts, who by their tricks of juggling easily persuaded their followers that they possessed supernatural powers and used this belief to stir up insurrections against the French domination. It was impossible to counteract this malevolent influence by ordinary means, so it was decided to invite the great Robert Houdin to Algeria in order to pit his magic against that of the Marabouts. So the conjuror went out to the Colony as a great personage. Of course his task was mere child's play and he not only overthrew the influence of the Marabouts by the performance of feats which made those of his antagonists seem infantile, but he astounded the Marabouts themselves. Nevertheless this expedition was not without its dangers. On the stage of the theatre in Algiers he had allowed himself to be shot at with pistols loaded by the Marabouts. On one occasion on a trip to the interior of the country when he was absolutely without the necessary tools it was insisted that he repeat the experiment. Houdin confesses that he was in a tight fix and was thoroughly frightened. Nevertheless he did not allow this to be seen. He explained that he was without his charmed talisman which was absolutely essential if the feat was to be performed at once, but added that he might do without it if they were willing to wait until the next morning, in order that he might pass the night in prayer. Houdin did not spend the night in prayer; he employed about two hours in insuring his invulnerability and then went soundly to sleep. The next morning the test was made before a great crowd of Arabs. Houdin insisted that the pistols should be loaded by the Marabouts themselves in the sight of every one and then calmly took his place and gave the signal. The pistol went off and an instant later the conjuror opened his lips showing the bullet between his teeth. The infuriated Marabout tried to seize the other pistol, but Houdin reached it

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ANNA ROBESON BROWN,
Whose recent Novel "The Millionaire's Son," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

before him. "You could not injure me," said the conjuror, "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall." He pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where he had aimed. The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded this European magician with a species of terror.

The Late "M. Bibi."

"Our maiden aunts would not approve of 'Bibi,'" wrote recently the Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch*, "but he is dead and so *de mortuis*." Besides, I must confess that all the youth in me warmed sympathetically each time I met the stooping, shambling figure, with absinthe-washed eyes, Voltaire-like and unshaven face, long elf-locks, and the costume reminiscent of his charitable friends. "Jacques has passed his examination," one would hear one student on the Panthéon *terrasse* say to another. "Sure?" "Quite; and he has gone home to his people. I saw his frock-coat—the one with the broad velvet collar and the buttons missing—on 'Bibi' yesterday." "Bibi" got every one's old clothes, and bought them with old jokes and anecdotes. He was the slippered Pantaloon, tricked out *en arlequin*, and when he died last week, at sixty-seven, *sans* money, *sans* food, *sans* soap, *sans* everything save his perennial gaiety, in the Hôtel Dieu, the Paris pauper hospital, where the other outcasts looked up to "Monsieur Bibi" as a demi-god, he left this world with a jest on his lips.

"His name was André Salis, and he failed to pass his law examinations in the Quarter five-and-forty years ago. He loved the careless and unstudying student life, but drink and utter laziness soon dragged him down into Bohemianism's lowest depths, where dirt was nature, work a crime, and borrowing the only means of livelihood. He lived with and,

THE LATE "M. BIBI" (ANDRE SALIS) THE SATELLITE OF PAUL VERLAINE.

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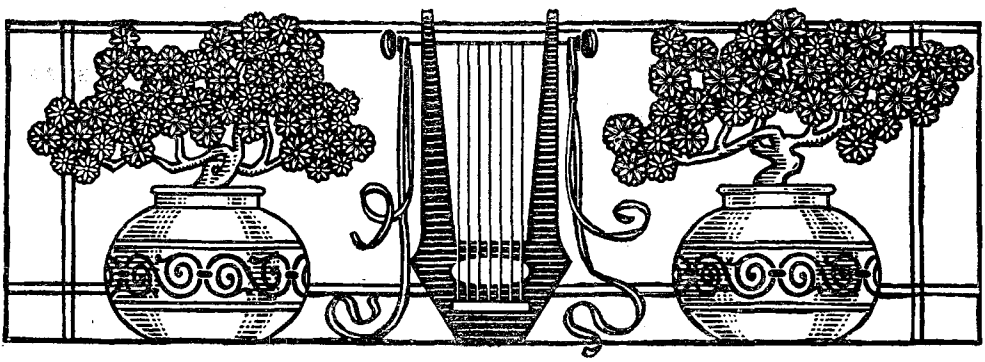
NOVEL-MAKING UP TO DATE. MR. GUY BOOTHBY AT WORK.

when the poet had money, on Verlaine, and since his death the poor old reprobate 'Bibi' usually went hungry, for fried potatoes, bought in halfpennyworths, are not very nourishing, and, though few people whom he met upon his prowlings failed to put up drinks, solids were rarely offered him. Had 'Bibi' cared to work, he might have been a brilliant writer. His gift for repartee was wonderful, and there were not many in the Quarter who cared to cross wits with him a second time. One noted journalist—he is a member of the Cabinet to-day—who was notorious for personal untidiness, once tried to make a butt of 'Bibi' and offered him a franc 'to get a bath.' 'Divisons, voulez-vous?' said the old scallywag, quite quietly, and a great roar of laughter, in which the victim joined, showed that the day had gone against the journalist."



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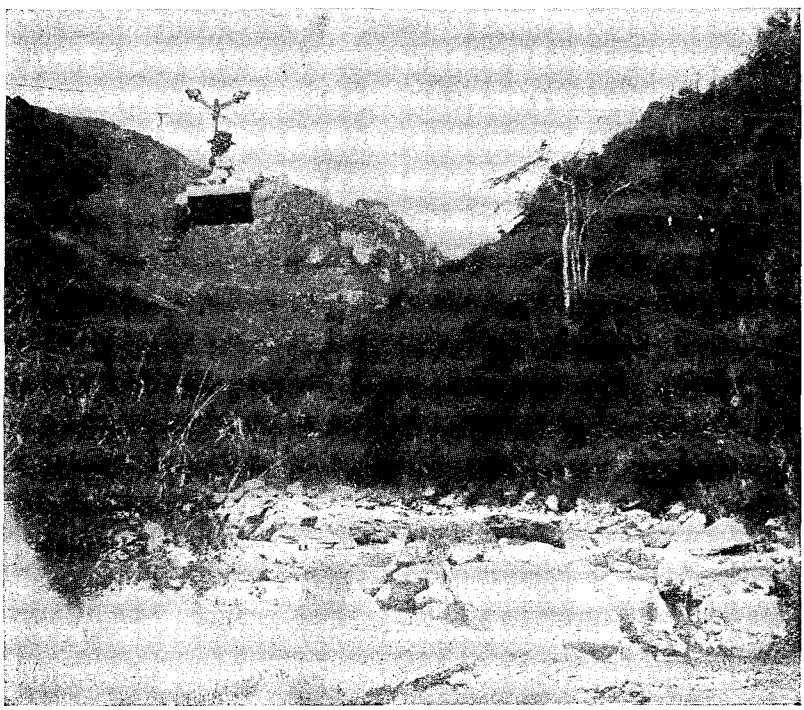
VENEZUELA AND KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD-HO!"

With Drawings by Walter Hale.

The title of *Westward-Ho* is a trifle misleading to one who, by some strange fatality, did not receive the book either as a birthday or a Christmas gift in the days of youth. It is associated with the period giving rise to that classic utterance: "Go West, young man," and suggests long lines of prairie schooners with Indians lurking in the grass, rather than the galleons of the sixteenth century that "sailed the Spanish Main." We note that "sailing the Spanish Main" gives us the same thrill that it did many years ago, and some of us are still as pleasantly uncertain as to the whereabouts of the Main as we were then. A certain stickler on such subjects, declares the Main to be that part of the Atlantic which is "bounded on the south" by the Spanish possessions of South America; and that is doubtless true, for it was to this quarter that Amyas Leigh, the hero of Charles Kingsley's novel, steered his gallant bark —or words to that effect.

Amyas, it will be remembered, came from Bideford, North Devon, and was one of so many lovers of the fair "Rose of Torridge" that the ship which went in quest of her was manned largely by her suitors, who sailed the seas in perfect amity. The "Rose of Torridge" eloped with a Spanish prisoner of quality who was held for ransom in Bideford or thereabouts, and together they fled to La Guayra—La Guayra of Venezuela, and the newspapers, and the blockade of last winter. Don Guzman married the lady, and from all accounts they would have been a happy pair in the Governor's house on the hill had it not devolved upon Amyas to rescue her, upon his brother to die for her, and upon their cousin, Eu-



MODERN TRAVELING, SCENES KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD-HO!"

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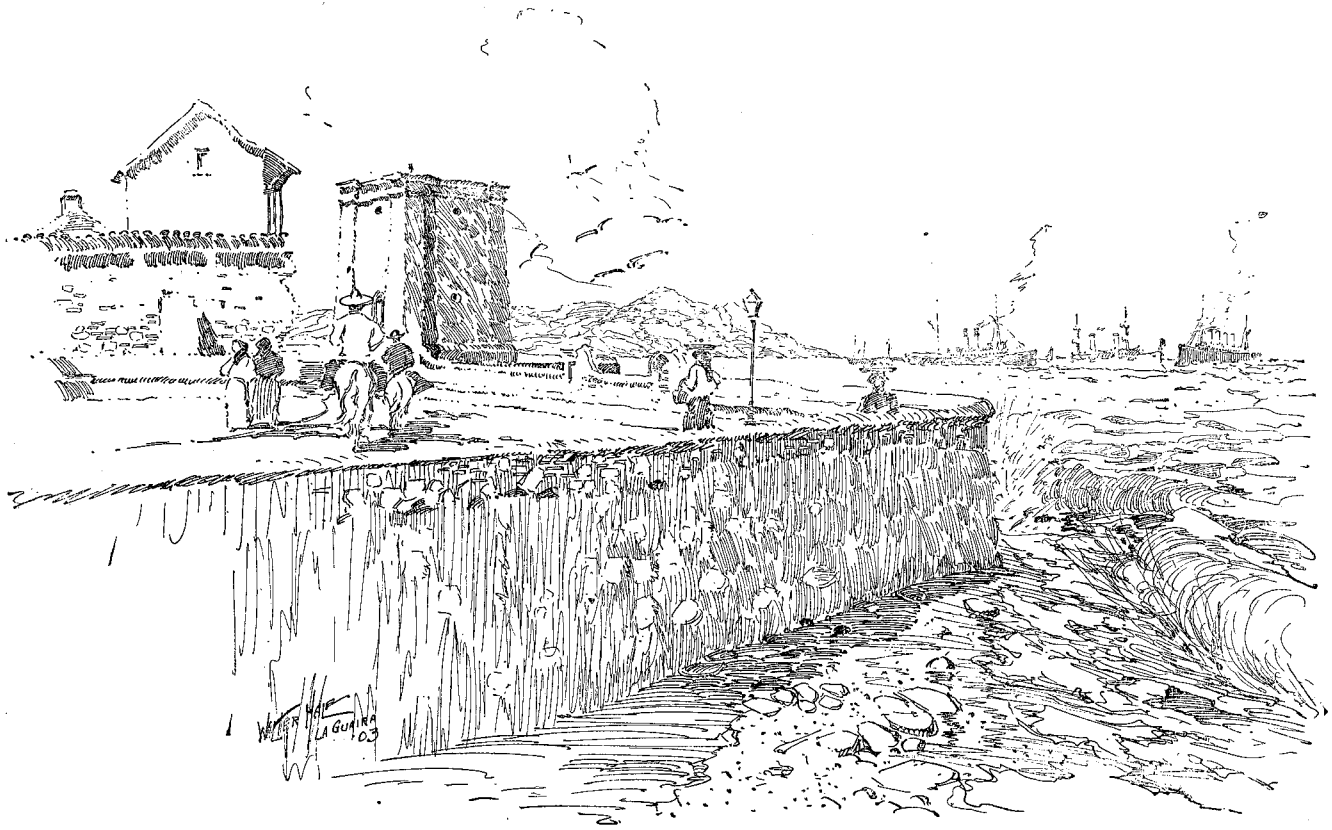

THE SEA WALL.

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PLAZA DE LA ADUANA. LA GUAYRA.

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stace, who had already threatened her with "Mark you, fair beauty," to hand her over to the Inquisition. The warships which rode at anchor during the gentle blockade last winter would not have disconcerted Amyas. He might have puzzled a bit over the absurd construction of these representatives of the European Powers, but he would have praised God, eaten breakfast, and cleared the decks for action, for an engagement with this strange prey as eagerly as he did for the black hulled frigate, and the two low ugly looking galleys which he found within the harbour. The appearance of the country of Venezuela (which Mr. Kingsley, or Amyas, knew as "Carraccas") does not fluctuate with the varying moods of the natives. "So Westward-ho they ran—beneath the northern wall, the highest cliff on earth—" the author wrote of La Silla, the greatest peak of the range, and impregnable he naïvely states "to all but Englishmen—and zouaves." The hearts of the war correspondents will throb responsively to the description of

THE HARBOUR OF LA GUAYRA DURING THE BLOCKADE LAST WINTER.

The Italian cruiser "Carlo Alberto" with her prizes (Venezuelan fishing boats) on the right; the Dutch mail steamer "Prinz Wilhelm II." in the centre; and the Venezuelan transport "Ossun" in the foreground. The town of La Guayra lies along the shore on the left and the railway to Caracas climbs the mountain above.

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A BIT OF LA GUAYRA TO-DAY.

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A GORGE AT THE FOOT OF LA SILLA.

The Governor's house, where "The Rose of Torridge" was confined, stood on the mountain side beyond the old church of El Carmen. In the foreground is a remnant of the old Spanish wall and fortification.

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the town itself which one writer of this day likens to a Frankfurter in shape, a hot one he should add, for, as Amyas found it, "In spite of the shadow of the mountain, the whole place wore a dusty and glaring look. The breaths of air that came off the land were utterly stifling; and no wonder, for La Guayra, owing to the radiation of that vast brickwork of heated rock, is one of the hottest spots on the face of the earth."

The men from Devon laid very little stress on the odours of La Guayra. It is possible that the sanitary arrangements of Bideford itself were not all that they should have been in 1580, but they constitute a large part of the atmosphere of every lotus eating country, and, after a few weeks of them, yellow fever sweeps down upon the stranger and he is carried into the hills as were the crew of the "Rose." From these mountains the men wandered into the interior looking for a city of gold, and finding a wife for Amyas, who was struck with blindness before he felt the need of her. When men of the calibre of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Raleigh felt the elation of this gold quest, it is not to be wondered that the seamen of their day were ready to endure the perils of the tropics to satisfy their greed. South America is still the region of unexplored riches, though the wealth is locked within her hills, to be opened to the conqueror through the flourishing of a franchise and not an arquebus. Hunting the Spaniard is still something of a game, but the South American specimen has so deteriorated that the powerful nations punish him occasionally purely "for his own good," parade warships as a sort of policeman to the infantile mind, and let him out of the corner when he promises to be good. The Spaniards trace the beginning of their downfall to the men of the time of Amyas Leigh. It may be so—but it makes good reading! The little republics are so continually warring upon themselves that Kingsley may outlast them, for literature does not change its style as quickly as a South American Republic does its President.

Louise Closser Hale.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY QUILL-DRIVER

WHILE yet in my teens, the fame of Byron and Scott, of Poe and Tennyson, and other illustrious poets filled me with a desire for literary distinction. With all the confidence of youth, and the presumption of ignorance, I wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, telling him with easy assurance, that I was well-fitted by my tastes, education and accomplishments—(I was a college-bred shorthand writer with literary aspirations) for the position of amanuensis to a literary man, and suggested that, perhaps, he might require my services; but, if he did not, would he be so kind as to recommend me to some one who did; also to use his influence to open a way for me to some good magazine that paid well, adding that, as I was looking up to the "glory-crowned heights" where

"Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

I did not expect to be treated with cold indifference, but with kindness and sympathy.

The good-natured Doctor, compassionating my inexperience, wrote me a very kind letter, which I quote for the benefit of other young men and women who have literary aspirations:

BOSTON, December 6, 18—.

Dear Sir:—I regret that it is not in my power to direct you to any place of employment such as you desire. In a city like this the crowding to all such employments is very great and there are a very few situations to be divided among a great number of applicants. As for myself, I am not (as I am often supposed to be) an editor, and have no writing

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to do which I am not competent to do myself with a little occasional aid from members of my own family. I regret not to be able to give you encouragement as to employment in Boston, but the truth is there is next to none of the kind you mention, as most of our writers are as poor as rats themselves and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six.

I do not even know how to advise you beyond this simple counsel which I have occasionally given to young aspirants:

If you think you have literary talents, write something for the best paper or magazine you can get into, keep to one signature, and you will be found out by a public which is ready to pay the highest price for almost every kind of literary ability. If you do not think you can make a reputation, why not become a reporter for a newspaper? At any rate you stand a much better chance of finding occupation at home, where you are known, than among strangers. I do not "turn from your petition with cold indifference," but it is utterly out of my power to do more than give you these few words of friendly advice.

Yours very truly,
O. W. Holmes.

This letter was kind, but it knocked on the head my fond hope of waking some fine morning, like Byron, and finding myself famous. As the good Doctor did not suggest the probability of getting an opening for me in any "magazine that paid well," as I had requested him to do, I had to do the best I could for myself, which was what others have done before and since—I made an opening for myself in the *Home Journal.* I wrote numerous sketches for this periodical, and received praise from N. P. Willis, and puffs from Mr. Morris Phillips, the editor and business manager; but when I ventured to suggest that a slight compensation would be acceptable, I was informed that it was such a distinction to write for the *Home Journal* that more gratuitous contributions were offered than it could print, and that "Mr. Willis has often remarked that 'we might sell it for a high price.'" This "misunderstanding" occurred with the *Home Journal* in the midst of the publication of a serial story which I was writing for it, and I missed the opportunity of my life by not refusing to send any more copy until some satisfactory arrangement was effected. But I was young then, and I did not know that authors had any rights which editors were bound to respect. So I finished my story, and finished also my writing for the *Home Journal.*

Soon after this first literary experience I saw an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper, asking for contributions to a magazine. I offered my services, and was informed that the magazine wanted historical and critical essays, for which one dollar a printed page would be paid, each article being limited to ten pages. This was not a very brilliant offer, but it was a beginning, and I accepted it. I continued this literary drudgery for several months, and then obtained employment upon a quarterly review, upon the same terms per page, but with permission to write double the number of pages per article. The articles for both of these periodicals required reading and scholarship; they could not be dashed off *currente calamo,* but days and weeks were spent in ransacking libraries as a preparation for their composition. This was in those ancient days before the passing of the essay; and the articles which I wrote were historical essays. The names will explain their character "Ancient and Modern Civilization," "Elizabeth and her Courtiers," "The Wits of the Age of Queen Anne," etc.

By the end of six months, I had received $80. Never have I worked so hard, and received so little; in fact, I have since made more money in six days than I did in six months on the work which I have mentioned. Still, I was not discouraged; for, like Ferdinand in *The Tempest,* I was inspired by the thought that "some poor matters point to rich ends," and that the literary drudgery I was then engaged in, might be "the stepping-stone to higher things." Just about this time I did what thousands of ambitious young men have done before and since. I went to New York to seek my fortune in journalism. I secured a position on the staff of the *World* as a shorthand reporter. The editor of the *World* at that time was Manton Marble; the managing editor was David G. Croly; the city editor was Lemuel Israels; and among the reporters were George Wakeman, one of the fastest shorthand writers and most accomplished journalists that have ever been on the New York press; St. Clair McKelway, at that time famous among reporters for his brilliant powers of description. He is at present the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* T. M. C. Meighan, afterwards city editor of the New York *Herald;* Theodore Davies, the clever son of Chief

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Justice Davies of the Supreme Court of New York, besides others, forming altogether, a staff which Mr. Marble said could not be surpassed by any other newspaper in the United States.

My work was light and interesting, the pay good for the time, and my associates very congenial; but I was not satisfied. I was ambitious to be an editor. So I left the *World*, returned to my home in Baltimore, and started *Southern Society*. The entire literary talent of the South was engaged, and *Southern Society* was pronounced the best and the most beautiful weekly journal in the country. William Gilmore Simms was paid $50 a week; Paul H. Hayne received $25 for three small poems; John R. Thompson asked and received the same amount for "Music in Camp," a beautiful poem, which was copied by many newspapers, and became a part of the war literature of the South. Father Ryan contributed "In Memoriam," a pathetic dirge in memory of his young brother who was killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg. John Esten Cooke was paid $500 for a serial story, *Hilt to Hilt*. Fanny Downing received $25 for a short story; and thus the money went. But subscriptions did not come in very freely, and, in six months all my money was gone, and the paper was losing $100 a week. I thought it time to discontinue "the best and most beautiful weekly in the country," and I did.

I resumed my original profession—shorthand—and was appointed the official stenographer of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore. This position paid well, but the work was not congenial; the *cacoëthes scribendi* still tormented me—I longed to return to my first love, literature. Baltimore offered no opportunity then, nor has it since. The city had no publishing house, no literary periodical, daily, weekly, or monthly, and no literary men. While possessing every social attraction, so far as literature was concerned I might as well have lived in the Desert of Sahara.

The Earl of Beaconsfield said: "The impossible will happen to-morrow." Gambetta and Tennyson said: "Everything comes to him who waits." Edmund Burke said: "Despair, but, even in despair, work on." I waited. I worked on; and, what seemed "the impossible," happened. I had heard that Chief Justice Chase was particularly kind to the young in what Bulwer calls "the first barren footpath up the mountain of life." I wrote a letter to the Chief Justice, stating my case frankly, and asked him if he would not interest himself in my behalf. I told him that I was young, ambitious, a stenographer, a journalist, a student of literature, and wanted to be a man of letters. The next day, I heard from the Chief Justice. I quote from his autograph letter (which I keep as one of my most valuable possessions) the following passage:

"Your letter has interested me. It always gives me pleasure to aid, if I can, 'a young man struggling for an honorable livelihood.' Your penmanship and style of composition are unexceptionable; and if your qualifications, in other respects are equal, I cannot doubt that you will make a very useful Assistant Marshal of the Supreme Court, deputed to act for me as Clerk for Bankrupt matters, etc. The gentleman who has been performing the duties of the office is absent, and if you can come to Washington, you can have his place for a few days, and perhaps longer; if not, something else as desirable may be obtained. The salary is $150 a month."

I took the first train for Washington; had a most satisfactory interview with the Chief Justice; and the next day entered upon my duties. I soon found that, although I was officially designated as Assistant Marshal of the Supreme Court, and so appeared on the pay-roll, I was really the Private Secretary to the Chief Justice of the United States. It was a responsible and confidential position. When I entered upon my duties, the Chief said to me that whatever I saw or heard was private and must not be repeated, or published. I never forgot this advice, and acted accordingly. My duties began at nine o'clock, when I was due at the home of the Chief Justice; my office hours were passed in his library. The work was light and agreeable, but, unfortunately, was done chiefly at night. The Chief Justice took a personal interest in my affairs, and encouraged my literary tastes. He gave me a letter to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, which resulted in a connection with that newspaper, as contributor and correspondent, for several years; he introduced me personally, to Colonel Don Piatt, the editor of the *Washington Capital*, who engaged me as a regular

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contributor, and, later, placed me in charge of the Baltimore office of the paper. During the first winter of my residence in Washington, Edwin M. Stanton died. He had been a colleague of Mr. Chase in President Lincoln's Cabinet. The sudden death of the former War Minister afforded me an opportunity for a timely magazine article. The Chief Justice kept a diary during the whole of his public life. From it he dictated some interesting secret history of the war in which the dead statesman had taken part. I prepared a short article, and sent it to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It was just in time for the next number, and was the beginning of a very agreeable and profitable acquaintance. Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, the editor of the magazine, visited Washington; we dined together. I showed him around the city, introduced him to desirable persons, and did all in my power to make his visit agreeable. Many years ago, Bulwer said: "If you want to be reviewed favorably, cultivate the reviewers." I found that if you want your articles accepted, cultivate the editors. So long as Mr. Smith was the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, no article of mine was declined, and this favour continued under his successor, Mr. Kirk. Mr. Cleveland recently remarked that "perseverance is better than pull" in order to get along in the world. I must differ from the ex-President so far as literature is concerned. My own experience and that of others whom I have known shows that a "pull" is better than genius in getting one's work accepted. Not long since, a magazine editor of "wide experience" confessed that "it pays for an author to make the acquaintance of the editor, for it stands to reason that an editor knowing personally an author will give his matter more consideration than he would the matter of one whom he does not know." This simple fact accounts for the many dull articles which are published in the magazines, and the many good articles that fill the desks of authors who have no "pull."

Of course, if an author can offer an editor a striking article on a fresh subject, it stands a chance of being accepted whether he has a "pull," or not. But, if an author flatters himself that, because he has had one such article accepted, he has therefore a "pull" on that editor, he will find himself lamentably mistaken, should he send him an ordinary article. I have discovered that to my disappointment more than once. When I offered "The Baltimore Bonapartes" to *Scribner's* it was accepted because the subject was interesting and the article historically correct. It proved a great success; it was quoted by the press; it was much talked about and a second edition of the magazine was required to meet the demand. I had made a hit. I thought my literary fortune was made. I was mistaken. I had not cultivated the acquaintance of the editor of *Scribner's*. I had no "pull." So, I could not get another article in it for four years, when I offered *Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe*. The story of this literary "find" is interesting. When the old Patterson mansion on South Street, in Baltimore, was pulled down, the vast collection of family letters, which had been accumulating for seventy-five years, was sold to a junk dealer. A curio fancier, in raking among the rubbish, chanced upon a bundle of letters, indorsed "From Betsy." He found they were letters written by Elizabeth Patterson to her father, William Patterson, from Europe, from 1805 to 1835. He saw their value, and took them to his lawyer, who happened to be a friend of mine. I was told of the "find," and the letters were submitted to me. I communicated the matter to the editor of *Scribner's*, who remembering the sensation created by the article on *The Baltimore Bonapartes*, asked me to write three articles, using Madame Bonaparte's letters as the basis. In the meantime, Madame Bonaparte died in Baltimore, aged ninety-five, and I went to work on her life for immediate publication. Two of the articles were published (in June and July, 1879) but the *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, coming out at the end of July, made the third article in the magazine unnecessary. The *Life* was written in five weeks; went through four editions in a month; an English edition soon passed to a third edition; and, later, a French edition was published in Paris. I was, naturally, delighted by this success, and expected to realize, from all these editions, at home and abroad, a small fortune from my book. Imagine my surprise and disappointment when I

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received as a first payment a check for $171.75, followed at long intervals during five years by various small checks, amounting altogether to $255.60, including the American and English editions. From the French edition, I received nothing; the translator, who was a Greek, swindled me out of the money he agreed to pay me.

For ten years and more, I collected everything accessible on the subject of Edgar A. Poe. I interviewed his surviving relatives and friends; I ransacked libraries, I hunted up old magazines and newspapers, I read sketches by the hundred, biographies by the score, lives by the dozen—in fact, I lived and breathed in a Poetic atmosphere. I talked Poe in and out of season. I filled note-books. I filled scrap-books. I filled my library with Poe. I found out when and where he was born, when and where he was buried, all of which had been a matter of doubt for twenty years after his death. His aunt, Mrs. Clemm, told me the day and place of his birth; the sexton who buried him pointed out his grave.

Having obtained all the Poeana that was possible, I wrote the *Life of Edgar A. Poe.* It was for me a labor of love, for from my earliest youth I had been an admirer of the author of "The Raven." As I had all the material in hand, the life was written in a few months. I told the sad but interesting story of the poet's life as it was revealed to me after patient study and research. It did much to rescue the name and fame of our greatest genius from the infamy with which the malignant pen of his first biographer had blackened his memory. It seems almost incredible at the present time that, twenty-five years ago, many persons actually believed the author of "The Raven" was a drunken vagabond, a man whose hand was ever raised against the world,—a man whose genius found fit companions with the angels, but whose morals made him loved of devils. I rejoice that I had something to do with the removing of the infamy with which the name of Poe had so long suffered. The way thus opened, has been followed by Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Stedman, each of whom has done excellent work in this field.

My *Life of Poe* has gone through nineteen editions, and has been a great benefit to my literary reputation, since the extraordinary Poe cult commenced. I followed it with numerous articles on Poe, such as "Poe and Mrs. Whitman," "Recent Biographies of Poe," "Poe Bibliography," "The Portraits of Poe," "Poe's Early Home in Richmond," "Poe's Female Friends." "Poe, Real and Reputed," "The Loves of Edgar A. Poe," "The Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," etc. I mention these various articles in order to show the singular interest the world takes in the author of "The Raven." My knowledge of Poe's life and works opened for me several very desirable periodicals. The first article which I wrote for *Appleton's Journal* was "The Grave of Poe." The first article which I wrote for the *International Review* was "Recent Biographies of Edgar A. Poe." The first article which I wrote for *Godey's Magazine* was "Poe, Real and Reputed." The last article which I have written on this subject was "Personal Recollections of Edgar A. Poe, by the Witnesses of His Life." This was written at the request of the editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.* It has not yet been published. It will contain portraits of Mrs. Clemm, John H. B. Latrobe, Professor Joseph H. Clarke, Gabriel Harrison, and others, more or less associated with Poe during different periods of his life.

I should have mentioned before that I was compelled to resign my position with Chief Justice Chase at the end of two years, on account of the delicate condition of my eyes, caused by almost constant work at night. For six months after my resignation I could not use my eyes, and all my literary work had to be done by an amanuensis. It was slow and unsatisfactory, but it was the only way I could work during that winter of my discontent. Fortunately, as the spring opened, my eyes grew better, and I was able to resume my pen. I continued my contributions to the *New York Tribune,* and formed connections with other New York newspapers. I wrote, also, for *Appleton's Journal,* the *North American Review,* the *Literary World* of Boston, *The American* of Philadelphia, *Stoddart's Review,* the *Magazine of American History,* and the *International Review.* With the editors of several of these periodicals, I formed quite a close acquaintance by cor-

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respondence, and my articles were published with delightful frequency.

My connection with the Philadelphia *American* began in this way:

"PLYMOUTH, N. H., October 4, 1880.

Dear Sir:—I write you in behalf of a new weekly paper—something between the *Nation* and the London *Saturday Review* in character, of which I am the Managing Editor. It will make its first appearance October 16th. I have already enlisted the services of E. C. Stedman, T. W. Higginson, Paul H. Hayne, Henry Watterson, and many others of equal and greater prominence. I should like to have your services, and, if convenient, an article of about 2000 words on 'Baltimoreans in Literature,' for the MSS. of which I shall be happy to exchange my check. If you care to write, I should be glad to have the article—which I trust will lead to a mutually agreeable connection—by October 16th. I am, yours sincerely,

W. R. BALCH, Managing Editor.

I publish this letter because it is pleasant to recall the beginning of a newspaper connection which proved one of the most satisfactory of my whole literary experience. Mr. Balch was soon succeeded by Mr. Howard M. Jenkins, who asked me to prepare a series of papers on Paul H. Hayne, John Esten Cooke, and other Southern writers. I also did special reviewing for the *American,* and wrote many papers on Southern social and literary subjects. Equally agreeable was my acquaintance with Mr. Edward Abbott, the editor of the *Literary World,* who always wrote briefly, and to the point, but with never-failing courtesy. The checks from him were always promptly sent, and satisfactory, excepting when I wrote a very exhaustive article on "The Portraits of Poe." On this occasion, he wrote: "We should feel very sorry to repel a valued contributor by paying him less than he thought his work was worth; we cannot always meet the expectations of our contributors. We feel that we did not meet yours in the case of 'The Portraits of Poe.' If you will tell us what you may expect for 'Poe in Richmond,' we can tell you at once whether we can afford to take the article."

I quote the above note as a specimen of the courtesy of editors twenty years ago, a courtesy which might be imitated with advantage by some of the lords of the press at the present time. In those good old days, printed slips to the rejected were unknown—would-be contributors were treated with the polite consideration which one gentleman should show to another who is calling upon him. The insolent behaviour of some American editors is equivalent to slamming the door in the face of the visitor. I mention no names—those who offend in this respect should strike their breast, and say *peccavi,* and make a firm resolution to sin no more. Let them remember that it was said of the great Duke of Marlborough that it was more agreeable to be refused a favour by him than to have one granted by any other person. If these offending editors had the sense that Charles Dickens had, they would give clever unknown writers a cordial welcome, instead of treating them with cold indifference. He knew the value of *new blood,* and kept up the interest of his magazine by encouraging all the bright young writers of his time. He had a rare genius for discovering literary talent, and many gifted authors were indebted to his discernment for their introduction to the public.

One of the worst effects of the pernicious policy pursued by some wealthy periodicals of paying for the name of the writer instead of the merit of the writing was once shown by the *Youth's Companion* which paid James G. Blaine a good round sum for a dull article on the *Congressional Globe,* which could have been easily written by the youngest clerk of the Senate or House of Representatives, and for one-tenth of what Mr. Blaine was paid, but he was paid for his name, not for his work. The *Ladies' Home Journal* paid Dr. Talmage, the sensational preacher, $5000 a year for articles which, if sent by an unknown contributor, would, very properly, have been thrown into the waste basket, instead of being published. One of the most striking cases of "a name, not merit" was furnished by the octogenarian verses of Tennyson. In the full splendour of his intellect, he wrote some of the noblest poetry that genius has ever given to the world. But he out-lived his genius and in his last years wrote verses which the high and mighty magazine editors would have indignantly returned to an unknown writer, but, coming from Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, these same high and mighty editors grovelled at his feet to get a few drivelling lines from him, yet some of these fellows

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have the effrontery to declare that they accept articles on their merits, and not on the names of the writers.

The first article sent by me to *Harper's Magazine* was "The American Graces," which told the story of the Misses Caton, three beautiful Baltimore sisters who married into noble English houses—the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford. These ladies were the granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence. This was followed by an article on "The Social Athens of America,"—Baltimore from a social point of view, with rare portraits of the belles and beauties, past and present of the Monumental City. This article proving successful, I was sent down to Richmond to write up that city on the same lines. I called this article "The City of Fair Women and Brave Men," which distinctive title was changed, without my permission to the trite and meaningless "Some Richmond Portraits," and, in order to fit the size of the article to the space at the disposal of the magazine, it was cut down unmercifully. Consequently, the people of Richmond, who had received me with true Southern cordiality, received the magazine containing the article with mingled disappointment and indignation. A large portion of the latter was showered upon my devoted head as the author of the offending article; the public, not being admitted to secrets of the sanctum, held me responsible. I felt indignant in my turn, and wrote the editor a letter in which I expressed my feeling on the subject. This was a mistake: it is unwise, imprudent, impolitic to complain to an editor, for editors are very sensitive, and some of them have long memories. This misunderstanding with *Harper's Magazine* happened fifteen years ago, and no article of mine has been accepted by the same editor in all these years. *Nota bene:* avoid all misunderstandings with editors; pocket their checks and kicks with equal equanimity.

I forgot to mention, when speaking of my *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte,* that the English edition came out just about the time the tragical death of the Prince Imperial called the attention of the world to the Bonaparte family. The auspicious appearance of the book caused it to attract the attention of the leading English journals. The London *Times* devoted a leader to it. The *Saturday Review* was, as usual, caustic; the *Academy* displayed much ignorance, and spoke of the author as a Frenchman, not knowing, of course, that my ancestor came to America before the American Revolution. The *Athenaeum,* the *Spectator,* and other English journals published articles, but it was reserved for *Blackwood's* to devote nineteen pages to it, under the title of "An American Princess."

These confessions of mine are perfectly frank, and are intended to be useful. My literary life has been neither a brilliant success nor a disheartening failure. I have written successful books, but they were not so profitable as writing for magazines and periodicals generally. I have kept a careful record of every dollar received from my literary and journalistic work. From this record, the following quotations may prove interesting and instructive:

"The Baltimore Bonapartes," *Scribner's Monthly*	$80.00
"The Calvert Family," *Lippincott's Magazine*	31.00
"The City of the Sultan," *The Chautauquan*	30.00
"Poe, Real and Reputed," *Godey's Magazine*	25.00
"American Biography," *Appleton's Cyclopedia of Amer. Biog.*	85.00
"American Biography," *Amer. Supt. Encyclopedia Britannica*	140.00
"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," *International Review*	70.00
"Some Richmond Portraits," *Harper's Magazine*	150.00
"The Social Athens of America," *Harper's Magazine*	125.00
"The American Graces," *Harper's Magazine*	60.00
"European Correspondence," *Literary World,* etc.	200.00
"The American Bonaparte," *International Review*	60.00
"Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe." *Scribner's Monthly*	150.00
Recent Biography, *North American Review*	40.00
Articles about Europe, etc., New York *Mail and Express*	115.00
"Court of Appeals of Maryland," the *Green Bag*	100.00
"The Literary Salons of London," *The Chautauquan*	100.00
"Jefferson Davis Speaks," New York *Sun*	150.00
Letters to the Washington *Capital*	190.00
"Unveiling of the Lee Statue," Philadelphia *Press,* Memphis *Appeal,* etc.	35.00

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"Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago *Times*	$66.00
"The Cabinet, the Senate, the House, and Supreme Court," *Chautauquan*	120.00
"Poe's Female Friends," *The Chautauquan*	30.00
"Colonial Dames," *Vogue*	40.00
"Baltimore Beauty—Past and Present," *Vogue*	40.00
"Loves of Edgar A. Poe," *Godey's Magazine*	25.00
"Baltimore and Baltimoreans, Past and Present," Baltimore *News*	200.00
"In the Footsteps of Lord Byron," *Munsey's Magazine*	35.00
"Groups of Eminent Women, French, English, and American," *Chautauquan*	75.00
"The Carrolls of Carrollton," *Munsey's Magazine*	50.00
"Reminiscences of Chief Justice Chase," *Youth's Companion*	35.00
"Personal Recollections of Poe, by Witnesses of His Life," *Saturday Evening Post*	50.00
"Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," Baltimore *American*, Philadelphia *Times*, etc.	35.00
"Centennial of the Death of Washington," Saint Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Washington *Post*, etc.	42.00
"The American Bonapartes," *The Cosmopolitan*	70.00
"The Vacant Room," Baltimore *Home Journal*	25.00

These items are taken at random from a record which I have kept from the time that I first received pay for an article to the last. No article is mentioned for which the compensation was not, at least, $25. Hundreds of articles, for which sums ranging from $5 up, were received, helped to swell the aggregate amount to something less, in round numbers, than $10,000. This is a pretty good showing for a man the time of whose actual literary work does not represent ten years.

Looking back to the time when with all the enthusiasm of youth, I set out to conquer the world with my pen, I am now perfectly conscious how poorly equipped I was for the glorious work. I left college with my head stuffed with ancient learning—I had read Ovid, Cæsar, and other classical authors, but not a line of Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Tennyson. I soon discovered that my "quaint and curious" college lore was just as available in the American literary market as a handful of old Roman and Greek coins would be available in the meat and vegetable market. I found it was necessary to begin my education all over—necessary to change my antique coins for the pure gold of English literature. I devoted three years to the study of the best English literature. I avoided all so-called literary clubs, and other mutual admiration societies, where "beautiful" essays and "lovely" verses are read for the delectation of a select audience of admiring friends.

Thus prepared, I began my literary apprenticeship of which these Confessions tell the history.

Eugene L. Didier.

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OUR POETS WRITE FOR SYNDICATES

I.

When Poesie was in its prime!
How long the years that intervene
Since Thibault sought for "Blanche" a rhyme,
Or Constance of Provençe was queen!
Then, birds of song their plumes would preen
For roses, kisses, tête-a-têtes—
Alas, 'tis all too plainly seen
Our poets write for syndicates!

II.

How pleasant to recall the time
When Marguerite, while still dauphine,
Gave to Chartier that seal sublime
Nor lost one whit of modest mien;
Ah, those were days when bays were green,
When Troubadours implored the Fates—
Now, on a patent verse-machine
Our poets write for syndicates!

III.

Oh, happy days of chant and chime,
Those May-days 'neath a sky serene,
When poets thronged that sunny clime
The Golden Violets to glean!
Across the harp and lute they'd lean
And sing to lords and magistrates—
That was in century thirteen!
Our poets write for syndicates!

L'Envoi.

Prince! Pardon this display of spleen,
Likewise the sophistry that prates,
Then offers to a magazine
"Our Poets write for syndicates!"

Clarence Urmy.

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THE SCENES OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS.

IT is only necessary to read the opening lines of *David Grieve, Robert Elsmere, Marcella,* or *Helbeck of Bannisdale* to realise something of the solicitude with which an author may approach the task of providing a soil pre-eminently fit for the development of seeds of character. In the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward solicitude merges into reverence; a reverence which never tires. In subsequent pages the soil is deliberately and skilfully tended, the germs are fostered and at the conclusion of the work a wonderful ripening has crowned the resultant growth.

The places which Mrs. Ward has selected in England as a fitting background to her more striking figures fall naturally into two chief and two minor divisions.

First in importance and in extent of area comes the Westmoreland district. Bounded, roughly, by Ullswater on the north; on the west by Rydal, Ambleside, and Cartmel Fell; on the east by Hawes Water and Long Sleddale, and running south through Kendal to Sizergh Hall and Levens, is an elongated tract of country in which are placed the scenes of *Robert Elsmere, Helbeck of Bannisdale,* and the concluding portion of *David Grieve.* But the real David Grieve country is that "inaccessible district which marks the mountainous centre of mid-England—the district of Kinder Scout and the High Peak," where all around stretches "the home of heather and plashing water, of grouse and peewit, of cloud and breeze."

Continuing a line drawn between Ullswater and Kinder Scout athwart the map of England, it will cut through two places of interest in connection with *Marcella* and *Robert Elsmere,* viz., Hampden House, Great Hampden, Buckinghamshire, the chief original of Mellor Park, and its surroundings; and, further south, the district of Godalming, Milford, and Peper Harow, that "strange mixture of suburbanism and the desert" which is the Murewell of the Elsmere's Surrey. In mentioning with these the Crewe district of *Sir George Tressady,* the Manchester of David Grieve's youth and maturity, the London of Julie Le Breton, of Marcella, and of Elsmere, the Oxford of Edward Langham and the Cambridge of the Friedlands, almost the final name has been placed upon the list of localities in England, and it is necessary to turn to the Continent in order not to lose sight of the wondrous Italy of *Eleanor,* the Lake of Como episode in *Lady Rose's Daughter,* and the "storm and stress" period of David's Fontainebleau.

The Westmoreland district may be subdivided into three, for it comprises centres in accordance with the books which treat of its scenery. Long Sleddale is the Long Whindale of *Robert Elsmere,* and near the head of the vale, where the outline of the steepening hills is broken and deflected by rocks and patches of plantation, is situated Burwood Farm, "the lonely house in the lonely valley" where Catherine Leyburn watched over her mother, brought up her sisters, and herself became "a sort of Deborah" of the Westmoreland Dales. Within sight of Burwood is the Vicarage of Long Whindale, the home at this time of Mr. Thornburgh, an incumbent of a later school than that of the period when "Ef ye'll nobbut send us a gude schulemeaster a verra' moderate parson 'ull dea!" was a characteristic Westmoreland saying. To this vicarage came Robert Elsmere, impelled by recent illness to visit his colleague and cousin, and destined to fall into the match-making hands of Mrs. Thornburgh in spite of the incredulous remark, "a saint, a beauty, and a wit all to yourselves in these wilds!" with which he received her eulogies concerning the Leyburns.

The wooing of Catherine ran a varying course among the bare tracts and lonely crags of the fells of this north country, accelerated by the rain-driven walk from Shanmoor, where Elsmere had discovered "enchanted soil" in the

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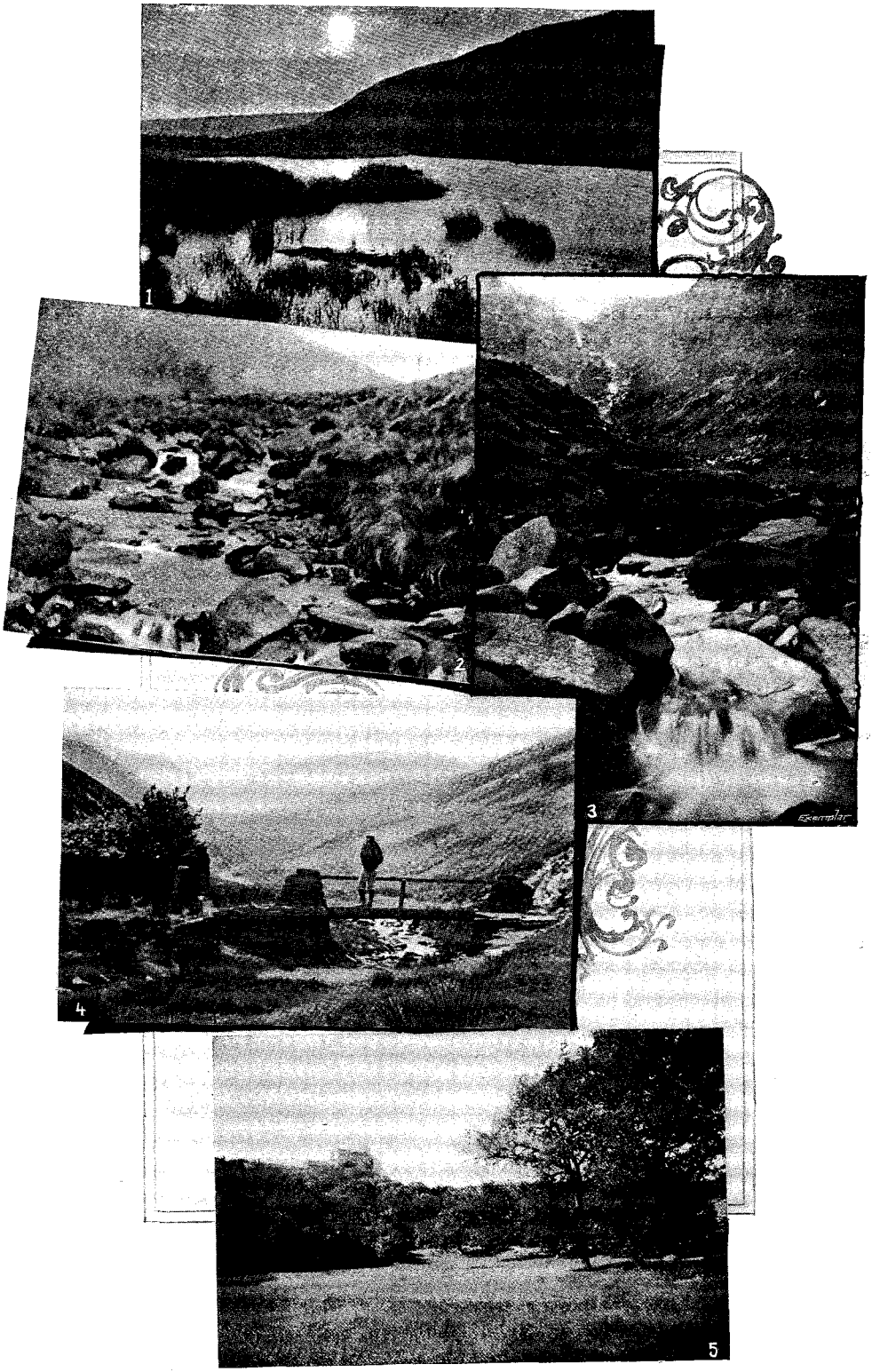

1. The Mermaid's Pool—"David Grieve."
2. The Moorland Brook—"David Grieve."
3. The Downfall—"David Grieve."
4. The Fairbrook Clough—"David Grieve."
5. Torre Amiata—"Eleanor."

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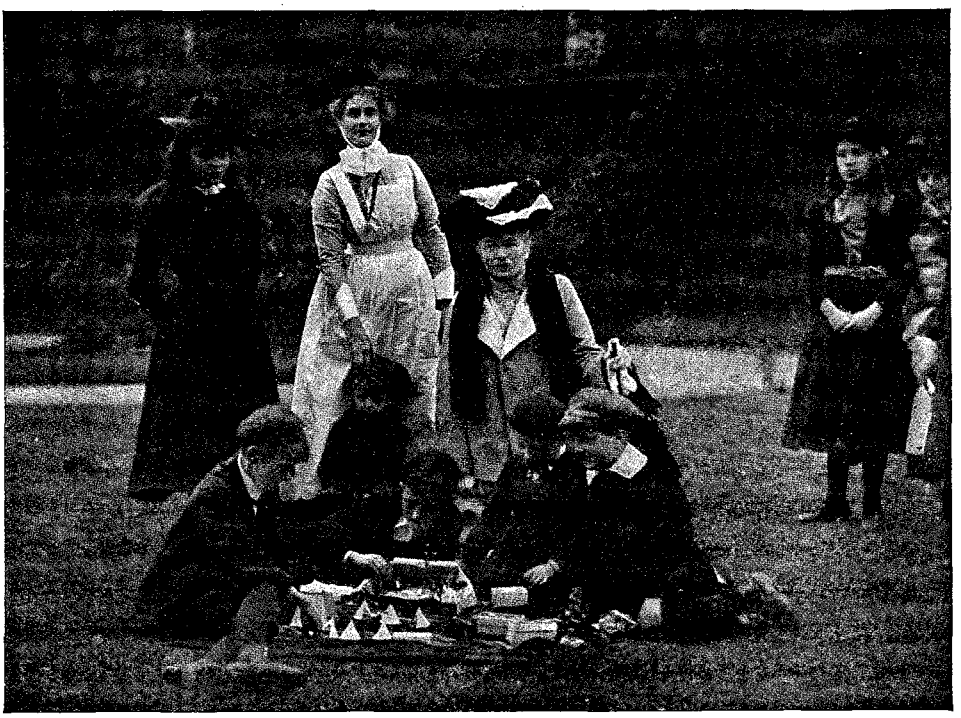
black purple of the ridge upon ridge of mountains stretching to Wetherlam, the Pikes and Fairfield; retarded by Catherine's struggle between duty and inclination which took place at the foot of the gnarled and solitary thorn, her favourite spot, where she sank down, a lonely girl figure in blue cloak and hood, to wrestle with the memory of her father's trust; and finally—a strange sequel to the weird story of the ghost or "bogie" of Deep Crag, the cause of Mary Backhouse's the carrier's daughter, "madness of despair," and the occasion of Catherine's frequent visits to the old farmhouse at High Ghyll, where the girl lay dying—finally to culminate during that stormy night ramble with Elsmere up the Bleacliff Tarn road which closes the Westmoreland portion of *Robert Elsmere*.

The scene changes to Surrey, and the acqaintanceship is commenced with Squire Wendover and his sister Mrs. Darcy, leading to that terrible fight for truth actually won by Elsmere on a memorable walk across Ryle Common, which lies close to Rodborough Common and the Portsmouth Road, on his way to Murewell (Peper Harow) to acquaint Catherine with the change in his religious convictions.

When planning *David Grieve,* Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed for a time at "Marriott's Farm," in the Peak District. The typical farmhouses of the neighbourhood no doubt suggested Needham's Farm, where David and Louie Grieve spent their childhood in the charge of their Aunt Hannah and her husband Reuben, a none too happily-chosen guardianship, since the former's temper was of the "brooding and grasping order," and the latter's dishevelled and disjointed appearance had earned for him the neighbours' description of "as slamp an' wobbly as an owd corn-boggart." Yet there was compensation to David for his aunt's harsh nagging and his sister's irritating perversity ("It was the tragedy of Louie Grieve's fate, whether as child or woman, that she was not made to be loved") in the charm of the wild and rugged country round Kinder Scout, that western rampart of the Peak, piled "edge" behind "edge," the very centre of the great sweep of moors cleft by the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD WITH SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SETTLEMENT.

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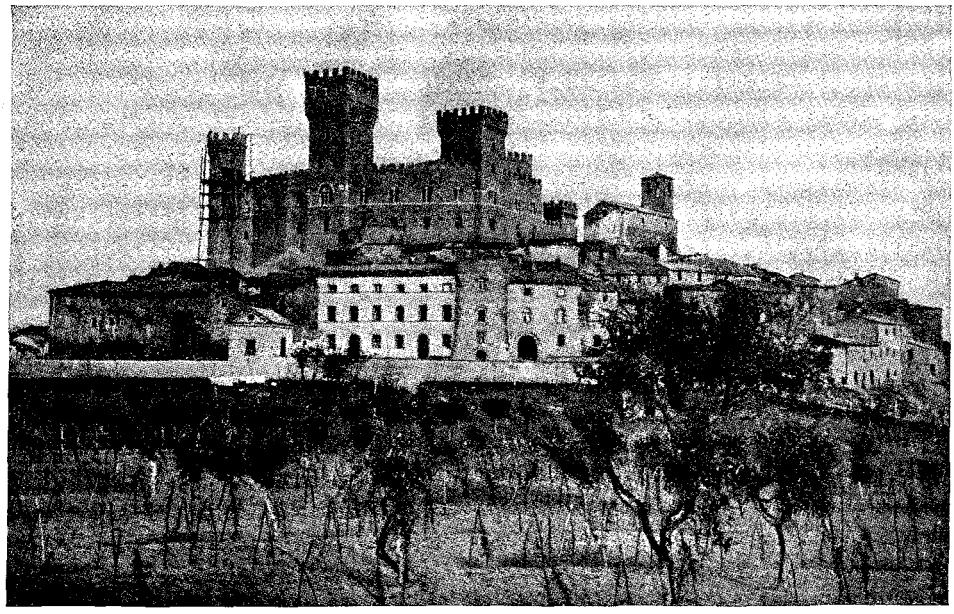
"white and surging mass of water" called the Downfall, which fell straight over the edge here some two thousand feet above the sea, and roared downward along an almost precipitous bed into the Kinder stream.

David's special place of refuge in times of trouble was "T' owd smithy," the "enchanted ground" of his childhood, a ruined building half-way up the mountain side, where in days far remote the millstones of the district had been fashioned, two or three of these huge stones still reposing uselessly, half buried in the heather. Here also, in a corner formed by the walls of the building, stood David's large iron pan, dragged thither by himself and the farm-donkey one never-to-be-forgotten day, and filled to the brim with water, where "on rare occasions" he sailed the fleet of tiny boats constructed by the help of his friend Mr. Ancrum, the lame minister of Clough End, and usually hidden jealously in a crevice. Another resource was his miniature water-wheel which turned merrily in the Red Brook, a westerly affluent of the Downfall Stream. Yet more grateful to David at this early period than the kindly interest of Mr. Ancrum, was the friendship of "owd 'Lias Dawson," the queer dreamer who fifteen years earlier had been the schoolmaster of Frimley Moor End, and was held in local esteem as "t' cliverest mon abeawt t' Peak." It was Dawson who first excited the children's keen interest in Jenny Crum's Pool, gleaming "far away beyond the Downfall on a projecting spur of the moor," which caused David to search an old paper-covered guide to the Peak for information concerning the "English Hamadryad." He learnt that she "lives in the side of the Scout; that she comes to bathe every day in the Mermaid's Well, and that the man who has the good luck to behold her bathing will become immortal and never die." This resulted in the children stealing away from the farm on Easter Eve, Louie's thin girlish figure clad in a "skimp cotton dress and red crossover, her long legs cased in blue worsted stockings," as she and David fled "in an ecstasy of freedom," leaping "through the elastic carpet of heather and bilberry and across bogs which showed



THE CASTLE AND AGENT'S HOUSE AT TORRE ALFINA,

Where Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed while writing "Eleanor." Torre Alfina is the Torre Amiata of the book.

"In front of them, indeed, rose an old villa of the Renaissance, with its long flat roofs, its fine *loggia*, and terraced vineyards. A rude village of grey stone; part, it seemed, of the tufa rocks from which it sprang, pressed round the villa, invaded its olive-gardens, crept up to its very walls. Meanwhile the earth grew kinder and more fertile. The vines and figs stood thick again among the green corn and flowering lucerne."—"Eleanor."

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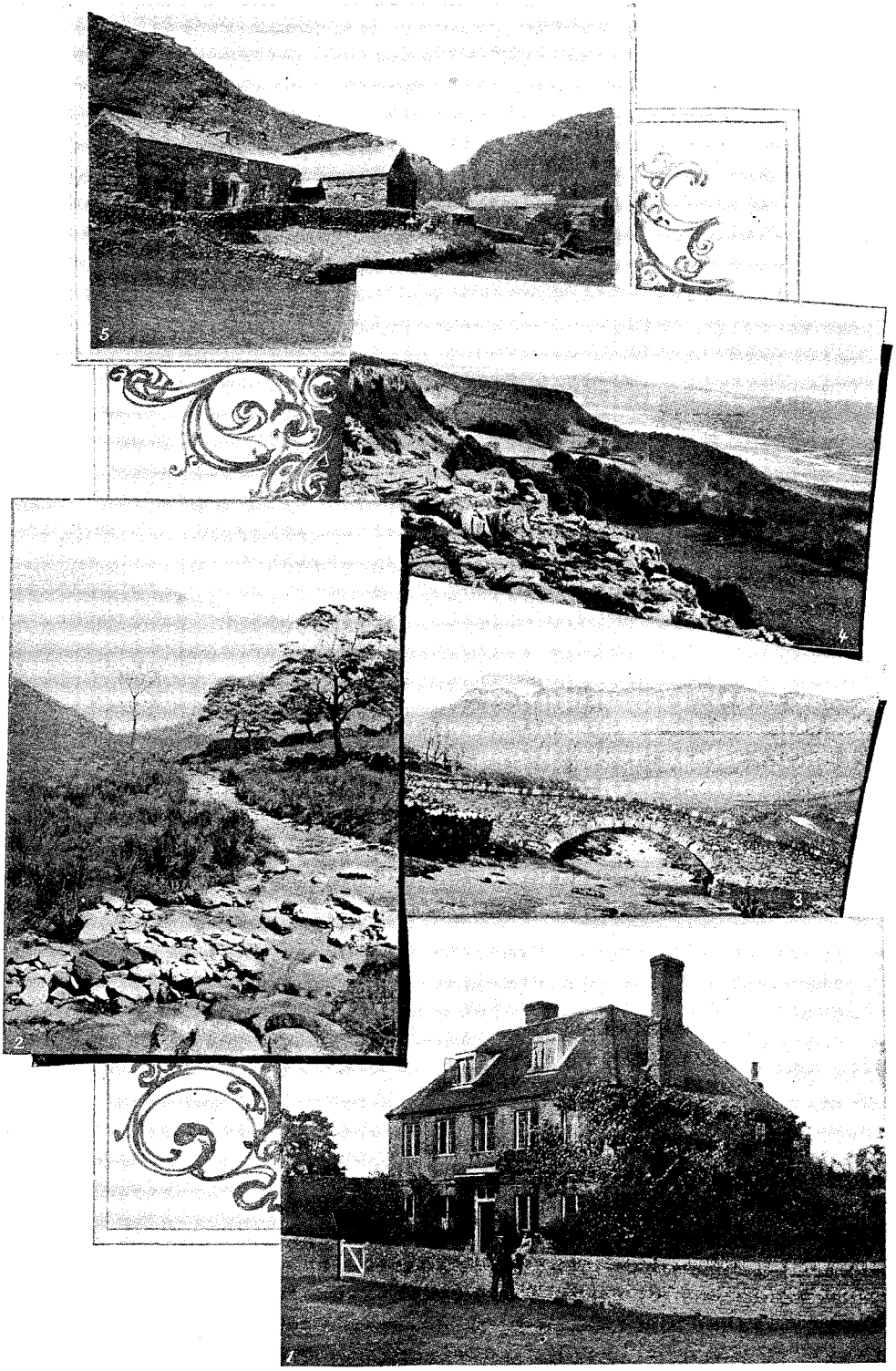

1. Borough Farm, Godalming, where "Robert Elsmere" was written.
2. The Valley of the Kinder Brook—"David Grieve." 3. The Valley of Long Whendale—"Robert Elsmere."
4. The Peat Moss Country—"Helbeck of Bannisdale." 5. The Farm where Mary Backhouse Died—"Robert Elsmere."

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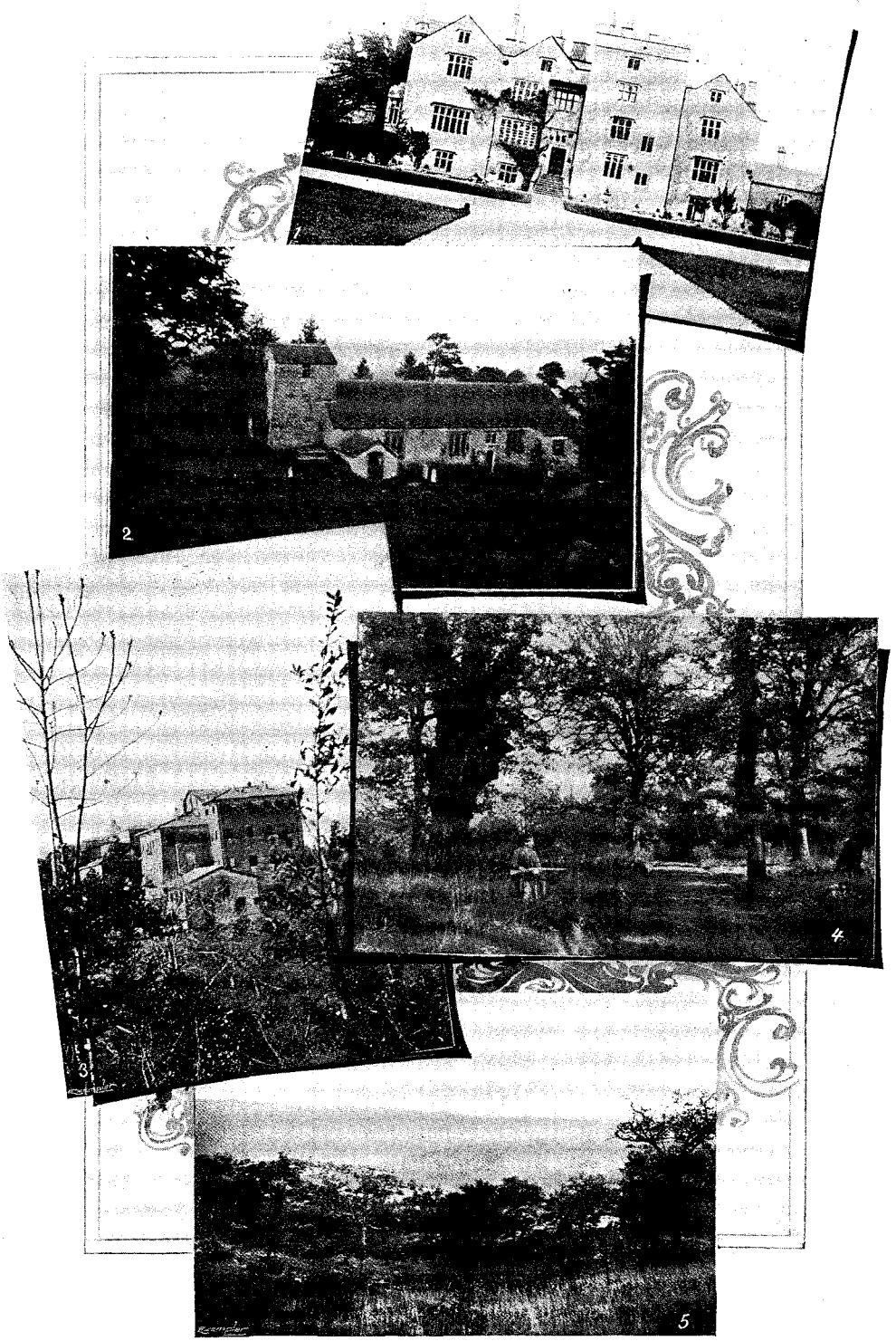

1. Levens Hall—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."
2. Cartmel Fell Chapel—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."
3. The Villa Barberini where "Eleanor" was begun.
4. The Oak Forrest, Torre Amiata.—"Eleanor."
5. The Valley of the Paglia.—"Eleanor."

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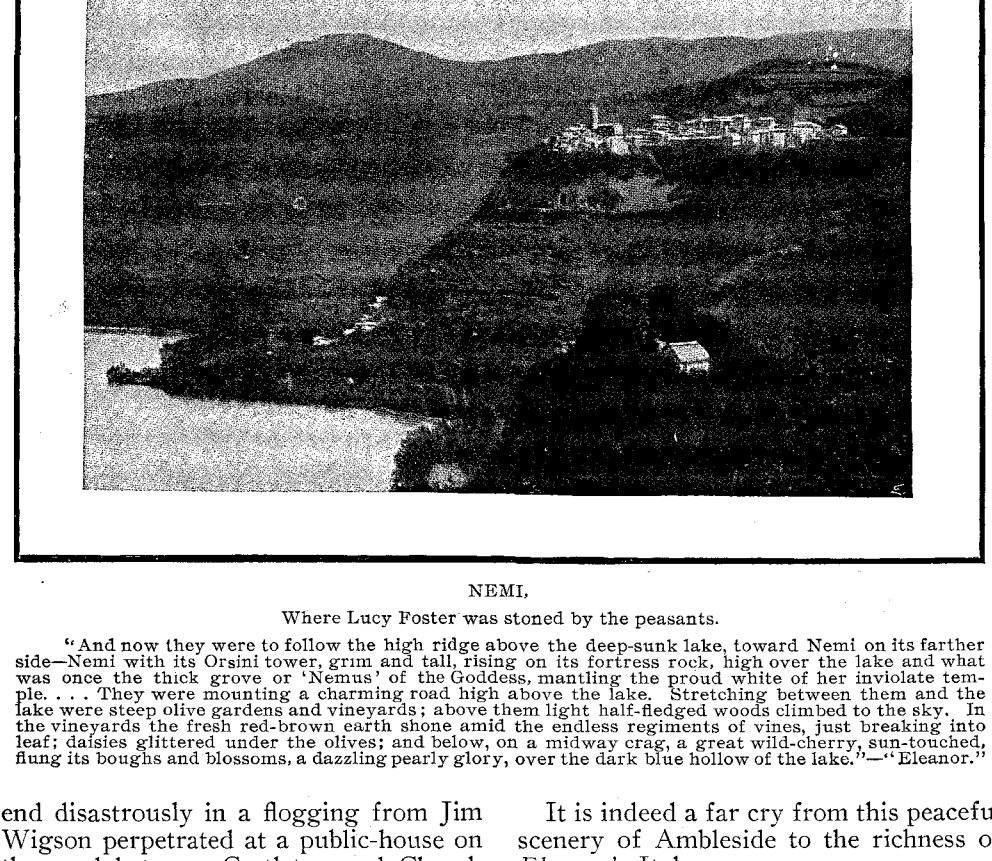
like veins of vivid green on the dark surface of the moor," up to the shoulder of the Scout, where "gleaming under the level light" lay the wondrous Mermaid's Pool. The rough and lonely road from the High Kinder Valley runs past the foundry and the printing works to Clough End, where David listened in Simes's shed to the pleading of the mill-hand preacher. The practice of attending prayer-meetings grew upon him, to end disastrously in a flogging from Jim Wigson perpetrated at a public-house on the road between Castleton and Clough End, which confirmed David's opinion that "religion was not for such as he," and became an important factor in the considerations which induced him, on a day of piteous upheaval, to set off running down the Glossop Road past the Snake Inn on his way to Manchester to carve out a path to fortune on his own account.

A very different picture is this David, the youthful and dreamy rustic in "his worn fustian suit and red Tam o' Shanter cap," from that of the successful but saddened David, come to manhood but no less dreamy, who tends his dying wife with loving watchfulness in the charming Westmoreland cottage near Pelter Bridge, Rydal, within sight of Nab Scar, Loughrigg, and the larch plantations on the side of Silver How.



NEMI,

Where Lucy Foster was stoned by the peasants.

"And now they were to follow the high ridge above the deep-sunk lake, toward Nemi on its farther side—Nemi with its Orsini tower, grim and tall, rising on its fortress rock, high over the lake and what was once the thick grove or 'Nemus' of the Goddess, mantling the proud white of her inviolate temple. . . . They were mounting a charming road high above the lake. Stretching between them and the lake were steep olive gardens and vineyards; above them light half-fledged woods climbed to the sky. In the vineyards the fresh red-brown earth shone amid the endless regiments of vines, just breaking into leaf; daisies glittered under the olives; and below, on a midway crag, a great wild-cherry, sun-touched, flung its boughs and blossoms, a dazzling pearly glory, over the dark blue hollow of the lake."—"Eleanor."

It is indeed a far cry from this peaceful scenery of Ambleside to the richness of *Eleanor's* Italy.

"Olive-grounds and vineyards, ploughlands and pine plantations sank, slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna. And beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining line of the west, the sea met the sunset; while to the north, a dim and scattered whiteness rising from the plain—was Rome."

On this scene Mrs. Humphry Ward

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gazed from the Villa Barberini, Castel Gandolfo, where she began to write *Eleanor,* and in the dedication to the book lies more than a suggestion to the strong affection she retains for it. This, too, is the scene upon which Edward Manisty looked down from the terrace of the old Villa on the Alban Hills, the villa with its garden of ilex-avenues, its salon all splendour—a wealth of pictures, fine hangings and luxurious carpets—and its sparsely-furnished dining-room in marked contrast, described by Eleanor as that odious room "which Edward will have left in its sins."

It was at Nemi, situated on the edge of the deep-sunk lake, with its Orsini tower and its Temple site, called by the people the "Giardino del Lago," that Lucy Foster was stoned by rough peasants whilst Eleanor and Manisty were visiting the Egeria Spring, an episode which resulted in Lucy's strange ride back to the Villa with Manisty beside her, along the lonely path that was all silence and woody fragrance, through a "world of opal colour arched by skies of pale green, melting into rose above and daffodil gold below." Later we find Manisty pacing the dim grass walks among the olives in the *podere,* whilst Eleanor flings from her window into the trees, the terra-cotta figure he had given her at Nemi.

With the flight of Eleanor and Lucy from the Villa the scene is removed to the valley of the Paglia, beyond Orvieto, a district of vast oak woods, almost English in its verdure, where stands in imposing grandeur the Castle of Torre Alfina, the Torre Amiata of the book, newbuilt on the site of an old Sforza Palazzo. Here Mrs. Ward stayed, becoming so inspired by the beauty of the surrounding "Sassetto" that she utilised it as the background for the last chapters of *Eleanor,* and in the very heart of its fastnesses delivered the still half-unwilling Lucy into Manisty's safe keeping.

To return to Westmoreland, it is interesting to know that the idea of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was suggested to Mrs. Ward by the history of the old Catholic family of the Stricklands who have been settled for many generations at Sizergh, near Kendal. During one long day of travel from North to South, the whole story shaped itself clearly in her mind. Bannisdale is not to be identified with the district of that name lying to the north of Long Sleddale. It is a combination of Levens Hall and Sizergh Hall, and the river Kent is doubtless mirrored in the tumbling river Greet with the roar of its "flood-voice," so dear to Alan Helbeck. The book depicts vividly the peat moss country round Kendal and Arnside, marked here and there by barely distinguishable lines of weather-beaten trees, "or by more solid dots of black which the eye of the inhabitant knew to be peat stacks." Beyond are level streaks of greyish white, where the Greet loops with the Kent, flowing onward to the estuary and the sea. Across the former river is the bridge where Laura played the ghost after her stolen interview with Hubert Mason, an incident which led to awkward explanations with the Master of Bannisdale, and practically opened that terrible battle between love and truth which ended in Laura's tragic death, forcing her, "step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things!" The quiet "little chapel high in the hills," where Laura was buried in the country she loved so well, which holds her so tenderly and gives her of its loveliest and its best, is at Cartmel Fell, and with this peaceful scene we reach perhaps the most artistic conclusion to anything that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written, and a fitting finish to a cursory survey of some of the charming spots of scenery she has brought so near. *F. Hamel.*

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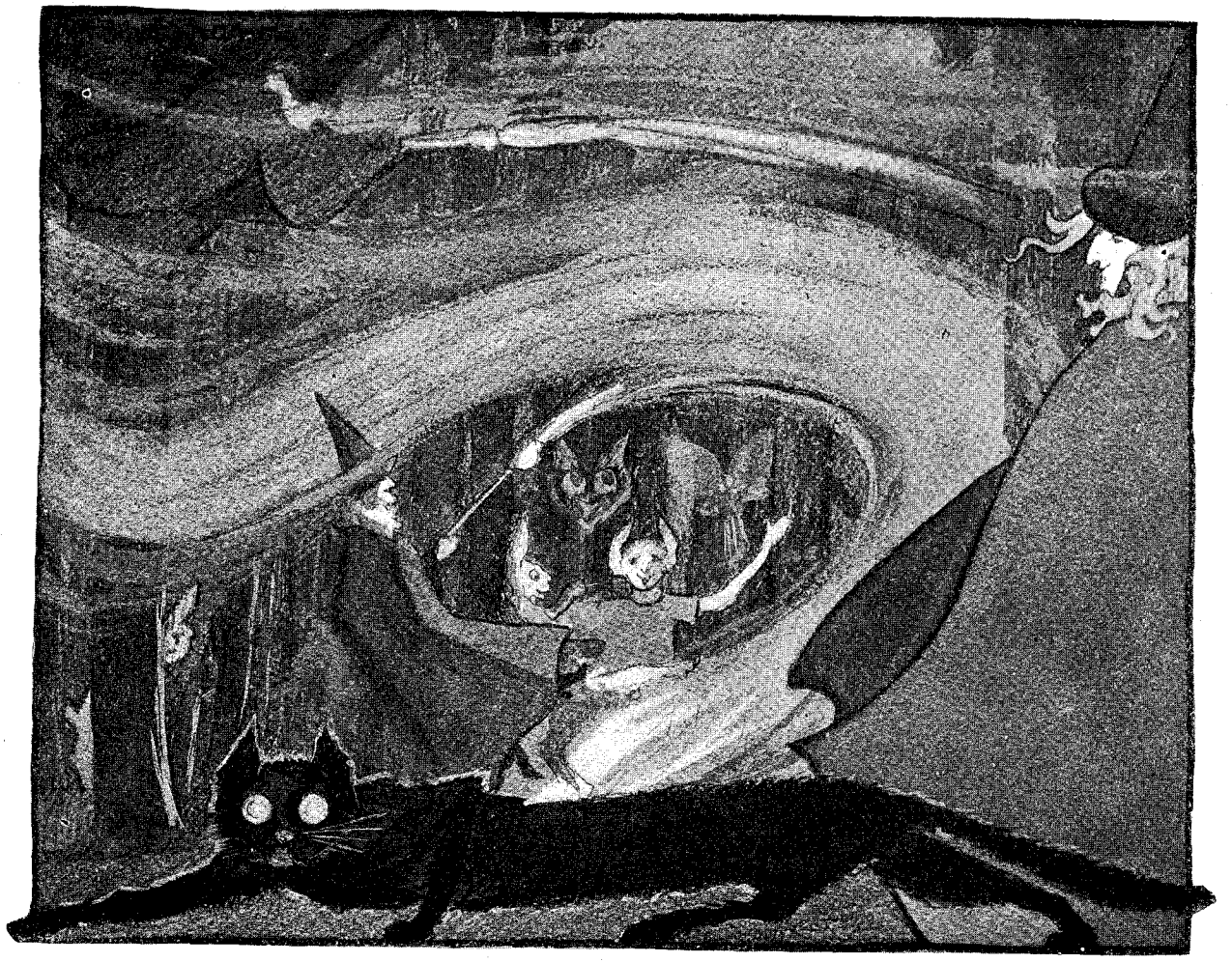

OCTOBER. Drawn by Melaine Elizabeth Leonard.

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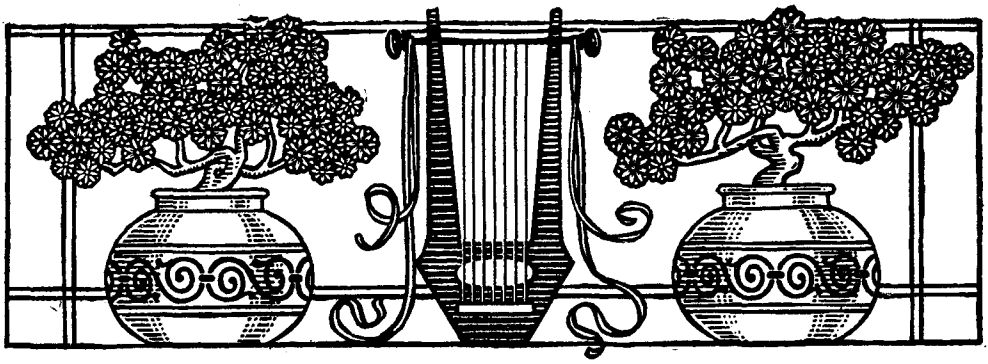

OCTOBER

Elf and fairy may be seen
In the woods at Halloween;
Fay and goblin, witch and sprite,
All come out to dance that night.

And the Black Cat prowls
And growls and yowls;
And her eyeballs glare
With a mystic stare,

As she joins the rollicking witches' ring,
And round the fire they dance and sing.

Carolyn Wells.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

*PARSIFAL PARAPHRASED.

IN selecting *Parsifal* as the *pièce de resistance* of his coming opera season, Herr Conried has shown himself an astute impresario. Whatever the outcome financially and whatever the actual popular success of the venture, the fact is indisputable that never in the history of opera in New York has the promise of a novelty excited so much interest and discussion in the musical community. Indeed, it may well be questioned whether the particular work over which such a heated controversy has been waged is worthy of all the pother. A critical consideration of its merits had best await its presentation. But it may be intimated that Wagnerites differ among themselves as to the comparative value of *Parsifal*. Some hold it Wagner's masterpiece; but these are few and count in their number those persons who always argue that the latest effort of genius is the best. The majority are agreed that while *Parsifal* exhibits Wagner's *leit-motiven* system in its fullest flowering, musically it is weaker than *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan*.

There is something attractive in the picture of the great composer, after fighting a battle for recognition such as the world of art had never seen, sitting down in his last years to write a religious drama whose motto is peace and good will towards all men. He commenced the poem in 1877, finishing it, as was his habit of work, before he took up the musical setting. The drama had its first performance at Bayreuth in the festival year of 1882. Since that time, protected by copyright, *Parsifal* performances have been confined to the little German village consecrated to Wagner traditions. Other cities have heard a good part of the music in concert form, but the first stage representation outside of Bayreuth will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House during Herr Conried's present régime.

The Grail legends, like the Nibelungen, have their roots back in the shadowy times of which history makes scant record. Like the Nibelungen myths, they were the property of many nations. Norse Sagas, Saxon Chronicles, and Teutonic Archives contain versions of the Grail story. Wagner was drawn towards it early in his musical career; and in *Lohengrin* he introduces a bit of the poetry and mystery surrounding Montsalvat and its sacred treasure. In *Parsifal*, as was his wont, Wagner took freely of the different existing versions of the story. Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem is the main source; but he departed widely from Wolfram when he found material for his purpose elsewhere.

Wagner was first and foremost a dramatist. Music he subordinated to the dramatic or rather theatric idea, and poetry, too, he treated as its handmaid. This must be clearly comprehended for the true appreciation of Wagner's works. Wagner himself always insisted that his music taken out of the theatre lost some of its essentials. And to any thoughtful person the truth of this must be plain. A great deal of the music is so intimately connected with the action that its significance is almost wholly lost when it is divorced from the latter; and more than that, it loses infinitely as music. Other great composers have written dramatic music. What Wagner wrote is musical drama. All this has a particular application to *Parsifal*. In none of Wagner's operas is there less music which extracted from the stage surroundings is found to be of interest in and for itself. In none of his operas is the stage effect so important. In none of them is atmosphere in the abstract so essential. It is this fact which lends the greatest force to the contentions of the proprietress of Bayreuth and her adherents, that *Parsifal* of all the operas should be shielded from indiscriminate performance and kept where a reverent treatment will be assured. Ethical and sentimental considerations have been injected into

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* *Wagner's Parsifal*, as retold by Oliver Huckel. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, New York. Net, $0.75.

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the discussion which has thus assumed large proportions; and finally an appeal to the courts is threatened. But the pros and cons of the controversy need not detain us here.

To English readers, naturally enough, the Grail legend as told by Tennyson is made the basis for judging all other versions. Parsifal is there Sir Galahad, in outward form and bearing closely resembling Wagner's hero. But the story as told by Wolfram von Eschenbach contains much symbolism and mysticism that is absent in Tennyson and the English Chronicles of Malory and the others in whom he found the sources of his poem. Wagner in true Teutonic fashion has seized upon these elements of the Wolfram poem and transfusing them in the fire of his own fancy has combined them afresh, giving them a prominence that completely alters the dramatic values of the poem. The simple directness of Wolfram's philosophy is transmuted into the complicated woof of a Schopenhauer's system of thought. It is difficult for those of us who are not Germans thoroughly to appreciate all the symbolism of *Parsifal*—what the true Wagnerite terms its philosophy. And perhaps we do not lose much. Recall Matthew Arnold's remarks about the insistence of Wordsworthians on the poet's philosophy. "His poetry," says Arnold, "is the reality; his philosophy, so far, at least, as it may put on the form and habit of a 'scientific system of thought,' and the more that it puts them on—is the illusion." Certain of George Eliot's admirers, who have attempted to create out of her writings a complete system of philosophy, are subject to this illusion also. Have the Wagnerites escaped it?

But turning to the particular subject in hand, Mr. Huckel's version of Wagner's libretto, the reader is at once struck with the futility of its measure. We doubt if Wagner could have written blank verse of a sustained quality. He certainly has not inspired his translator to do it. Wagner's alliterative verse, in keeping with the general dramatic and musical purpose of his dramas, is all well enough; but stripped of its characteristic dress, his poetry loses vastly. The truth of this is plainly demonstrated by Mr. Huckel's experiment. For he has followed closely the original, using all the thought expressed in words by Wagner and adding introductory and explanatory passages which are the equivalent of the stage and scenic directions in the libretto. As he himself explains his effort, he has "retold in the spirit of the Bayreuth interpretation" Wagner's *Parsifal*. In his prefatory remarks, Mr. Huckel likens his work to Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam—a bold analogy, rather.

But if this translation is not poetry of a high order it nevertheless has merit. It conveys to the reader a good understanding of Wagner's drama. That is to say, he can follow intelligently the stage performance, although given in a strange tongue. There is a timeliness in the publication that would make one think it a book written for the occasion, were it not for the author's assertion that it was planned ten years ago and completed in 1902. There is also the internal evidence of care in its preparation. Mr. Huckel has withstood the temptation to use archaisms and other affectations. He has written clear, straightforward English; consequently his work is a decided improvement over the translation that accompanies the vocal score, with its necessarily marked limitations.

The little volume has been made with taste and the typography is an excellent sample of the work of the Merrymount Press. There are five illustrations from paintings by Franz Stassen, that heighten its artistic value.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

II.

MR. COLEMAN'S CHARLES READE.

NINETEEN years ago, when Charles Reade's novel *A Perilous Secret*, was appearing posthumously in the *Temple Bar Magazine*, Mr. John Coleman contributed to the pages of that periodical several chapters, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade Extending Over Twenty Years." Although Mr. Coleman omits to mention the fact in his *Forewords*, his new volume, *Charles Reade as I Knew Him*, is based upon these earlier articles, and, indeed, is little more than an elaborated and detailed version of them. What interest the articles had in their original form has suffered in the process of expansion. This thick, handsome vol-

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ume is a little book in great space. Had it been half the length it would have been twice as valuable.

A book more tantalising than *Charles Reade as I Knew Him* is not often produced. It is written throughout in the first person, and, as much of it is dialogue, it is often difficult, and sometimes well-nigh impossible, to know whether a statement emanates from Reade or Mr. Coleman. The arrangement of the book adds to the reader's bewilderment. It opens with a "Prologue—Thirty-five Years Ago," descriptive of the first meeting of Reade and Mr. Coleman in the former's house in Bolton Row. Then comes "A Retrospect of Half a Century," related by Reade to the chronicler; and this is followed by the "Random Recollections of Twenty Years" of Mr. Coleman. The volume, indeed, is more than a biography of Reade; it is also an autobiography of the biographer. To a certain extent this adds to the interest; but, to a far greater degree, it makes confusion worse confounded.

Much that Mr. Coleman has to say is valuable, but to find these passages is like seeking a needle in a bundle of hay. Mr. Coleman lacks the gift of compression—that first essential of the biographer—and he has not the slightest idea of selection. For example, he is at great pains to make clear the true history of the composition of "Masks and Faces"; but instead of a straightforward connected statement based on the authorities he has collected, he gives the authorities—Reade's own account, and Arnold Taylor's (the brother of Tom Taylor, Reade's collaborateur in this play), and an extract from *The Bancrofts On and Off the Stage*—and leaves the reader to weigh the evidence and to draw his own conclusions. Nothing could be more fair, of course; but when this sort of thing occurs more than once, one is apt to regard the book as little more than material for a memoir.

Mr. Coleman, as actor and theatrical manager, naturally enough, is interested in Reade's contributions to the stage, and his reminiscences are almost exclusively concerned with the author as playwright. Yet a book about Charles Reade, which practically ignores his novels, and has but one or two passing references to *The Cloister and the Hearth,* may at least claim to rank as a curiosity of literature. It is *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. It is, however, due to Mr. Coleman to mention that he states in his prefatory note that the reader who expects an erudite disquisition on Reade's literary achievements is doomed to disappointment. But there is a vast difference between erudite disquisition and neglect. When dealing with Reade's plays, moreover, he ventures on dogmatic utterances, which even the most daring critic would hesitate to deliver. *Masks and Faces,* he says, has "become a classic, doubtless destined to endure so long as the language in which it is written exists." What, then, is left to remark of *Two Loves and a Life,* which Mr. Coleman declares is "the best, the very best play ever written by Taylor and Reade"?

Reade either adapted, translated, or (nearly always) wrote in collaboration no less than thirty-five plays, of which twenty-five have been staged. Of these, *Nance Oldfield,* a version of *Tiradaté; Drink,* an adaptation of *L'Assommoir;* and *Masks and Faces,* written with Tom Taylor, still hold the boards to-day. *Drink* is a horrible, realistic drama, without any artistic signification; but *Nance Oldfield* is delightful, and *Masks and Faces* is a charming comedy. Yet it is doing Reade's reputation ill-service to speak of him as a great dramatist. Though the theatre always attracted him, and he devoted to play-writing much of his time, he never mastered its technique, and he has not enriched the literature of the drama with a single piece written by himself.

Mr. Coleman throws an interesting light on the condition of the English stage fifty years ago. Prices for dramatic works had ruled high in Garrick's time, when Johnson received £315 for the six-nights' run of *Irene,* Goldsmith £900 for *She Stoops to Conquer,* and the now forgotten Holcroft obtained £900 for *The Follies of a Night,* a translation of Beaumarchais's *Figaro.* Then the pecuniary value of plays, at least so far as the author was concerned, steadily decreased. Lytton, one of the most popular writers of his day, received only two hundred guineas for *The Lady of Lyons;* Tom Taylor was given but £150 for *The Ticket-of-Leave Man,* while Taylor and Reade between them were paid £100 for *Two Lives and a Love,* and £150 for

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Masks and Faces. It remained for Dion Boucicault to inaugurate the royalty system, which has resulted in making independent for life the writer of a successful play. The temporary fall in prices may, perhaps, be traced to the fact that most dramatic authors of that day "conveyed" pieces from the French, without remunerating the owner, or even acknowledging their indebtedness. In this respect Reade was a notorious offender. He was present at the first performance of Scribe and Lagouve's *Bataille des Dames,* and was delighted with the comedy. "No British brigands were present, so it occurred to me to play the brigand myself," he said; and he obtained a copy of the play, and returned to London, when he immediately set to work on the adaptation. He never even thought to pay the authors, or to ask their permission. Circumstances alter cases, and Reade saw this matter in a different light when unauthorised dramatisations of *It is Never too Late to Mend* were staged. Then it was "pirates," "plunderers," "nefarious transactions," and lawsuits.

It is not as a dramatist, but as a novelist, that Reade's name will be handed down to posterity. Yet of the seventeen stories he wrote, only about half-a-dozen are read or even remembered to-day, and most of these will sooner or later be forgotten. But *The Cloister and the Hearth* is immortal.

Peg Woffington, which is *Masks and Faces* turned into a novel, shows on every page its dramatic origin, and the air of exaggeration which pervades it, though acceptable on the stage, where everything requires to be emphasised, takes from it most of the daintiness that should be its principal quality. *Christie Johnston* is far better in every way. The story is slight to a degree, but the life of the Newhaven fisherfolk is drawn with the hand of a master. The humour is often forced and boisterous, the humour of the playwright anxious to create laughter at any cost; but some of the characters are real flesh and blood. Christie—lion-hearted girl!—lives in these pages, and the narrow-minded Mrs. Gatty and her snobbish, ungrateful son Charles. The whole is admirable, but there is one scene in the book so magnificent that once read it can never be forgotten. It is when Lord Ipsden visits old Jess Rutherford, and she pours out her troubles to him. *"My troubles,* laddie? The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. . . . Oh! ye needna vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and couldna hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra my door till I hae thankit ye —but gie me time, gie me time. I canna greet al' the days of the week." Then she thanks him for his charity and blesses him as one who has the power and the right to bless or curse. The words roll forth, eloquent and musical, from this old peasant woman as from some grand old Hebrew prophet. A thousand good wishes she utters, until at the end she eclipses herself: "An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days—*and wi' the puir in the warld to come!*" There is nothing finer in literature than this scene, nothing more noble or more pathetic. It is the high-water mark of Reade's genius, and Reade at his best has been excelled by few.

It is Never too Late to Mend was written to expose the cruelty of the prison system then in vogue. This book, perhaps the most popular of all Reade's writings, has no claim to be regarded as literature. The author was carried away by his feelings when he was writing this horrible narrative, but while that is sufficient excuse for the man, it cannot be held to exculpate the artist. *Hard Cash* and *Foul Play* were also novels written with a purpose: the former to expose the opportunities for fraud so long as private lunatic asylums were not properly supervised; the latter to show how unseaworthy ships were sent to sea and deliberately scuttled for the sake of the insurance money. These, with *Griffith Gaunt,* a tale with an unusually unpleasant plot, are the best, as well as the most widely known, of Reade's novels. They are well written and admirably constructed. As a rule, the interest is well sustained; the characters are carefully drawn, and there are some delightful scenes, such as the island episode in *Foul Play.* They rank far above the work of the every-day writer of fiction, and could only have been composed by a well-informed, large-hearted man. They would have made

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the reputation of a lesser writer; but they are entirely eclipsed by their author's masterpiece. Compared with *The Cloister and the Hearth,* all Reade's other books are as dross is to gold. Concerning the great historical romance, Mr. Coleman recalls an interesting fact showing how it was nearly strangled at birth: "When originally brought out [1851] under the name of *A Good Fight* in *Once a Week,* its publication was suspended in consequence of the editor's tampering with the 'copy,' an indignity which the author resented by breaking off further relations, and abruptly and unsatisfactorily winding up the story. Ultimately, however, it saw the light in a complete form under its present well-known title." The editor of the periodical was subsequently confined in a lunatic asylum, whereupon Reade made one of his characteristic remarks. "Poor fellah!" he said. "Poor fellah! I'm sorry for him. Of course, I'm bound to be sorry for him as a Christian, but what else could be expected from a fellah who presumed to tamper with my copy?" *Lewis Melville.*

III.

JOHN FOX, JR.'S, "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME."*

THERE are breezes from the Southland, stirring the meadows of "The Blue Grass," moaning through the gorges of the mountains, and they are all abreath with life in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* John Fox, Jr., has done a notable thing in this charming story—a romance in its keenly sustained interest, a novel in its palpitant humanity; and, though the smile may rise to many lips at the heralding of more American historical romance, even he who smiles must in reason admit that his smile is, in a critical sense, illogical.

The wave of popular taste for books of this class was, perhaps, first ruffled from the deep by interest in the societies of patriotic genealogy. It was first fed by romances of Colonial and Revolutionary times, of varying merit and demerit, but, for the most part, of enthusiastic reception, and, then, gathering volume—or, if you please, many volumes—it rolled down, a devouring billow of ink, to the period of the Civil War. Naturally enough a craving that drank so deeply and often, so indiscriminatingly was soon more than satisfied and turned at last with disgust from its debauch to scoff at *all* tales of the kind it had indulged in so intemperately. But because many people happen to have taken too much bad wine is poor reason for a taster to turn up his nose at the best, and, strong in this reflection, I am the more emboldened to praise even now a story of the great Rebellion—a romance with Morgan and his men filling the background and with the inevitable Grant present indeed, but, be it said, most tactfully unobtrusive.

The story, after all, is the thing in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* and you are soon absorbed in the characters of its fiction, their lives, their fortunes, their hearts—for they have hearts with good red blood flowing through them—long before Mr. Fox begins to involve the spirit of the storm and to add to his plot the interest of national (or State) enthusiasm and historic passion. If anything, I am inclined to think the story droops a little under these influences; not appreciably, perhaps, for he has used his reasoning very judiciously, and it is doubtless a necessity of his motive, the terrible rending of heart-strings in the harrowed Commonwealth, when Kentucky sent her sons to North and South that they might return again and tear at each other's throats till the homestead soil ran red with their blood. It is a strong motive, a gruesome motive, and, difficult as it now seems to comprehend such bitterness, it is the truth of history. Still, there are elements of weakness in this vial from which the author seeks to draw strength; elements which even his talent has not quite succeeded in eliminating, very probably because they cannot be altogether eliminated.

When one has read a good book, well written, and well knit, has thrilled over an altogether absorbing story and felt with its characters, it is a somewhat ungracious duty to sit down and quiet one's blood and consider in coldly critical wise just why the book is not exactly "great." That duty brings me again to the inher-

* "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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ent difficulty of writing "great" fiction when motive and plot have birth in a history which still stirs personal and, perhaps, partisan chords in the hearts of both author and reader. There is the ever-present demand upon the former for a fineness of taste that may be said to be superhuman, and which, even were it exercised, must affect discriminating readers differently; there is the constant temptation to reënforce interest, pathos and dramatic power—yes, and salability, by touches that from the standpoint of the best canons of literary art ring untrue, and, when pressed too deeply by inartistic and sordid imitators become baldly meretricious. It is not, bear in mind, the canon that seeks to govern the feeling, but the feeling that has shaped the canon; a rather vague sensation, if you please; but whenever some hero of such fiction meets Washington with his bearing of calm majesty or the taciturn Grant with his inevitable cigar, surely we are all conscious enough of a shrinking from the fictitious words we know are trembling on the great man's lips, and the more so, be it said, with the latter than the former because he is nearer to our intelligences if not so near to our hearts. Often the words, when they come, are shallow claptrap, but even if they be conceived in closest character and most accurate taste, there is just a little feeling that they are of the nature of claptrap all the same, and the mind is conscious of a sense of embarrassment, as if some liberty were taken with the character of a friend. Why this is an offense against literary art should be as clear as that it is an offense against good taste, if we can once realize that perfect art implies a combination of all the finenesses of taste and feeling that bear directly or remotely upon the artist's creation, and that to be perfect there must be never so much as the suspicion of a jarring note. This matter of historical characters is but a phase of the question. The same principle will be found to apply to a less degree in one way and to a greater in another, in the portrayal of historic incidents around which personal or partisan sentiments still cluster.

And now I do not say all this to arraign the author of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* of such offenses, save, perhaps, in a degree that is inseparable from his essayal: I say it only to explain why I do not call this delightful story a "Great American Novel"; why, contrary to the motive of many critics, I cannot conceive that any American historical romance, writ while feelings its motive evoked are still alive, can ever justly receive that much bandied mead of praise. Possibly it may find a realisation in some tale of Colonial times before the shadow of the Revolution aroused anti-English antipathies that have not yet died out; perhaps the plot will be found in some neglected episode involving forgotten men and deeds and questions, but to me it seems that aspirants must look toward the story of American life pure and simple, in which enters no national, political or militant social issues. He whose insight, sense of truth, and power of expression can, without invoking the least of the gods, endow such a tale with real and living interest, he who can call forth tears and laughter with never the suspicion of an onion in his pocket or a sly dig at the reader's ribs; for him we wait in all reverence, while we gratefully solace the lagging hours with such pleasing, well-conceived, and well-written stories as *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.*

Duffield Osborne.

IV.

JACK LONDON, "THE CALL OF THE WILD."*

TO some of us the pleasure of reading Mr. Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* will be marred by a slight feeling of regret for which the book itself is in no way responsible. It is a regret which comes of comparison and of wondering why so much of the good writing being done to-day by the new and promising men among American authors deals with the remote and undeveloped corners of the world, the hard trails through virgin forests and over Arctic ice and snows, and not more about the lives of the men and women of conventional habits and surroundings. For it is to the men and women who shall tell us the vital and dramatic stories of what superficially seems to be the commonplace

* "The Call of the Wild." By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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that we must look for the foundations of a sturdier and more lasting national literature. As for *The Call of the Wild,* it may be summed up simply by saying that it is far and away the best book that Mr. Jack London has ever written.

In this book there are much the same scenes and atmosphere that were found in *Children of the Frost* and *The Sons of the Wolf*. You get the same "feel of the North," you realise the bitter sting of the cold and the stretch of the endless miles of Arctic snow. But there is lacking much of the vagueness which tended to mar the earlier books. For Buck, the son of the Saint Bernard and the Scotch Shepherd dog, Mr. London has invested with a humanity which he has failed to give to most of his men. Buck originally lived at a great house in "the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley" and might have ended his days there comfortably, ruling complacently over the great demesne, had not men, groping in the Arctic darkness, found a yellow metal. Thousands rushed into the Northland and heavy dogs with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost, were needed, so Buck was stolen and shipped away to be brutally broken and to trudge along pulling the sledges and to rise to the mastership of the pack over the body of his beaten foe. At the very beginning of his travels, smarting under the indignity of being kidnapped, wild with wrath at being bound by ropes and hurried about from place to place, Buck met the terrible man in the red sweater, the man with the club, and learned the lesson which he never forgot. Then there followed the long trip to the North, the record run over the snow and ice with François and Perrault, the French-Canadian and the French-Canadian half-breed, and the terrific battle for supremacy with Spitz through which Buck won the mastership. Then there were other journeys and other friends, until Buck found the man whom he recognized as the real master and to whom he gave all the love of his strong heart. But John Thornton met death at the hands of the Yeehats, and Buck, cut off forever from his love of man, heard the call of the wild and responded to it, throwing in his lot with the wolves. And there ends the story of Buck. "The years were not many when the Yeehats noted a change in the breed of timber-wolves; for some were seen with splashes of brown on head and muzzle, with a rift of white centring down the chest. But more remarkable than this, the Yeehats tell of a Ghost Dog that runs at the head of the pack. They are afraid of this Ghost Dog, for it has cunning greater than they, stealing from their camps in the fierce winters, robbing their traps, slaying their dogs, and defying their bravest hunters." *The Call of the Wild* is one of the two best dog stories which have been written in this country in recent years. The other, of course, is Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Bar Sinister*. Personally, the present reviewer prefers *The Bar Sinister*.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON'S "ANNE CARMEL."

IN much of the American and English fiction of the present day touching upon the so-called sex question, there is an apparent fearlessness which quickly disappears before the voice of Public Opinion. *Anne Carmel* belongs to this type of fiction; so do *The Right of Way* and *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Miss Overton created a strong and thoroughly fearless woman in *Anne Carmel;* and after she created her she seemed to grow afraid of her. She did not dare let her go her own way.

Anne Carmel was the only sister of a French Canadian priest, who, when the story opens, had been for eight years the curé of the parish of St. Hilaire. Anne and her brother are very near and dear to each other, but Anne is beginning to long for her woman's birthright. And Paul Tetrault did not know that this was at the moment when he should have asked Anne to marry him. He had let go his last chance, "but he was no more aware of that than are most of us at the moment of making the errors of omission which leave, forever after in our lives, a space that cannot be filled."

Just at the psychological moment Anne meets a young Englishman, Harnett

* "Anne Carmel." By Gwendolen Overton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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(whose first name is not mentioned), and when she met him "there was a spot of crimson over her heart." From the first she loved him, and as she looked into his blue, determined English eyes she saw things exactly as they were. "It was less to him to have done with her than to be subjected to annoyance or humiliation. But she was not the first woman knowingly to give a good love for a poorer one and be happy over the barter." After the first few meetings it was Anne who sought Harnett, not Harnett who sought Anne. They met at midnight in a dark and gruesome quarry; and Harnett, with his English reserve, took this delicate little attention as a matter of course. He was not in a position to marry, being financially dependent upon an uncle, and Anne was too big and fine to demand anything of him. Gossip is quickly spread in the parish by persons to whom the semblance of evil must be evil, and Anne's good name is besmirched. Harnett goes away, and Anne refuses to listen to any one. Her mother "wears a mournful smile of forgiveness" whenever she comes near her, and in the faces of the men who approach her she sees her degradation before herself. After a time Harnett returns—married. Anne has grown thoroughly reckless and promises to go away with him. But just here Miss Overton steps in and takes Anne in hand. She reasons with her through her brother. Up to the present time the voice of religion has fallen upon wilfully deafened ears, but now things are different. A woman has come into the life of Jean Carmel, and to save him for the Church Anne renounces Harnett for all time. This is an inconsistent ending, and on this point we take issue with the author. The real reason, we believe, that Anne Carmel did not go with Harnett was because his nature was not strong enough to dominate hers, *not* because of any higher purpose.

The book, as a whole, shows considerable power, but the narrative is broken by descriptions of the curé's parishioners who actually have little to do with the story. Miss Overton's style, too, is clumsy at times. The figure of Anne Carmel herself, however, stands out strong, still, enduring.

F. M. Mandeville.

VI.

THOMAS DIXON'S "THE ONE WOMAN."*

ONCE a preacher, always a preacher. The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is no less an exhorter since he dropped the clerical prefix from his name and turned novelist. He can abandon the pulpit and write about the leopard's spots, but he can't change them. His calling is fixed for life. So it is not surprising that his new book turns out more a sermon than a novel. It is both by turns, but the moral is more often to the front than is the truth.

It is no derogation of the preacher to say that he has the defects of his virtues; and one of them is that his work does not mix well with fiction. A preacher who isn't trying to convince you of something isn't worth his salt; a novelist who is convincing is impertinent. The man with a moral to enforce, if he sets out to write a novel, is going to show you that moral triumphant, life to the contrary notwithstanding, instead of giving you, as he ought, a few real people working out his idea as best they can, independently of his prejudiced guidance. The minute you know that Mr. Dixon disapproves of socialism, and that the Rev. Frank Gordon, in his book, is a socialist (and you learn both facts before you have read many pages) you know that the fictitious clergyman is bound to come to a bad end. He is there to prove Mr. Dixon's theories right. Perhaps he proves them to you, in which case the author is justified—as a moralist. But if you are on your guard against an author's bias, it is more than likely that in vitiating life for the sake of a theory he has, for you, vitiated his conclusions.

Socialism, in the person of the big, blond, oratorical, posing hero, is rampant in *The One Woman;* and socialism, with Mr. Dixon, means sexual license and the disruption of the family. Within the space of two pages there are quotations from Fourier, William Morris, Robert Owen, Grant Allen, and Karl Pearson to back this idea. The array of names is imposing alike to socialist and individualist; yet the uneasy conviction grows,

* "The One Woman." By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

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from page to page, that Mr. Dixon has not been fair to the belief he has set up to combat. It takes a big man to be entirely fair to theories in which he does not believe, and only the biggest men are entirely fair, in having no theories to believe or disbelieve. To a mouthing, play-acting sort of fellow like this preacher-hero, socialism may mean the license to leave his wife for the first handsome woman who takes his fancy, and then crawl back, self-confessed a contemptible, cowardly murderer, when the woman of his fancy avails herself of the same liberty. But socialism does not always mean this, and never merely this. Mr. Dixon has frankly libelled Herr Most and his fellow leaders of advanced thought; the most rabid anarchist of them all has never made his social tenets the excuse for such weak-spined blackguardism as characterizes the Rev. Frank Gordon.

Since Mr. Dixon elected to put his preachment into the form of fiction, there must be a story to carry all the weight of his rather cumbersome moralizing. Apart from its anti-socialist lessons, it is a good, healthy story that cannot only stand on its own legs, but can even "take up weight" and run a good race for the valued stakes of sensationalism. Many a melodrama that finds favour with the theatrical gods of Third Avenue is less prolific of thrills. Mr. Dixon has none of the puling sentimentalism that takes fright at vigorous action and exciting "situations." When he gets his preacher and both wives by chance on the same train, he does not balk at a wreck which shall give wife number one the opportunity to show her forgiving disposition by rescuing wife number two from certain death. When the hig-hearted reformer murders his best friend and then plays Porphyria's lover with the woman for whom he had fought, a very dramatic snowstorm intervenes to keep the police from his trail for two days. When he has been convicted and sentenced to death, and the ever-faithful consort of his earlier days has successfully interceded with the Governor (who happens conveniently to be an old lover) Nature again waxes dramatic. A storm lays low the wire that should carry news of the pardon, a wreck stops the special train, and the race with death develops an exciting finish. "The warden put his hand on the electric switch. There was a shout and a stir without, the thump of hurrying feet, and the butt of a guard's gun thundered against the door. The warden sprang forward. 'Stop! The Governor!' he heard faintly shouted through the deep-padded panels."

Mr. Dixon has, I am confident, tried honestly to write a readable novel. Being a preacher, he is not entirely to be blamed for his inability to divorce his story from an anti-socialistic tract, without which it would be very good reading of the blood and thunder variety.

Edward Clark Marsh.

THE SINGLE IDEA AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

ALTHOUGH singleness of purpose is not necessarily the be-all and the end-all of the successful novel, it is safe to say that few stories have obtained a genuine and lasting success which did not contain some simple, elemental idea capable of being summed up in a single, terse sentence. It is probable that no better advice could be given to the young writer of fiction than to warn him not to begin a book until he was quite sure that he had some definite, central motive, capable of being embodied within the brief space of a telegraphic blank. The big novels of the past, those that really deserve a permanent place on our shelves, can nearly all of them be summed up in a ten-word sentence; and this includes not merely problem novels, a class which in its essence propounds a definite, clear-cut problem, but also the big stories of adventure, the romantic novels of the Scott and Dumas type, even a book like *The Three Guardsmen,* con-

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taining episode after episode and story within story, can after all in its simplest form he reduced to the ten-word limit: "How four heroes saved the Queen's honour and outwitted Richelieu." Of modern novelists the French in this respect are distinctly superior to the English and American writers. They confine themselves much more closely to the point at issue. Having selected their problem they try to reduce it to its simplest terms, to eliminate extraneous events and characters and make the case they are studying a typical rather than an exceptional case. The great trouble with a large proportion of our own writers is that in their search for novelty, in their desire to produce something original and startling and bizarre, they complicate and confuse the central theme until one is often left in doubt whether they themselves have a clear idea of just what they are trying to do.

Among the novels of the past month there are two or three which, without being especially remarkable, stand out among the others because they do show a certain definite attempt to develop the central theme logically and consistently. One of these is *The Millionaire's Son,* by Anna Robeson Brown. It is an attempt to show how an inherited instinct for money winning may hamper a man in the choice of his life's work. Paul Ellicott is an instance of reversion to type; the scholarly instinct of a long line of college bred ancestors—an instinct with which his father has no sympathy, has unexpectedly cropped out again in him. The father is a type of self-made man, absorbed in playing the game of life, in moving men like so many pawns on the huge checker board of the financial world; and his great ambition is that Paul shall follow in his steps, and in his turn take a hand at moulding the destinies of railroads, and banks, and corporations. But he knows that his own lack of culture has handicapped him in the struggle. And for this reason he determines that his son shall have in abundance the education which he himself missed. But when Paul's college days, supplemented by a year of two of post graduate work, are over, the time comes when his father expects him to settle down to serious work, and here the struggle begins. Paul suddenly finds that he is at war with himself. On the one hand he has inherited from his father a keen knowledge of men, a clear head for business ventures, a love for the feverish excitement of playing the big game for its own sake. On the other hand, he has the scholar's love of knowledge and research, and he finds himself slipping away from the office at the earliest possible minute, even in the midst of a financial crisis, to gain an extra hour over his books. The turning-point in the story is rather ingeniously worked up. There is a thriving young University in the city where the Ellicotts live, and it suddenly attracts attention by the announcement of a new and munificent scholarship, the founder of which is to remain anonymous until the ensuing commencement day. When commencement arrives, great consternation is caused by the discovery that the millionaire's son is the successful competitor for this scholarship, which is the secret gift of the millionaire himself. The unexpected coincidence, looking as it does very much like a preconcerted arrangement, robs the old man's gift of much of that halo of glory which he had expected to gain from it, and incidentally causes a lasting breach between himself and his son. It serves the purpose, however, of proving to the latter that his true path in life lies in the direction of letters, rather than the stock exchange.

The Law of Life, by Anna McClure Sholl, is another instance of a book written with a pretty clear conception of what the author wanted to do. The theme is not a novel one; it deals with the old

"The Millionaire's Son." By Anna Robeson Brown. Boston: Messrs. Dana, Estes & Co.

"The Law of Life." By Anna McClure Sholl. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Silver Poppy." By Arthur Stringer. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"A Doctor of Philosophy." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Eleanor Dayton." By Nathaniel Stephenson. New York: John Lane.

"Monsigny." By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Fortunes of Fifi." By Molly Elliot Seawell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"An April Princess." By Constance Smedley. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"A Parish of Two." By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. Boston: The D. Lothrop Publishing Co.

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problem of what will happen where youth weds old age, mistaking sympathy and gratitude for love. There is, however, a commendable novelty about the stage setting—a thriving Western university which has just secured a new and energetic president, one it is hinted for whom they outbid even Yale itself. Barbara Dare is a member of the Freshman class —for the University is co-educational— and she is the ward of old Dr. Penfold, the most absent-minded professor on the faculty. An orphan from childhood, Barbara knows little of the fundamental facts of life. Marriage to her means simply a wider opportunity to be useful to the old professor, to take his dictation, and copy his manuscript for him. So at the close of her Freshman year she becomes his wife. It is only afterwards that the woman in her awakens, and a younger man, Dr. Penfold's assistant, brings her to an understanding of what love really means. It is at this point in the book that the author shows a lack of courage. Barbara and Waring have drifted to a point at which in real life there would be no turning back, nor would there have been in the book without the intervention of a third person, and the manner in which this is managed is by no means convincing. Granting, however, that the two are to be saved in spite of themselves, the manner in which they finally separate is worked out with considerable dramatic strength. The question whether a certain notorious millionaire shall become one of the trustees of the University shakes that institution almost to its foundation. Waring is most bitter in his opposition to the new trustee, and after the latter's appointment he continues to fight a losing battle with the full approval of Barbara, although they both know that the inevitable outcome will be a request for Waring's resignation, which will effect a permanent separation between them.

A clever story with a rather unfortunate title is *The Silver Poppy*, by Arthur Stringer. It introduces us at the outset into certain phases of New York's literary and artistic Bohemia; and readers who are familiar with this side of metropolitan life will no doubt amuse themselves with attempts to identify more than one of Mr. Stringer's characters. The hero is a young Englishman, a stranger in the city, and at a literary gathering in a fashionable studio he meets the woman who is destined almost to wreck his life. Her first introduction into the story is distinctly dramatic. Long after the details of the scene have faded, one still retains the impression of a sinuous figure, clad in clinging folds of yellow silk and of the strange and curiously thrilling tones of a soft, Southern voice. And throughout the book one is not allowed to escape from the memory of that clinging silken robe, the echo of that voice, with all the unspoken and unspeakable thoughts that it suggested, a haunting suggestion of a beauty that had, nevertheless, something malignant about it, like a poisonous flower. This woman is reputed to be a famous author; she has the credit of having written the novel of the hour, *The Silver Poppy*. It is an open secret that she is engaged upon still another story, and she promptly fastens upon the young Englishman and flatters his vanity by interesting herself in his work, and by soliciting his advice regarding her own. Almost before he knows it, the young Englishman is fast in her toils. That her new book is worthless he sees at a glance, but the underlying idea is good, and soon he finds himself collaborating with her, concentrating his attention upon the task of revising the book, giving himself up to it body and soul and making it his own by the splendid transformation which turns it into a work of genius. And in the end the woman, like the soft, treacherous, yellow vampire that she is, after draining the very life blood of his genius, appropriates the whole fruit of his labour to her own greater glory, bringing it out in her own name, just as she previously did in the case of her earlier victim's work, *The Silver Poppy*.

An excellent example of a good idea spoiled in the development, apparently because the author was not quite sure of what he was trying to do, is Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest volume, *A Doctor of Philosophy*. It would seem as though Mr. Brady had begun by mulling over the question whether our attitude toward the colour line is a matter of education or of inherited prejudice, and he ended by evolving this specific case. Take a young man and a young girl, each to all outward appearance of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. The man, however, is just one-sixteenth negro, and he knows it; he has always

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known it. He has grown up in conscious acceptance of the fact that his interests and his life work are allied with the negro race. The girl also is one-sixteenth negro; her mother was an octoroon, but the fact has been carefully concealed from her and from the world at large. She has grown up to all intents and purposes a white girl, with all the advantages that money and social position can give her. Now the question is, if the truth is suddenly revealed to her after she has reached womanhood, can she throw aside her life-long prejudices, frankly recognise herself as belonging to the coloured race, and be happy in a union with a man in whose veins there is precisely the same taint as in her own. This problem, although palpably artificial in its construction, might have been interestingly worked out, but Mr. Brady has introduced so many complications and side issues that the central idea has been almost lost sight of. He has amused himself through several chapters by satirising the conservatism and the self-complacency of the more exclusive circles of Philadelphia society. He has represented his heroine as the daughter of a millionaire, a man who could easily buy up all of Philadelphia's aristocracy if he so chose, but who has failed to win recognition from them because he happens to reside too far north of Chestnut Street. The girl, however, has sufficient beauty and charm to win her way inside of this exclusive circle, and she is on the point of marrying into one of the oldest and proudest families of them all when the revelation of her origin forces her in honour to break the engagement. It is at this point in the story that the girl, in order to put a permanent barrier between herself and the man she loves, and also to force herself to recognise her own inferiority, marries the coloured man. Her subsequent desperate act when she finds her married life unendurable Mr. Brady would have us believe was wholly due to racial antipathy, but he has so obscured the issue that the reader cannot help feeling that it was in part the revulsion of feeling not unnatural to a woman who has recklessly married one man, whatever his colour, while her heart belonged to another.

Nathaniel Stephenson is a writer who in the past has shown himself capable of singling out a clear-cut theme and following it logically to the end. In this respect *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton* was an excellent piece of work, and deserved a good deal more attention than it received. And that is why Mr. Stephenson's new story, *Eleanor Dayton,* comes as such a distinct disappointment. The scene opens in Paris, the Paris of the Second Empire. The elite of the city are flocking to a fashionable studio, the studio of Saint Antoine, who has just completed a portrait of a beautiful American girl, the Eleanor Dayton of the title. The portrait is a rather remarkable one. It is not merely the picture of a beautiful woman, but the artist by subtle intuition has infused into it a half-veiled expression of mature knowledge and suffering which causes comment and arrests the attention of no less a personage than the Emperor himself. Desirous of judging for himself whether the artist has produced a faithful portrait, Napoleon summons the young girl before him in order to compare her with the picture. "Mademoiselle," he tells her, finally, "let me say that I have proved Saint Antoine to be a romancer. You have much to suffer before you look like that portrait." But as he says these words there comes over the girl's face a subtle change. "As if the Emperor's words had touched some hidden spring that released her emotions," and gives Saint Antoine courage to whisper, "Sire, am I not justified of my creation?" The fact is that Eleanor is standing upon the brink of a tragedy, and the greater part of the volume is taken up with retrospective chapters, explaining the events which led up to the final crisis. If Mr. Stephenson had any definite purpose in writing the story beyond that of producing a readable story, the present reviewer failed to discover it. In fairness, however, it must be acknowledged that the book is readable, and the chapters have a way of stopping short at crucial moments—a trick that ought to have made it eminently successful for serial purposes.

There are just a few writers who have a peculiar lightness of touch that enables them to take their materials from moonlight and rainbows and gossamer webs and weave them into light and airy little tales that seem full of blue sky and the song of birds and the perfume of spring.

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It is not so much legitimate art as it is a trick of style, a special mood, a deliberate affectation. Henry Harland is an adept at just this sort of thing, and Justus Miles Forman is proving himself one of Mr. Harland's faithful disciples. If not taken too seriously there is a good deal of charm about *Monsigny* with its Old World atmosphere of formal gardens and venerable châteaux with larks singing overhead and a scent of roses everywhere. It is just the setting for an idyllic love story and the two young lovers are so frankly open-hearted and so genuinely convinced that they are the first people in the world who ever loved quite so fondly or ever exchanged the same world old pledges that the whole effect is rather refreshing. One cannot expect much of a plot in such a light-hearted little tale, but Mr. Forman has introduced a serpent into his Eden in the form of a woman with a heterogeneous past as well as a rather complicated present. This woman has a mysterious hold upon the young lover, who once in the past had offered her his life's devotion, and while she herself intends to marry another man she cannot bear to see her first victim escape from his bondage. For a few pages matters look very black indeed, but the clouds soon pass over and on the closing page the roses are blooming, the larks singing as blithely as ever, and the young lovers oblivious to the existence of the rest of the world.

France is also the scene of an unpretentious little story by Molly Elliot Seawell, *The Fortunes of Fifi*—this time the France of the First Empire. It concerns more or less directly the fortunes of an obscure little playhouse with the pretentious name of the Imperial Theatre, a house which would never have risen above mediocrity if the Emperor himself had not chanced one night to pass through the narrow Rue du Chat Noir and recognised in the person of Cartouche, actor, stage manager, and theatrical jack-of-all-trades, one of his former grenadiers. Now Cartouche was self-appointed guardian of Mademoiselle Fifi, the theatre's leading lady. He had picked her up years before in the market-place of Mantua, a desolate child who did not understand that the mother she was vainly trying to awaken was dead. He had guarded her against the world ever since, often going hungry and cold that Fifi might be well fed and warmly clad. It had never occurred to him that he, Cartouche, stiff of knee, old, and weather-beaten, was capable of rousing a responsive interest in the heart of the capricious Mademoiselle Fifi. And as a matter of fact this was just what had happened. But on this red-letter night in the history of the Imperial Theatre, when the Emperor's presence threw the whole company into an agreeable flutter, Fifi unfortunately awakened his Imperial interest to such an extent that his subsequent investigations proved her to be a near relative of the Pope; while close upon this discovery came Fifi's second stroke of fortune, a lottery ticket that drew the first prize amounting to a hundred thousand francs. If an obscure little actress in the Rue du Chat Noir had seemed beyond Carthouche's reach, an heiress who was also niece of the Pope might well fill the old grenadier with despair. Mademoiselle Fifi, however, was a young woman who knew what she wanted, and the means which she took to rid herself of a troublesome fortune and obnoxious relatives makes an amusing story, lightly told.

There seems to be a passing fad just now for books that dispense with the use of name and surname, and affix to the different characters such apposite and euphonious labels as the Only Girl, the Handsome Man, or the Cheerful Idiot. It is only a few weeks since we had a book of this type in which the hero and heroine were respectively designated as The Little Teacher and The Man With the Wooden Face, and under these names they survived through more than three hundred pages, in fact we are left with a suspicion that these were the names under which they were finally married. Another volume of the same type, although written with a much lighter touch, is *An April Princess,* by Constance Smedley. A glance over the Table of Contents shows that the Princess of the title has in her train an extensive staff of devoted followers, including a Poet, an Artist, a Mountebank, a Free Lance, a False Prince, and a Quiet Man. It is a transparent little story, because one can scarcely go half way through the second chapter without feeling morally certain that in the struggle for the hand of the Prin-

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cess it would be safe to stake heavy odds upon the Quiet Man, in spite of the fact that the latter is just starting for a prolonged stay in Uganda. It is for the very reason that he is going away that the Princess feels that they can safely say anything they please to each other.

"With reservations," said the Quiet Man.

"With no reservations," said the Princess, firmly.

"I shall never see you again, so I shall say everything that comes into my head, even the silly-billy things like 'What a nice straight nose you have!' " It is probably because so many of the things that they say to each other on this last day are merely "silly-billy things" that the Quiet Man finds that he cannot forget her even in distant Uganda, and the Princess finds that the united efforts of the Free Lance and the Mountebank and the False Prince and all the rest cannot drive out the memory of the Quiet Man. And when he finally does come home she discovers all of a sudden that he is no longer merely the Quiet Man, but the King in whose favour she is quite ready to abdicate. Frankly, the book is somewhat too long drawn out, and in places it is rather a "silly-billy" book, to borrow the author's own words. But it would do no great harm if there were more books of the same sort.

In spite of the fact that there is something rather insufferable about the whole class of epistolary novels, *A Parish of Two* offers upon closer inspection a certain refreshing novelty. Stories written in collaboration usually afford room for speculation as to what share each of the joint authors has had in their production, but in the present case the question is answered on the title page, one of the authors, Mr. H. G. McVickar, being responsible for one-half the letters, and Mr. "Percy Collins" (the Reverend Price Collier) for those written in reply. Of the two men who are supposed to carry on this correspondence one is a hopeless cripple, writing from the circumscribed outlook of a New England home, the other roams restlessly from New York to Florida, vainly seeking distraction for a disappointed life. The letters in themselves are bright, and entertaining, ranging from Pliny and Heine and Amiel's Diary to discussions of marital morality, and sparkling with epigrams such as "traditions are parasites that sap progress," "a hansom cab is a sedan chair on wheels," and "loneliness is a sense of nakedness with this difference, that when naked you attract the attention of others, and when lonely you attract none." One is lured into reading the book fully one-third through before discovering that the letters in their leisurely, desultory way, are telling a story. The restless man, the one who wanders vainly from New York to Florida in search of some distraction from the memory of an unhappy marriage, finally meets a woman who interests him largely because she too is unhappy, tied to a husband who seems to spend his life in ingenious efforts to humiliate her and make her wretched. The story of this woman, of what she is, and what he thinks she is, all goes into the letters that he writes to the crippled friend, sitting in his wheeled chair in West Braintree Mass And the crippled friend in turn opens his heart. He too loves a woman who is unhappily married and whose husband is much the same sort of a man that his friend has so graphically described in his letters. There are some plots which are so manifestly the outcome of a logical sequence of events that a fore-knowledge of the end does not detract from the reader's enjoyment; there are others which owe their chief enjoyment to the element of surprise that they involve, and in books of this class it is eminently unfair to reveal too much in advance. The connection which exists between the two women who form respectively the chief subject of the two correspondents in this volume of letters is a well-kept secret up to the close of the book, and it is one which the reader should be left to discover at his leisure.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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THE THREADBARE THEME

'Tis Love they've fluted, luted, sung;
'Tis unto Love they've crept and clung;
And e'er round Love new garlands hung.

'Tis Love, Love, Love, the livelong day,
Until it seems quite thumbed away,
The old, worn string whereon they play.

Some long ago are dead and cold,
Earth, sun, and stars, are growing old,
But still the tale is far from told.

Nor shall it e'er be told, in truth,
While April knows not Autumn's ruth,
While Youth looks in the eyes of Youth.

Nor shall the string once hang outworn,
Since Life itself of Love is born,
And as Life wanes, must sing its morn.

Arthur Stringer.

FRIENDS

PETER and Dirk had always been quarrelsome friends—as boys building make-believe dykes in the old country of Holland—as pig-headed youths courting two girls of one family and each determined to get the girl the other loved best—as puzzled bridegrooms voyaging across the sea to wrestle home and fortune from America—and, lastly, they remained quarrelsome friends when they took up their permanent abiding place in the little Dutch hamlet of Vonstradam on the South Shore of Long Island.

They hired a house together with a flower garden in front and a vegetable garden of exquisite neatness in the rear, while flowers and vegetables held gossipy growing matches all day long at the edge of the side fences. But Peter's vegetables bore better than Dirk's; while Mrs. Dirk's flowers blossomed with more gorgeous triumph of coloring than Mrs. Peter's; so here at the beginning was something to quarrel about. Then, as if that were not enough, Peter and Dirk borrowed money together with which to buy a cat-boat; and then, day after day, they went sailing out of the harbor to the oyster beds and to long, wrangling hours during which each worked with all his might for the little wife of his own, for his own half of the house and garden in Vonstradam.

How it came about, neither could have told, but the subject upon which they had never quarreled in words, the subject for dispute which cut deepest into their two hearts, came to be out-spoken one day at the end of the hard labouring, when the

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deck of their boat was piled high with oysters, when the tongs lay, with gleaming jaws closed, stretched like long, lean hands upon the deck; and Peter stood at the tiller pointing the nose of the boat homeward.

"It was Minnie, my wife, that you wanted," cried Peter, turning to look fiercely at Dirk, who sat with his legs crossed under him just back of the tiller.

Dirk sighed. He was tired and the lulling sound of the waters made him unusually averse to quarreling. His failure to retort, to deny, made the veins swell in Peter's neck and the blood rush hotly to his forehead. The man rose from his crouching position and left the management of the tiller to his legs in order that he might swing his arms and fists in the emphatic, harmless way most familiar to his brother-in-law.

"I tell you, it was Minnie, my wife, that you wanted!" Peter roared.

The waves lapped against the side of the boat with little splashes of alarm; then fell into a rhythm of gurgling laughter, for how often had they heard Dirk and Peter quarrel! Dirk caressed his knees with his hands and looked over the waters to where Vonstradam Point thrust its long arm into the Bay. Beyond the Point, waited the litt harbour, the bending road, the narrow lane, his wife and Peter's. Peter's voice rose once again; hoarse, loud, and exasperated—as deep as the sound of the waves beneath the lashing of the storm.

"Minnie—*my* wife—*you* wanted!"

Dirk looked up and grinned. His cloak of silence, which might have come to be the cloak of peace to-day, fell from him; and lo! the devil of rash taunting spoke jeeringly from between his lips:

"Say, rather, it was my wife you wanted and your wife who still wants me."

Suddenly, ashamed of his own words, Dirk arose as he spoke, as if to get away from himself, and balanced his figure with unconscious grace where he stood in the stern. Peter, burly and thick-set, noted the other's lithe form, the strong, graceful poise of his head and shoulders. There came a low, muttered curse from Peter, then the tiller moved with an unusual sound; but Dirk did not turn. Instead, he looked over the water to the bending, blue Point of Vonstradam, over the waters to the homestead-dotted shores of Long Island; then over the waters to where the sun was making a glory of all the western sky. Some new, half sweet, half painful sensation was struggling in his heart. He did not know what to call it, but it made him wish to turn to Peter and say:

"This is no time for quarreling. I'm sorry. Let's quit."

But before any new words could check the fierce current of the old, Peter stood directly behind him, calling out:

"Say my wife's name again!"

Dirk turned, half smiling, half ashamed of his shame, and beheld Peter standing above him, the tiller raised in both his hands, Peter's face, the face of a man gone mad with fury.

"Peter!" called Dirk and that was all. Before Peter realised the remorse, the pleading, the great love in that cry, the tiller had crashed down upon Dirk's head; there was the sickening sweep of a body across the deck; the waters opened their great, noisy jaws; and no one was left on the boat save Peter.

The boat drifted this way, then that; until mechanically, Peter put the tiller back into its place and pointed once more for the shores of Vonstradam. In his ears still sounded the splash of the waters over Dirk's body, and, strangely enough, there mingled with this sound the echo of the two wives singing on the door steps at home. Yet Peter did not turn his head toward the spot where the waters had splashed. Instead he gazed up at the sail and, with a dry, stifling sob, noticed that the wind had begun to fill the canvas.

On sailed Peter. Far ahead, were the boats of the other Baymen; over against the Beach hills, here and there a white sail drifted along, like a bird slowly skimming homeward.

"No one could have seen," muttered Peter. Then with a great shudder: "Nor heard. Good God, how he cried!"

The little clock in the cabin was ticking hours, not seconds, now; the light on the sea did not fade but grew more and more like the light of high-noon; so Peter could not have told how long he sailed before his eyes fell upon a pair of wet and grasping hands, and then upon Dirk's face staring at him from over the gunwale. The face was white save for the blue stain across its clean-cut lips,

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the hair clinging wet upon the forehead, the eyes were wide with the strain of exertion, and hauntingly beautiful with the sense of death and danger passed.

"Peter, my brother," the opening lips called, as a voice calls back from the dead. "Let me aboard. I was foolin'."

With the sound of Dirk's speaking, Peter's fear passed away, and a rage such as made all his other furies like play, seized hold of the man. He dropped the tiller and went leaping down into the cabin. A moment later, he was back, an axe in his hands. Now the ghastly face was hidden, the head hanging helplessly downward, while upon the gunwale nothing was left but the fingers of Dirk's two hands, gripping, gripping, yet slipping painfully. Peter lifted the axe with never a turn of his head and brought down the blade—once, twice, three times. There are many ways of paying old debts.

The eight fingers rolled along the deck. Peter took them up one by one and threw them overboard.

The water received them with little spasms of laughter. How often before had they watched Dirk and Peter quarrel!

The wives were gossiping happily across the invisible dividing line of their flower gardens—they never quarreled except in support of their respective husbands—when Peter came trudging, with slow, reluctant steps, into the yard.

"Where is Dirk?" both women asked at once, repeating the question which had followed Peter through the harbour and up the lane—the question which meant: "Where is Dirk? How does it happen that you two friends are not together, quarreling?"

"Where is Dirk?" repeated Dirk's wife.

Peter could not meet her eyes. He leaned against the limb of a stunted apple tree, for once forgetting whether the tree belonged in Dirk's half of the garden or in his.

"Dirk, he fell overboard. . . . I hunted and hunted. . . . He fell overboard. . . . I—I—."

Peter began to mutter senselessly and not a leaf on that wind-stirred tree trembled more than Peter trembled then.

"He fell overboard!" repeated the widowed one of the two sisters, half dazed. "He—my God! Did you hear what Peter said, Minnikin?"

Minnie looked at her blankly and with a great, benumbing grief in her eyes—a grief as great as that of the widow. Then, of a sudden, the two women were sobbing and shaking in each other's arms.

"I loved him," wailed the widow over and over again.

"I loved him!" cried Peter's wife. "God knows that I loved him!"

Peter, unnoticed by either of the women, stole into the house. It was Dirk's kitchen that he entered first, and then, on tip-toes, as if afraid to awaken the dead, Dirk's gaudy "front room." There Dirk's penciled features, crude but with great, life-like, haunting eyes, stared down from the wall at him; and there, all through the empty room, rang the cry of:

"Peter! My brother!"

Peter sat down on a stool opposite the picture and rested his head in his hands. His slow intelligence, already tortured almost to madness, was trying to grasp the full meaning of what had been said outside in the garden.

"She loved you," he whispered, his lips against his trembling palms. "My wife, she loved you. I thought you lied, but—she loved you." Then, at last, with a cry of complete comprehension, he started up:

"Dirk, *all these years,* she has loved you!"

He went reeling across the room, like a drunken man, shaking his clenched fists at the picture on the wall and roaring:

"You always did have the luck on your side, damn you! And now you've got the best of it again. . . . Coward! To go and let me kill you before I really knew. . . . Oh, if I only had the killing of you—*now!*"

He stood in front of the picture, panting, baffled, his face livid with impotent rage. Outside the window, he could hear the two women weeping together—weeping for the man whose penciled face hung on the wall.

The serene, penciled lips of Dirk's portrait made no murmur nor sound, but the great, soft, grey eyes looked full into Peter's and called out with maddening sweetness:

"Peter, my brother!"

Louise Forsslund.

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A NOTE ON GUY DE MAUPASSANT

A student of the literature of our own time who has only recently completed his first half-century of life cannot help feeling suddenly aged and almost antiquated when he awakes to the fact that he has been privileged to see the completed literary career of two such accomplished craftsmen as Robert Louis Stevenson and Guy de Maupassant. In youth they were full of promise, and in maturity they were alike rich in performance; and at last the lives of both came to an end all too soon, when their powers were still growing, when their outlook on life was still broadening, and when they bid fair, both of them, to bring forth many another book riper and wiser than any they had already given us.

The points of contrast between the two men thus untimely taken away are as striking as the points of similarity. Both were artists ardently in love with the technic of their craft, delighting in their own skill, and ever on the alert to find new occasion for the display of their mastery of the methods of fiction. Stevenson was a Scotchman; and his pseudo-friend has told us that there was in him something of "the shorter catechist." Maupassant was a Norman, and he had never given a thought to the glorifying of God. The man who wrote in English found the theme of his minor masterpieces in the inevitable and inexorable conflict of which the battle-ground is the human heart. The man who wrote in French began by caring little or nothing for the heart or the soul or the mind, and by concentrating all his skill upon a record of the deeds of the human body. The one has left us *Markheim* and the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* while the other made his first bid for fame with "Boule de Suif."

In the preface of *Pierre et Jean,* Maupassant has recorded how he borrowed from Louis Bouilhet the belief that a single lyric, a scant hundred lines, would give immortality to a poet if only the work were fine enough, and that for the author who sought to escape oblivion there was only one course to pursue—to learn his trade thoroughly, to master every secret of the craft, to do his best always, in the hope that some fortunate day the Muse would reward his unfailing devotion. And from Flaubert, the author of that merciless masterpiece *Madame Bovary,* the young man learned the importance of individuality, of originality, of the personal note which should be all his own, and which should never suggest or recall any one else's. Flaubert was kindly and encouraging, but he was a desperately severe taskmaster. At Flaubert's dictation Maupassant gave up verse for prose; and for seven years he wrote incessantly and published nothing. The stories and tales and verses and dramas of those seven years of apprenticeship were ruthlessly criticised by the author of *Salambo,* and then they were destroyed unprinted. In all the long history of literature there is no record of any other author who served so severe a novitiate.

Douglas Jerrold once said of a certain British author who had begun to publish very young that "he had taken down the shutters before he had anything to put up in the shop window." From being transfixed by such a jibe Maupassant was preserved by Flaubert. When he was thirty he contributed that masterpiece of ironic humour, "Boule de Suif," to the *Soirées de Médan,* a volume of short stories put forth by the late Émile Zola, with the collaboration of a little group of his friends and followers. On this first appearance in the arena of letters Maupassant stepped at once to a front rank. That was in 1880, and in 1892 his mind gave way and he was taken to the asylum, where he soon died. In those twelve years he had published a dozen volumes of short-stories and half-a-dozen novels. Of the novel he might have made himself master in time; of the short-story he proved himself a master with the very earliest of all his tales.

It must be admitted at once that many of Maupassant's earlier short-stories have to do with the lower aspects of man's merely animal activity. Maupassant had an abundance of what the French themselves call "Gallic salt." His

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humour was not squeamish; it delighted in dealing with themes that our Anglo-Saxon prudery prefers not to touch. But even at the beginning this liking of his for the sort of thing that we who speak English prefer to avoid in print never led him to put dirt where dirt was not a necessary element of his narrative. Dirty many of these tales were, no doubt; but many of them were perfectly clean. He never went out of his way to offend, as not a few of his compatriots seem to enjoy doing. He handled whatever subject he took with the same absolute understanding of its value, of the precise treatment best suited to it. If it was a dirty theme he had chosen—and he had no prejudice against such a theme—he did whatever was needful to get the most out of his subject. If it was not a dirty theme, then there was never any touch of the tar-brush. Whenever the subject itself was inoffensive his treatment was also immaculate. There is never any difficulty in making a choice out of his hundred or two brief tales; and it is easy to pick out a dozen or a score of his short-stories needing absolutely no expurgation, because they are wholly free from any phrase or any suggestion likely to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. In matters of taste, as we Anglo-Saxons regard them, Maupassant was a man without prejudices. But he was a man also of immitigable veracity in his dealing with the material of his art, in his handling of life itself. He told the truth as it was given to him to see the truth; not the whole truth, of course, for it is given to no man to see that. His artistic standard was lofty and he did his best not to lie about life. And in some ways this veracity of his may be accepted, if not as an equivalent for morality, at least as a not wholly unworthy substitute.

The most of Maupassant's earlier tales were not a little hard and stern and unsympathetic; and here again Maupassant was the disciple of Flaubert. His manner was not only unemotional at first, it was icily impassive. These first stories of his were cold and they were contemptuous;—at least, they made the reader feel that the author heartily despised the pitiable and pitiful creatures he was depicting. They dealt mainly by the externals of life,—with outward actions; and their internal motives not always adequately implied. But in time the mind came to interest Maupassant as much as the body. In the beginning he seems to have been interested solely in what his characters did, and he did not care to tell us what they felt and what they thought; probably he did not know himself and did not try to know.

The inquirers who should read his stories in the strict sequence of their production could not fail to be struck with the first awakening of his curiosity about human feeling; and they might easily trace the steady growth of his interest in psychologic states. Telling us at first bluntly and barely what his characters did, he came in time to find his chief pleasure in suggesting to us not only what they felt, but especially what they vaguely feared. Toward the end of his brief career the thought of death and the dread of mental disease seemed to possess him more and more with a haunting horror that kept recurring with a pathetic persistence. He developed a fondness for the morbid and the abnormal; and this is revealed in "Le Horla," the appalling story in which he took for his own Fitzjames O'Brien's uncanny monster, invisible and yet tangible. In the hands of the clever Irish-American this tale had been gruesome enough; but the Frenchman was able to give it an added touch of terror by making the unfortunate victim discover that the creature he feared had a stronger will than his own and that he was being hypnotised to his doom by a being whom he could not see, but whose presence he could feel. There is more than one of these later tales in which we seem to perceive the premonition of the madness which came upon Maupassant before his death.

In every work of art there are at least four elements, which we may separate if we wish to consider each of them in turn. First of all, there is the technic of the author, his craftsmanship, his mastery of the tools of his trade; and by almost universal consent Maupassant is held to be one of the master craftsmen of the short-story. Second, there is the amount of observation of life which the author reveals; and here again Maupassant takes rank among the leaders, although the sphere in which he observed

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had its marked limitations and its obvious exclusions. Thirdly, there is the underlying and informing imagination which invents and relates and sustains; and there is no disputing the vigour of Maupassant's imagination, although it was not lofty and although it lacked variety. Finally, there is always to be taken into account what one may term the author's philosophy of life, his attitude toward the common problems of humanity; and here it is that Maupassant is most lacking,—for his opinions are negligible and his attempts at intellectual speculation are of slight value.

Technic can be acquired; and Maupassant had studied at the feet of that master technician Flaubert. Observation can be trained; and Maupassant had deliberately developed his power of vision. Imagination may be stimulated by constant endeavour to a higher achievement; and Maupassant's ambitions were ever tending upward. Philosophy, however, is dependent upon the sum total of a man's faculties, upon his training, upon his temperament, upon the essential elements of his character; and Maupassant was not a sound thinker, and his attitude toward life is not that by which he can best withstand the adverse criticism of posterity. Primarily, he was not a thinker any more than Hugo was a thinker, or Dickens. He was only an artist—an artist in fiction; and an artist is not called upon to be a thinker, although the supreme artists seem nearly all of them to have been men of real intellectual force.

Brander Matthews.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

IF our colleges were what they should be, and if our newspapers were what they should be, there might be then no need of a School of Journalism. As things are, there is a place for the Joseph Pulitzer Foundation at Columbia University, and the best evidence thereof is the attitude of the educator on the one hand and the journalist on the other toward this enterprise. The newspapers have been on the whole very courteous in comment on Mr. Pulitzer's gift, but also very empty of suggestions for its application. They do not see what a college can teach journalism. The professors and presidents have been very polite also, and also very barren of ideas. They can't see what further their colleges can do.

If the Pulitzer School shall instil a little more humility into both these professions, it will have been worth the million dollars Mr. Pulitzer has laid down in cash. And if in its operation it substitutes for this self-satisfaction, some dynamic unhappiness it will have justified the second million which the editor of the *New York World* promises. His spirit is the right spirit. Mr. Pulitzer is a self-made journalist, and he founded his newspaper fortune in yellow journalism, the yellowest known in his day. But he has grown and he has learned. He has improved the *New York World* till now it is almost as accurate and more truthful than many a "better paper," and, in editorial expression, free, sane, simple, forcible, and earnest. But Mr. Pulitzer knows he never succeeded in making "the" paper for the masses; he knows his yellow journalists never knew what yellow journalism might be; and he knows that nobody he can get knows how to make the newspaper he can now imagine. He must know this since he has run a life career throughout the business, has "succeeded" so far that he can give away two millions of dollars and yet, standing, many of his contemporaries say, at the head of his profession, he gives this money into the hands of others, men with the learning he did not have, men of the kind that have found fault with his journalism and them he asks to do what he could not do; teach journalism and, perhaps, make journalists. "Make journalism a profession" is his phrase.

A business it is, and business it must always be. All this talk we hear of a subsidised newspaper is essentially wrong. The idealists, even more than the money-makers, should insist that the

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good newspaper be so made that it will pay; since it is not the paper but the readers they are after and the profits are the proof of the reading. But a business man cannot make a great newspaper. That takes an editor, a man, a personality; all the best paying papers have either been produced by an editor or have produced one. Journalism, a business, is a profession too, like law and medicine, and just as the best lawyer or the best physician, in the long run, makes the best collections, so the best journalist gets in the end the best "ads." The "newspaper man" with one eye on the circulation and the other on the ads., does not see how his trade can be elevated into a profession, and he scoffs and sneers, like the business man at the college graduate, like the old doctors at all the first schools. And they challenge, these apprentices, this veteran, who does not see how himself. His correspondence contains no plan for his school. He knows only that he does not know; but, bowed by the failure perceived from the vantage point of success, he thinks others may know. The veteran is a humble journalist.

And he may well be humble. The commodity of journalism is all knowledge and all wisdom and the market is all ignorance and all folly. The world is full of these things, full of knowledge and full of ignorance too, and ignorance is curious. The business of journalism is to sell in the form of books, periodicals or newspapers, all the world's knowledge to all the world's ignorance. "All," I say, and this is no "literary" statement of an "academic" idea. It is a "journalistic" observation made in the day's work at the news desk of a daily newspaper. There is no knowledge that is not general which cannot be printed as news if it can be put into "news form." And this phrase is only a technical expression of the requirement that the information be offered in a shape comprehensible to "all the world's ignorance." In other words, the news editor has to have the new facts presented in their relation to the old facts, the news in its bearing on what his readers already know. He can sell a scientific fact just as well as he can a fact of local politics, but he usually will give politics "preferred position" because both his reporters and his readers will be more interested in it; and they are more interested because they have the history of politics in mind and will see just how the new alters the old. The reporter will write it intelligently and the reader will read it intelligently. If the news editor could have a scientific discovery stated as well, then, if it is really as significant, he can "hit it up" as just as "big news." The scientific report of Darwin's theory of acquired variations was news only to the scientific world; the statement that man may have been evolved from the ape was news to the great world.

The lack of journalism is the lack of understanding. The editors cannot know all things, nor the reporter, nor the scientist. None of these is seeking knowledge. All alike are "after the news," and the keenest on the scent is the ordinary scientist. He is the most absorbed and of the least understanding. He does not pursue his researches with a sense of the bearing of his hypothesis on our knowledge or even upon his own philosophy of life. He is doing the world's work like all the rest of us, each in his separate sphere, and is elated at the discovery of a new variety of his particular plant. That is news in his world. To the world where the stars shine, it may be no more news than the discovery that the Bowery lodging houses are filling up with bums. If the bums turn a Republican majority into a Democratic majority and if this may carry New York and decide a Presidential election, it is news that may interest the botanist. And if the botanist's new variety should complete a chain and show the genesis of animal life from plant life, then his discovery, if reported as intelligently as the reporter would report the discovery of the bums, would be offered as news in the lodging houses and it might interest the bums.

One great difficulty in journalism, one reason why it is thrown back upon crime, scandal, and gossip, is that the scientist cannot report his own results. Sought in the abstract, they are seized in the abstract and the abstraction is passed on in the dead slang of science. Now and then a mind comes along, takes the materials piled up by the day labourers of science, perceives the possibilities in them, prosecutes an intelligent search for the missing

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links, then conceives the whole and "builds him a structure brave." Since he is an intelligent being, he probably speaks a living language and tells the world what has been going on in the laboratories. This is understanding. Also it is journalism. The news may go out in book form, but book-making to-day is largely journalism, and books are a rich source of newspaper news. Think of the "news" in the books, old and new, which the newspapers could get out if their reviewers had understanding!

For the understanding I am talking about is that which understands not only what is known but what is not known. The editor cannot, he does not have to know everything. He needs only to understand, and to know what he and we do not know. That is part of what used to be called culture till the uncultivated got hold of the word and emptied it of its contents. The editor, whether of a book publishing house, a magazine, or a newspaper, should be in touch with the men who know, but he must not, like them, draw back from those who do not know. He has to have human sympathy. The pupil of the learned, he is the teacher of the ignorant.

The objection to the school of journalism that it will have to prepare such men, not specialists, but men of broad culture, and that that is what the universities are supposed to do, is sound enough as far as it goes. But that is my point. Perhaps the Pulitzer School will do what the universities are supposed to do. Having a special purpose, and that purpose as broad as life, may be it will teach what it teaches in its relation to life. May be it will teach what it teaches, and teach men to tell it.

There is the niche for the School of Journalism: knowledge so understood by men so intelligent that they can tell it so that all men may read as they run. Let the students of journalism learn—what you please; there is a choice, but no matter. The point is, having learned, let them write it, write it, write it. They cannot write without understanding it, so writing is not the one thing to learn. That will come, or not, with the trying. But having the habit of seeing and learning, they can go, such students, where they will—to the North Pole, into business, into politics, into literature, into journalism; they will be journalists all. They will be able to tell what they know.

Teach Latin and Greek in the School of Journalism. Teach them for the great "stories" in those languages, but also to teach the future reporter to tell these great stories and deliver these great orations in good English. They can't do that without conning correctly and feeling truly the classics, and that will teach them, as it teaches the educated Englishman, English.

Teach philosophy. Teach it for its own sake, for the sake of the great news assignments its ultimate queries contain for man, for the relationship which it develops of knowledge to knowledge and of knowledge to life. But tell the student how the best paid editorial writer in New York is selling his penny paper to thousands on thousands of men, some with brokers' orders in their pockets, some with dinner pails in their hands, by simply writing simply the ideas of the metaphysicians. Journalism has run mad (like science and like art) after facts, and my penny journalist almost alone is selling ideas. The college bred editor has so far lost his humanity that he forgets the intellectual pleasure he had when as a junior he saw the whole world as Hegel saw it. Schopenhauer speaks bitterly of the unsatisfied "metaphysicial needs of the human mind." Christian Scientists are building marble churches and Dowie is founding a city upon the recognition and satisfaction of this demand of the ignorant. The supply is bad and my metaphysician-journalist may offer bad philosophy, but he can write it and why should not some other think sound thought and write that as simply for the journals, yellow and pink. The world wonders, like a child, at the world and the sophisticated keep back its secrets. By all means teach metaphysics and philosophy in the School of Journalism, but teach it so that Hegel will not have become old before he was news.

Teach literature; not only for the English of it, but also that the journalist may be able to see that a murder is not merely a sensation but a tragedy; so that the yellow journalist who means well, will not begin his crime news with the announcement that "Patrick Healey shot and killed Mary Healey, his wife, in their apartment on the fifth floor of the tene-

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ment at No. 7032 Ridge Street, to-day," but at the beginning of their story, "how Patrick Healey met Mary McCormick on the emigrant ship seven years ago." If we can't have science and must have crime, let us have the human story, not as Shakespeare gave Othello's, but with some sense of the growth of love through jealousy into hate and despair. There is some mighty good reporting in literature, and that I would see taught as reporting, not literature. Let us have more of the mere telling, less of the literature; if the young writers would learn to report, the literature might be left to the Lord. My experience of the college graduates on newspapers was that they were so full of inspiration from literature that they had no eye left for the inspiration of life, and thus, bent on the literary career, they missed both that and the news.

Teach English, of course, the spelling of it, the punctuation, the grammar, rhetoric, and etymology. But teach it, somehow, as it is not often taught in colleges now. Why not begin with the use of it? The fact first, cold and hard, but the student's very own, and simply stated in the student's own way; then the humour or the pity of it genuinely felt and imagined; then the idea, perceived and put true. Never mind the style. Like murder, that will out, if it is in the man. Hammer out of the student only clearness; the rest leave to him and the facts, and—to the brutal copy desk where "fine writers" are killed and only fine men who write escape.

Teach ethics, not alone the ethics of journalism. Teach ethics and teach it so that it will stick. The School of Journalism cannot make good men any more than it can make good journalists. You cannot teach sincerity and humour, but you can teach the poverty of cynicism and the meanness of lying and "faking," and you can make men who cannot be bad and be happy. Now we have editors who "roast" with a serene conscience public men who submit to "pulls," the while they and their own newspapers are "pulled" all to pieces. Tell the future journalist what his special temptations are going to be, how the advertiser, as well as the party leader, asks to have reading notices inserted and proper news suppressed—and tell him this so that, though he may surrender, his surrender will be with all the discomfort of guilty knowledge. In brief teach him special ethics with the special morals of his craft. This for himself. For his newspaper he will need, moreover, ethics, plain everyday ethics, and this also should be backed with morals; and so also he has need of the ethics of other professions and businesses, and their moral, which differ most surprisingly, those of the merchant from those of the politician, those of the promoter from those of the banker and the lawyer and the physician. The journalist has to understand other men, how they differ and how very like they are, and often he has to judge them. He could judge the harder for a sympathetic knowledge of their customs, temptations, and the atmosphere in which they live. The way to reach a politician is to reach his politics—the sins of his craft which he knows are sins.

Teach the sciences. Here is a great unexploited field for journalism and there is room in it (as the Sunday newspapers show) for specialisation almost as various as science itself. Suppose a man should study botany with the purpose of reporting it all his life. He would ground himself in this science as thoroughly as the man bent on original research; he would learn the "lingo," the methods, master the "literature," and open his mind to its lesser and greater queries. But if he were a student in the School of Journalism, he should be translating all he learned into English through a mind kept open to the interests of other men. Adding to accuracy imagination, he would spend a useful life (and make money) telling us plant "stories," their lives and habits; the pursuits and triumphs of the botanist and the philosophy of botany. If we had had such a man in chemistry, we should not have had to wait so long to find out what Professor and Madame Curie know about radium. Oh, I know I am asking for John Burroughs. But that is not asking too much. Why should not more of the half educated, wholely wholesome and beautiful men we all know, be such as he? Not so wonderful, yet true, gentle, understanding reporters.

Teach law, but teach it for a man's use, not a lawyer's, so that the reporter can report trials and interpret opinions cor-

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rectly and intelligently, and so that editors, secure in the ethics of the profession and in the principles and traditions of the law, may feel safe in holding the bench and bar up to their duty. We need right now a man who can call the courts back to their duty, but who but a lawyer can do it with authority? and how many lawyers can do it with plain, human force?

Teach history, but teach it with an eye on to-day, and teach the history of to-day with an eye on the history of the past. Give special courses on the history of the East and the Far East for correspondents and editorial writers. And why should not students ambitious to become correspondents have the rudiments of war; the history of diplomacy; international law, etc., etc.? I remember well the time when I wished that my college course had included finance in its relation to Wall Street and the Treasury Department, to railroads in operation, and trusts in their upbuilding. But I can remember many courses which I wish I had known when I took them were good not in themselves alone.

Any university has the beginnings of a School of Journalism. A professor of journalism who was man enough to judge by the instructor as well as the subject could probably designate several courses fit for the future journalist to take. So he might find others which, unintelligently taught, but necessary, might be supplemented by the professor of journalism himself; he to point out the human significance of the subject-matter of the course. Add to these courses in subjects like geography, practical politics, the ethics of journalism, modern industrial problems (like labour studied by a man in the field and taught for field work)—these, if all made writing courses, would come pretty near rounding out the school for general purposes. But this scheme would not furnish what is very much needed, courses, possibly post-graduate, for what is sure to come, the specialist in journalism of whom I have spoken. The business in nearly all its branches, books, magazines, and journals is in need of trained historians, geographers, economists, experts in finance, and politics—and government—who can write. And there is dire need of writers who know the arts, music, painting, and literature; and can interpret the works thereof. The United States with all its book reviewers, has not one such critic of literature as Russia has two or three of, a guide to both writer and reader.

Something has been said about teaching the business and mechanism of newspapers. This is not very important. It is not true that we all learn it all in the course of business. The newspaper man in a small place may "pick up" knowledge of all branches of the business, but he does not do it in the great cities. It might be worth while to run a newspaper in connection with the school, and it might be well worth while if it printed, besides the gossip of the campus, the news of the colleges; if it reported the laboratories as well as the training table. But one very serious service of the School of Journalism might be rendered by a study of journalism. A self-made business journalist is full of crass theories and blind cock-sureness. One man who is a successful manager will tell you that the thing to do to succeed is to print local news—detailed, petty neighbourhood news; and he can point to examples to prove his theories. Another will say you have to have but very little news, only interesting reading, and he can point to examples of success along those lines. None of them knows the whole business, nor just why he succeeds or why he fails. Each knows something well, and they all know a great deal. If a trained man could go to all of them, get from each his best knowledge of experience, and were big enough to apply it all or the substance of it all, he certainly could teach them all something, and he might make a great newspaper. Some one should gather the experimental knowledge, analyse it and sum it up. Then there are the foreign journalists; we Americans despise them, but they know something. Let the College of Journalism find out what it is and teach it to us. In a word, teach journalism, yes, but learn it first, somebody.

Lincoln Steffens.

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THE COMMITTEE ON ORGANISATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AT COLUMBIA.
PRESIDENT BUTLER (Chairman). PROFESSOR BURGESS (Political Science).
PROFESSOR GIDDINGS (Sociology).

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PROFESSOR PECK (Literature). PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (Literature).

PROFESSOR CARPENTER (English).

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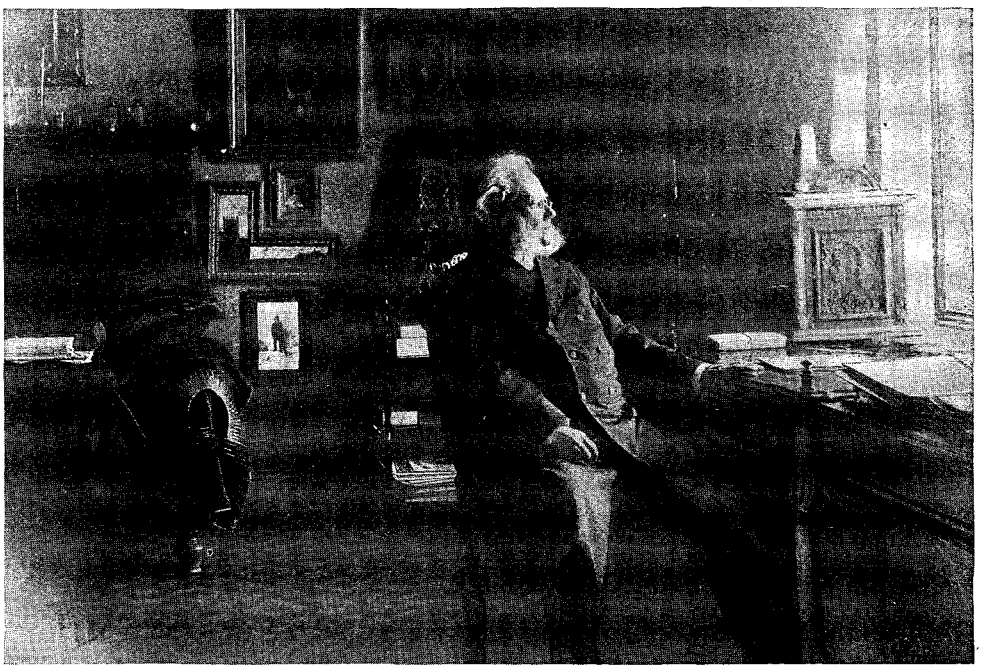
HENRIK IBSEN

FROM all the volumes that have been published, from all the letters that have been written, from all that has been said about Henrik Ibsen there rises a singularly distinct picture of a man, consistent as are but few, in his life and in his view of life; of a writer from his earliest youth imbued with a firm belief in the genius which his own country was none too quick to recognise, but which the world has now been admiring for a generation—and always ready to accept the responsibility which such a gift from heaven entails; of an earnest and untiring student of life and its problems; of a warrior, never swerving nor flinching; of a man self-contained and self-sufficient, yet warm at heart, scourging his fellow men and women for their frailties and follies with bitter, scathing satire, yet chivalrous and kindly—a striking figure, full of interest and full of sympathy.



IBSEN IN HIS STUDY.

Of his boyhood Ibsen has given a fairly exhaustive account, which has been supplemented by some of his schoolfellows. His great-great-grandfather was a Danish skipper, who settled down at Bergen, and his great-great-grandmother was of German extraction. Curiously enough his great-grandmother, his grandmother, and his mother were none of them Norwegians, so that believers in heredity will without much difficulty find ancestral traits of different nationalities blend and reappear in Henrik Ibsen. His parents, Knud Henriksen Ibsen and Marichen Cornelia Martine Altenburg, were married on December 1, 1825, and their first child, Henrik Johan Ibsen, saw the light on March 20, 1828, in the small Norwegian town of Skien, in a house on the market place, called Stockmann's House, which was destroyed in the big fire of August, 1886. The four sides of the square were closed in by buildings, and

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Ibsen himself describes his first view of this world as "all architecture." But this seems to have given him a liking for towns. Erik Werenskjold, his famous countryman, often noticed Ibsen looking at buildings in the course of erection, and Werenskjold one day asked him: "You seem to be fond of architecture?" "Yes, of course," answered Ibsen. "It is in a the man. When Henrik was eight years old his parents, who had removed to a more commodious house, were obliged to leave the town on account of his father's failure. They then went to live on a small farm, Venstöb, outside Skien, but his native place, the "small Norwegian coast town" of so many of his dramas, had already left upon his youthful mind im-

THE HOUSE AT SHIEN IN WH CH HENRIK IBSEN WAS BORN, MARCH 20, 1828.

way my own profession; it is nothing but proportions." Unlike Björnson, he has always preferred the town, and never could understand why with a comfortable home one should rush into the country at the first sign of warm weather, and give up every-day comforts, the quiet of one's study and one's café. Ibsen the boy was to an unusual degree the father of Ibsen pressions, mostly dismal and sombre perhaps, which had never vanished, and of which several of his plays bear witness. Both in Skien and at Venstöb Henrik Ibsen showed a remarkable liking for solitude, reading, drawing, building, conjuring being his favourite occupations. The Ibsen family lived in the country six years, and then went back to Skien, where

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THE IBSEN MONUMENT AT SKIEN.

Henrik had attended the "Real Skole." One of his schoolfellows, Dean B. Ording, gives some interesting reminiscences of Ibsen in the *Fädrelandet* in 1878. However much there is altered, he says, in much he still resembles the schoolboy with the clever head, the power of clear conception, the somewhat irritable temper, with a sharp tongue, inclined to satire but at the same time kindly and a good comrade. His gift for drawing and painting was unmistakable. Several of these youthful efforts in oil and water-colour are still in existence. In some of his sketches his weakness for satire betrayed itself, for instance, in the small draking, called "Public Opinion," which represented a man driving a couple of pigs in front of him. Ibsen's love for and interest in art have never left him, but his talents in this direction were never really developed, although he continued to draw and paint up to about 1860. He was very fond of history, displaying in conversation about historical characters and events a surprising warmth and depth; old classic history in particular seems to have interested him. His schoolfellow relates how Ibsen one day read aloud a description of a dream he had had, and which he had conveyed to paper, the recital producing considerable effect upon the boys.

"Once when wandering on the mountain slopes I and my comrades were overtaken by darkness, we were tired out, and had lost our way. Like Jacob in former days we laid ourselves down on the ground, using stones for our pillows. My comrades soon slept—myself I could not sleep. At last my fatigue overwhelmed me. In my dream an angel bent over me and said: 'Stand up and follow me!' 'Whither wilt thou lead me in this darkness?' I asked. 'Come,' the angel repeated, 'I will show thee a vision, the life of man in its reality and truth.' Then I followed in fear, and down we went as if descending some gigantic steps until the mountains arched themselves above us like mighty domes, and outside was a vast city of the dead, with all the terrible signs and traces of death and corruption; a whole world lying dead, gathered in under the power of death, a faded, paled, extinct glory. Above it all a dim, faint light, sombre as the light church walls and white crosses on graves shed over a grave-yard, and in infinite rows lay white

STATUE OF IBSEN IN CHRISTIANIA.

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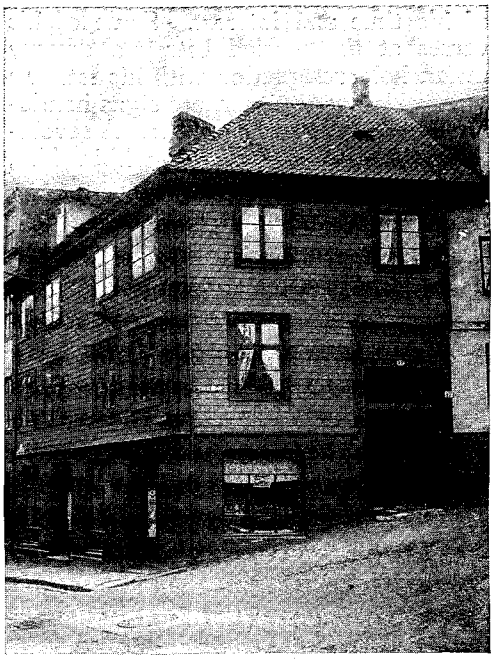
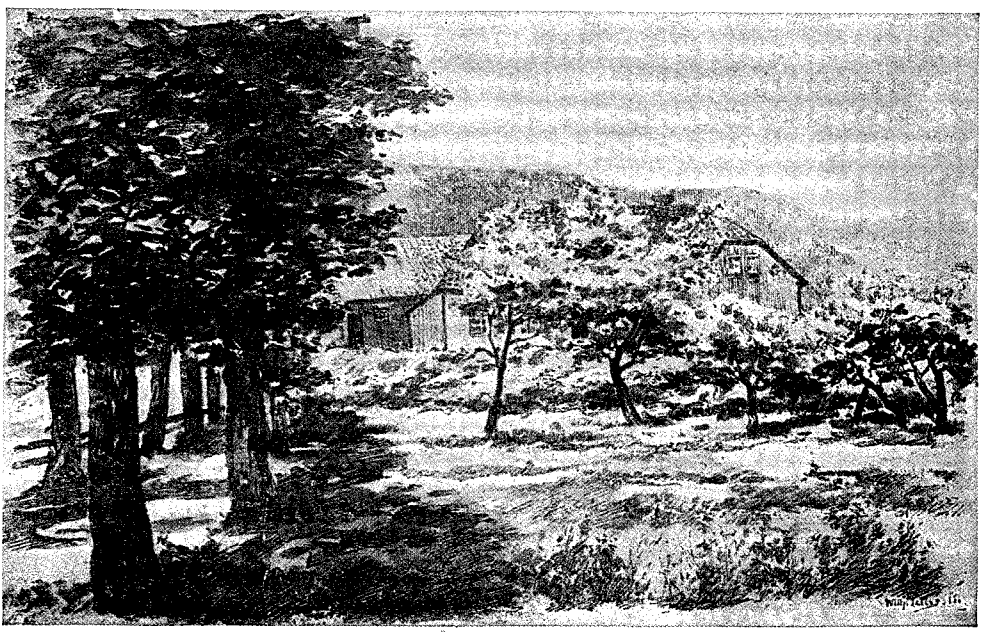
bleached skeletons extending over the dark space. This sight filled me with a cold terror as I stood by the angel's side. 'Here thou seest all is corruption.' Then came a rustle like the first faint signs of an approaching storm, like a thousandfold groaning sigh, and it grew into a shrieking storm, so that the dead were moved, and they stretched out their arms toward me . . . and with a cry I awoke, wet with the cold dew of the night." This dream, says his old schoolfellow, may assuredly be taken as an omen, a prophecy of Ibsen's later life as poet and writer—the boy's dream became the keynote that rings through his work.

After his confirmation at the age of fifteen, Henrik Ibsen left the parental home; as there was no possibility of his going in for art, which was no doubt his wish at that time, he was apprenticed to Reimann, the apothecary at Grimstad, a small town with 800 inhabitants. Ibsen remained there until March, 1850, when Christiania became his home. Whilst at Grimstad the poet got the upper hand of the painter. Besides his first drama, *Catilina*, Ibsen wrote a number of verses, to do which he had to burn the midnight oil, as he had not only to attend to his work, but to his forthcoming examination, which was the first and necessary step toward the study of medicine. Still his writings probably took the lion's share



THE HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA IN WHICH IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS.



VENSTOB. THE FARM NEAR SKIEN WHERE IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS BOYHOOD.

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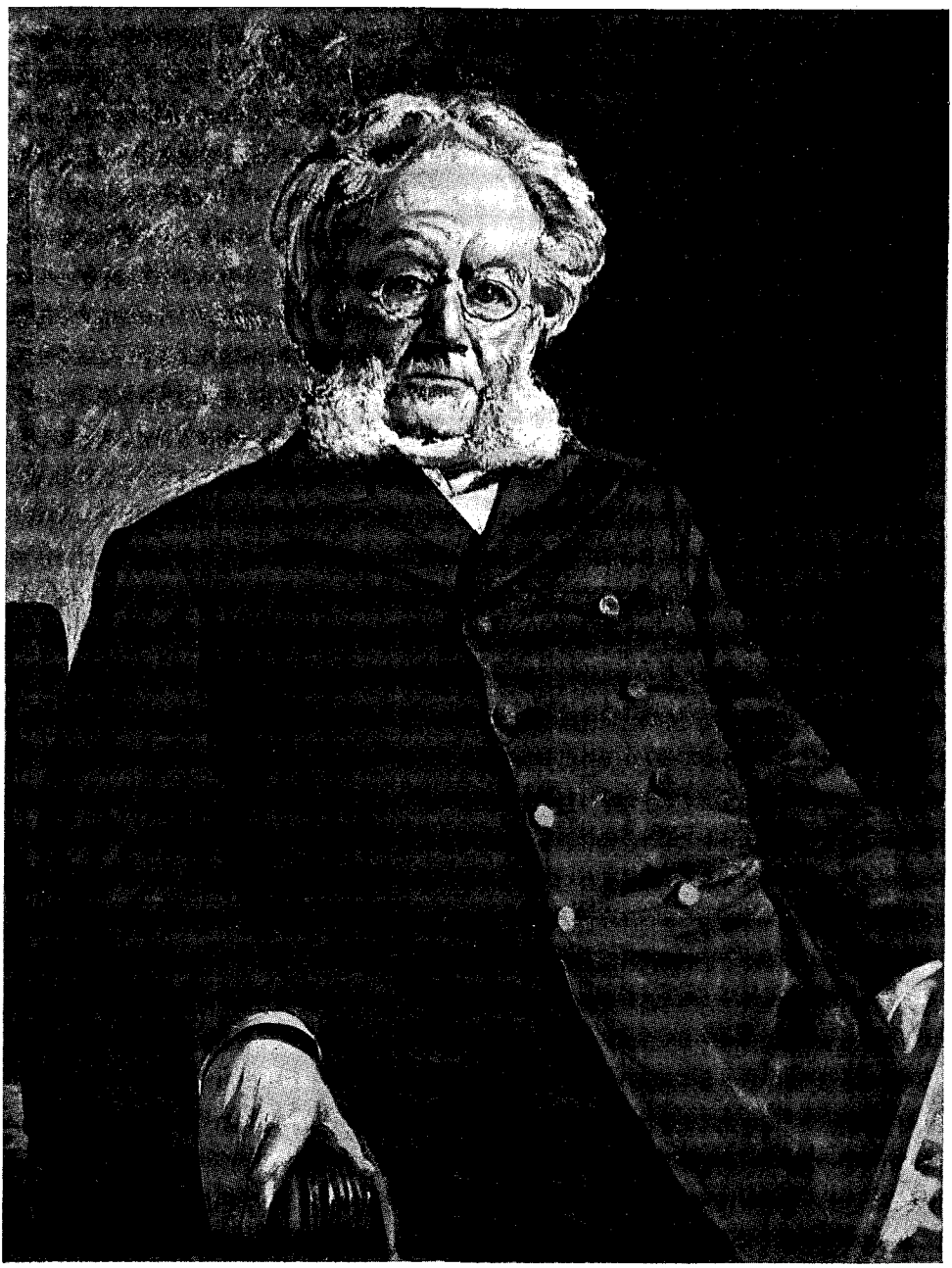
of his time and interest. Some of his verses at that period betray a dreamy melancholy resignation with his lot. In most of them, however, are signs heralding the Ibsen of coming years. A revolutionary spirit was rising within him, called forth and nourished by the great political events of 1848 and 1849, prompting him to fervent sympathy with the oppressed. This sentiment did not please the good folks of Grimstad, with whom Ibsen's relations were not of the friendliest, but it was the forerunner of much that characterised his later work. Henrik



HENRIK IBSEN. From the painting by Eilif Petersen.

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Ibsen at Grimstad was in embryo the Henrik Ibsen of thirty years later, and he was already a lonely man in more ways than one; Ibsen, who has since asked questions which it has taken the world all its time to answer, in Grimstad began already to give expression to questioning doubt and scepticism, at times perhaps coupled with what then seemed to him futile and useless desire.

In No. 431 of the *Christianiaposten*, for 1849, Ibsen's first poem appeared in print, and his faithful friend, Ole Schulerud (Ibsen, at least in his earlier years, had closer friends than is generally believed) who may be said to have been the first to discover Ibsen, tried in vain to place *Catilina*, which play Ibsen had sent to Christiania. It was eventually published with money Schulerud managed to borrow, but at the time it was not a success from any point of view. In March, 1850, Ibsen himself went to Christiania, "with a few daler in his pocket" (a daler is about 2s. 3d.). To begin with, he shared the room of his devoted friend Schulerud, then a student, with a small monthly allowance, "insufficient for one, let alone two," and the two friends lived under distinctly "poetic" circumstances. After a hurried preparation at Heltberg's well-known "Studenterfabrik" (students' manufactory), Ibsen passed his first and I believe only academic examination in anything but a brilliant manner, some of his "characters," notably Latin, Greek, and mathematics, being exceptionally bad. It should, however, be remembered that Ibsen had carried on his studies under difficulties, his mind being engrossed in other subjects. Whilst studying under Heltberg's auspices, Ibsen not only became acquainted with men like Björnson, Vinje, and others (although Ibsen and Björnson never became great friends, they met now and again in after life, always showing each other much courtesy), but he soon fell in with young men of advanced, not to say revolutionary political views, without, however, becoming entangled in the difficulties which overtook some of his friends. He was not arrested as were two or three of them, and he continued his literary and journalistic work, having made up his mind to abandon the study of medicine in order to follow a literary and public career. Ibsen's first efforts were published under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, and it was in this name that Schulerud made for him his first agreement, selling to Steensballe, the publisher, the rights of a first edition of four to five hundred copies of *Kjaempehöjen* (*The Warrior's Mound*), and a poem, *The Golden Harp*, for a sum of twenty-five species daler. Ibsen's present publishers in Copenhagen, Messrs. Hegel & Son, have so far published 104 editions of his works, several editions being of 10,000 copies or more, besides 16,000 copies of the dramatist's collected works. *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* are the favourites, with fifteen and twelve editions respectively.

Ibsen signed a more important agreement twelve months later (November 6, 1851) with the theatre at Bergen, according to which "he was to assist the theatre as dramatic author." This post he obtained through the influence of Ole Bull, the violinist. After a trip the following year to Copenhagen and Dresden, he renewed the contract for five years, with an annual salary of 300 species daler, a period of practical theatrical work, which no doubt tended to develop the subtleties of that unique dramatic technique which so many playwrights have in vain tried to imitate. Every year a new play by Ibsen was produced, and Ibsen, with his marvellous care for details, himself designed numerous costumes, etc., many of these drawings being still in existence. Ibsen led on the whole a quiet, isolated life, though a frequent and welcome guest in one house at least, that of Dean Thoresen, whose daughter, Susanna Daae Thoresen, afterwards became his wife.

The five years over, Ibsen, at his own desire, left Bergen, of which town he seems to have pleasant recollections, and which he revisited thirty years later, in 1885, on this occasion superintending the performance of *Fru Inger til Ostraat*. Unlike Björnstjerne Björnson, Ibsen has, in after life, shown but little interest in the theatrical performances of his plays; he has, in fact, comparatively rarely visited the theatre.

In Christiania, Ibsen, who the following year paid a visit to Bergen to celebrate his marriage, took over the post of Artistic Director of the Norwegian Theatre. A time of disappointment and trouble was in store for him, his mind being filled with bitterness at the scanty

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appreciation he met with. "They would not even offer me a cigar," he said many years after, during a conversation with a friend in Rome. He had much difficulty in making ends meet. In an application to the Government for a grant—March 10, 1863—Ibsen says straight out, "To live exclusively or principally from literary work is an impossibility in this country." His best paid work, *Haemaendene,* which took him about a year, only brought him 227 species daler. Seeing no prospect of improved conditions of life in Norway, he contemplated migrating to Denmark. "To leave my fatherland and give up a work which I have hitherto considered, and still consider, to be the real vocation of my life is, however, a step which to me is indescribably bitter." In order to avoid this, and as a last resource, he humbly asked that a proposal for a grant of 400 sp. dl. might be laid before the "Storthing"; but this, as well as a previous application made in 1860, was of no avail, and it was not until 1866 that Ibsen obtained his wish. Shortly after the publication of *Brand* he wrote from Rome direct to King Carl XV. a document possessed of much interest. . . . "The first fruits of my travels have now been laid before the public in the shape of my dramatic poem called *Brand,* recently published in Copenhagen, which has already, a few weeks after its publication, attracted attention also outside the borders of my fatherland; but I cannot live on the many expressions of thanks which I have received, and the remuneration from my publisher, however liberal under the circumstances, is also insufficient to enable me to continue my travels and to ensure even my most immediate future. It is on the advice, by telegram, from friends in Christiania that I take this unusual step, applying direct to your Majesty. . . . It is not for a livelihood free from trouble that I am here fighting, but for that life's work which I steadfastly believe and know God has laid upon me—the life's work which to me appears the most important and most necessary in Norway; to awaken the people and call forth great thoughts within them. . . . My King is therefore my only and my last hope. It rests with your Majesty whether I must be silent and bow under the bitterest self-denial which can befall a human soul, that of having to abandon my life's work, having to yield when I know that I have been given the weapons of the mind for fighting, a self-denial tenfold more bitter because I have never yielded to this day." . . .

This manly and straightforward appeal was backed up in various ways by friends at home, who forwarded a petition to the "Storthing." The matter was pushed forward, and on May 12, 1866, the Legislature of his country almost unanimously granted Ibsen the asked for "Digtergage" (Poet's salary).

In the meantime Ibsen was beset with troubles of various kinds in Christiania. His mind was slow in becoming matured and his powers in assuming definite shape. He exercised then, as always, an almost excessive self-criticism. As one of his biographers says, "Ibsen was one of those individuals whom outward circumstances, even want, could hardly drive to any productiveness beyond the temporary impulse of inspiration." No one can have a greater reverence for his work; no one has given, with more earnest zeal, his whole life to the cause of his art. One of his friends said of him that he was apparently always working, in the house and out, at meals, during his walks, and, probably not least, at his café, where his personal friends were not in the habit of disturbing him even by saluting him. Besides, Ibsen has himself said that he did not go to a café to drink beer (or pjolter), he went to work, to "digte," in the sweat of his brow. When Ibsen's mind was brooding over a new work he became more secluded than ever, his susceptibility increased, he was entirely absorbed in himself, the smallest trifle distracted him. Ibsen simply lived with his characters, became familiar with them, viewed them from every side over and over again; hence their absolute perfection. Not only was his manuscript faultless, without a blot or correction, but every sentence, every word had been tried in the golden balance of his genius. A friend once asked Ibsen how he came to call the heroine of *A Doll's House* Nora. "You know," answered Ibsen, confidently, "that she was really called Leonore, but she was the pet of the family and they all called her Nora!"

In spite of many bitter memories, which he could not entirely shake off, a new life began for Ibsen when he set out

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from Christiania, in the spring of 1864, "having broken his chains," as he himself said, en route for the Eternal City, where in the autumn he was joined by his wife and child. He soon learned to love Rome, revelled in its classic surroundings and enjoyed the companionship of kindred spirits. This visit to Rome inaugurated a protracted residence abroad. It is almost a matter of surprise that Ibsen, a lover of extreme regularity in habits, changed his abode so often during twenty-seven years, now residing in Rome, now in Dresden, now in Munich, living nearly all the time in furnished apartments.

In Rome a classic motif loomed in his mind, but it was allowed to remain in abeyance for several years, a fact the world has no reason to regret, for instead he wrote *Brand,* published in 1866, and *Peer Gynt,* published in 1867. These two dramas literally came as a revelation. The Government grant, already referred to, the success first of *Brand* and then of *Peer Gynt,* brought, in the nick of time, that turn of the tide of which Ibsen was then so badly in need.

Ibsen had now become a famous man, and received in Stockholm his first Order from the King's own hands. He was one of the party of eighty-six celebrities who set out from Marseilles as official guests on board the *Moetis* at the opening of the Suez Canal—a pagent which made a considerable impression on him. Of this trip to Egypt and up the Nile, "this six to seven weeks' dream," Ibsen has given a pithy description in his delightful "balloon letter" to a Swedish lady (Dresden, December, 1870), which simply teems with Ibsen sentiment and confessions, playfully set forth, but seriously enough meant. Beyond the Bismarck era he sees the world, the world that "hungers for beauty," steering to a prelude of hymns and chorales, in the new dawn, toward the Land of Promise. In the meantime, he takes refuge in his "room," for he dislikes the mob, prefers not to be splashed by the dirt of the street, awaiting the fulness of time, daintily-gloved, and in festive attire—a humorous but admirably telling snapshot of himself.

At this time Ibsen was greatly affected by the events of the day; his mind rebelled against the brutal military spirit of Prussia. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The revolt of the human race is the main thing." Ibsen's letters, of which a selection will ere long be given to the world, will be found to possess a wealth of brilliant and original thoughts and sayings. In another letter about the same period he says: "Friends are an expensive luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a call and a mission in this life, one cannot afford to keep friends. The expensive part is not what one does for them, but what one, out of consideration for them, leaves undone. Many mental germs are crippled thereby. I have been through it, and therefore I have behind me several years during which I did not succeed in becoming myself." . . .

The following year, 1871, Ibsen began writing *Julian,* which was published in the autumn of 1873. This is his most voluminous work, fascinating, but difficult to fathom in its mystic symbolism. Some of Ibsen's other works have at times been mentioned as those upon which he set the greatest store, but in a conversation, a few years ago, Ibsen distinctly stated that he looked upon *Julian* as his principal drama, and it is not without interest to notice that it is the only work to which he referred in his two best-known public speeches, the one to the students in Christiania on September 10, 1874, and the speech he delivered at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm on September 24, 1887. The first part of *Julian* has recently been produced with much effect, both in Norway and Sweden.

In the year 1874 Henrik Ibsen visited Norway after an absence of ten years, ten years which had revolutionised not only his circumstances but also his country's estimation of her now famous son. In answer to an ovation the students accorded him, Ibsen made a speech, marked by a manly, outspoken candour. He said that although he had felt it had become a necessity for him to see his country again, yet he had had serious doubts and misgivings as to the manner in which his countrymen would receive him. His books had met with an honourable reception, but he was uncertain as to his personal relations with his countrymen. It was no use denying that there had been discord, of a double nature as far as he could see. People thought that he had viewed his personal and private circum-

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stances in the old country with unwarrantable bitterness, and, secondly, it had been laid at his door that he had attacked things Norwegian which many thought did not by any means deserve being treated with scorn. He did not think that he could turn that happy and honourable day to better account than by making a confession. He had never made his private circumstances the immediate subject of any of his work, they had not weighed very heavily upon him, and as for his writings, it had been slow in dawning upon him that to write was principally to see, and that only what has been lived through can be seen by the writer and received by the reader. And he had written not only about what might be said to stand higher than his everyday self, but he had also written about the reverse, about that which to the inner eye appeared like the residue of one's own being. Writing had in this case been to him like a bath from which he had emerged purified, sounder, freer. . . .

After some months' stay in Dresden, Ibsen, in the spring of 1875, took up his residence in Munich, where he spent a couple of quiet years, for the summer months going to Berchtesgaden in the Tyrol, of which place he appears to have grown fond. In 1877 he proceeded to Sweden in order to receive on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the ancient University of Upsala the degree of Honorary Doctor of Philosophy, being with much solemnity adorned with the laurel wreath. Having wintered in Rome, Ibsen spent the summer of 1879 at Amalfi, where he wrote *A Doll's House* —presumably the one of his dramas which within the shortest time attracted the most universal attention, nowhere more so than in Copenhagen, then already for more than a decade the acknowledged literary headquarters of Henrik Ibsen. Two years later *Ghosts,* which Ibsen wrote on the borders of the Bay of Naples, appeared, likewise causing a tremendous stir, and in many quarters considerable indignation.

During the following years Ibsen changed his place of residence several times, gravitating between Rome and Munich, often spending the summer in the Tyrol, where he met both Björnson, after an interval of twenty years, and Jonas Lie.

After a second visit to Norway in 1885, Ibsen in the autumn again went to live in Munich, where he was an extremely well-known figure, and where he spent some happy years, not unfrequently associating with Northern or German confrères.

Ibsen, like Björnson, has used living models for his dramas—he said it was as necessary for him as for a painter or a sculptor—but whilst in some of the latter's plays they are almost transparently recognizable, Ibsen's models have first passed through a purging or moulding process from which they have emerged in accordance with the dramatist's ideals.

In the summer of 1887 Ibsen spent two or three months at the Danish watering-place, Sœby, on the east coast of Jutland, where he "discovered the sea"—rather late in the day considering that he is a son of Norway's "ocean-girded shores." At a dinner-party at the Hegel's he subsequently spoke of this wonder that had come to him, pointing out the fact that Norway had "a profusion of stones," but Denmark had given him the free and sunny sea; now he wanted friendship and outstretched hands.

From Denmark Ibsen went to Stockholm, and at a great fête given in his honour at the Grand Hotel, September 24, 1887, he made a remarkable speech. He said that he believed in evolution, also in the domain of the mind. He thought the time was soon coming when political and social ideas would cease to exist in their present form, and from them would emanate a unity, having within itself the conditions of happiness for the human race. He thought poetry and philosophy and religion would blend into a new life-power, of which those now living could have no clear conception. He had on several occasions been told that he was a pessimist, and so he was, inasmuch as he did not believe in the eternity of human ideals. But he was also an optimist, inasmuch as he believed that ideals have the power to propagate and develop, tending toward "the Third Kingdom" spoken of in *Julian.* He drank to the health of that which was to come.

From Germany Ibsen in the year 1891 went to live in Christiania, which town has been his home ever since. The series of his wonderful dramas, for a long time appearing with the utmost regularity every second year, was in the year 1899

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brought to what must be called an appropriate conclusion by the Epilogue: "When We Dead Awaken." The seventieth birthday of the great master gauged in the most convincing manner the depth and the breadth of his world-wide fame. Unfortunately the seventy-fifth anniversary of Henrik Ibsen's birth had to be passed in enforced quiet, he having for the last two years been more or less of an invalid. He still drives out occasionally, but is only rarely able to see anyone. He has had the great satisfaction of seeing his only child, Dr. Siguard Ibsen, who is married to Bergliot, the eldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, successfully embarked upon what bids fair to become a brilliant career. Dr. Siguard Ibsen is now Norwegian Councillor of State in Stockholm, and undoubtedly destined to play a prominent part in Norwegian politics. *Jessie Bröchner.*

THE EDUCATIVE FUNCTION OF EMPIRICAL PSYCHOLOGY

THOSE who have watched the intellectual tendencies of the times cannot but be impressed with the growing interest taken in what has hitherto been popularly deemed the most unprofitable of sciences—psychology. And, indeed, it could not be said until within recent years that psychology as a science presented much inviting to the lay mind. Mainly metaphysical in character, on the one side hopelessly speculative, and on the other coldly analytical of the contents of the individual consciousness, it is not surprising that psychology should have fallen into disrepute and have been abandoned to philosophers who studied it only as an adjunct to the formation or reënforcement of metaphysical and theological systems. Within the past half century, however, there has been a marvellous shaking of the dry bones, and what was once idly idealistic in principle and tone has become splendidly realistic —thanks to the belated appreciation of the fact that psychology as a science is impossible unless the mutual growth and interrelation of mind and body be taken into account. From this appreciation sprang into being what is properly termed the "new" psychology, essentially empirical, being based upon actual experiment. By psychological experiment is meant, to quote from Prof. James Mark Baldwin, himself the most indefatigable of American experimental psychologists, "experiment on the nervous system with the accompanying modifications it occasions in consciousness." Physiology thus becomes the handmaiden of psychology, or, rather, physiology and psychology work hand in hand to mutual advantage.

The most obvious result that has been obtained by this revolution in psychological method—involving as it has an almost completed divorce between metaphysics and psychology, so far as procedure is concerned—has been the application of the facts of psychology to everyday life. We see this illustrated at every street corner, for the flaring advertising placards and the gaudy posters are but concrete examples of the application of a psychological fact now better understood than ever before, viz.: that not only must attention be secured but interest aroused sufficient to hold the attention until it develops into a mental habit. There is, too, the psychology of the printed page, as it has been termed by an able writer, whereby the astute publisher, making a wise choice of type, paper, margin, and so forth, produces a book that will, apart from any consideration of the nature of its contents, make a successful appeal to the mind through the eye. These are but two instances out of many evidencing what may be styled the "popularisation" of psychol-

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ogy. But where the new psychology has scored its distinctive triumphs is in the service it has already rendered and the increased service it promises to render to pædagogy, putting an end for all time to the moot question of the possibility of placing education on a truly scientific basis.

The teachers of the United States recognise the educative function of psychology more clearly perhaps than do the teachers of any other country, although it is to Germany that we are indebted for what may be deemed the first real contribution of empirical psychology to educational methods. The kindergarten idea which has developed wonderfully since its introduction by Froebel, is but the application in the schoolroom of the psychological factor of interest, and the direction of the child's "play activities" in a way that will lead to attention, concentration of thought, and the exercise of a steady volition. But even in this country, the value of psychology as an adjunct to pædagogy is not as yet fully realised. For example, there is still too much inclination to "force" the youthful mind; true, the school day is, as a rule, shorter than it was formerly, but this is, unfortunately, too often more than counterbalanced by an excessive amount of homework. Yet another instance of imperfect recognition of the lessons taught by psychology is the desire in certain quarters to shorten the college course.

As I write, there lie upon my study table three little volumes * wherein will be found much of value to teachers desirous of acquainting themselves with the results of recent psychological research. Of the three, Professor Royce's work will undoubtedly be found most directly useful, although the careful exposition of experimental work set forth by Professor Stratton, and Professor Hoffman's easy and direct statement of the application of psychology to the facts of everyday life, contain educational suggestions that will be welcomed by every teacher alive to the interests of the young. Those who are as yet unfamiliar with the methods of psychology would do well to peruse Professor Hoffman's work first, perhaps prefacing the other two by obtaining at least a nodding acquaintance with Professors Baldwin, James, and Ladd, foremost among the American exponents of latter-day psychology. From a strictly pædagogical standpoint, however, the teacher need not go beyond Professor Royce, for in this, his latest volume, we find a brilliant illumination of the new theories of pædagogy in behalf of which such thinkers as Professors Baldwin and James have long been raising their voices. Professor Royce has, in short, rendered valuable service in pointing out how best the minds of the young may be developed, and thus has taken a long step in the direction of formulating an exact science of education.

True, he has made an appeal to physiology which is likely to be resented by those who deprecate the growing tendency of psychology to rely more and more upon physical experimentation, and he adopts a terminology which may provoke even the physico-psychologists, their resentment not being lessened by his refusal to follow the old and time-honored cleavage of feeling, intellect, and will. But with the controversial side of the volume teachers need not concern themselves. What they require is to be informed how their usefulness may be increased, and almost every page of Professor Royce's volume is pregnant with suggestion in this regard. One of the most important points upon which he lays stress, a point now widely recognised, is the fact that children learn much by imitation, which does not mean the slavish imitation of the monkey or the parrot, but an imitation which, being born of suggestion, leads to mental initiative. Hence the importance of the play of childhood and the necessity of giving the young plenty of opportunity to develop in recreation any latent talent they may possess. Professor Strattor also emphasises the function of imitatior

* *Psychology and Common Life.* A Survey of the Present Results of Psychical Research with Special Reference to Their Bearings upon the Interests of Everyday Life. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D., New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Outlines of Psychology. An Elementary Treatise with Some Practical Applications. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D., New York: The Macmillan Company.

Experimental Psychology and Its Bearing Upon Culture. By George Malcolm Stratton, M.A., Yale; Ph.D., Leipzig. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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as a factor in education, drawing attention to the fact that it is important that the teacher shall furnish "a pattern of right interests and right appreciation of things, so that like attitudes of mind shall be stimulated in the child. . . . The teacher may possess most approved pedagogical devices, and be thoroughly master of the subject to be taught; but if at bottom he be bored by his work nothing will quite prevent the child from being insensibly affected in the same way. And, on the other hand, it is due to the direct contagion of states of mind that the enthusiast, ill-equipped and clumsy though he may be, is often so successful in dealing with the young."

Here we come to the heart of the whole matter—the recognition of personality. Never has such a light been shed upon human personality as has been the case since the experimentalists began to measure the contents of consciousness. Indeed, some sober thinkers incline to the opinion that the new psychology will end by making a fetich of personality, and point with alarm to what they term the pseudo-psychology of the subconscious mind, holding that if there be states of mind and mental processes which elude the most rigid observation the basic principles of psychology as the science of the phenomena of the human mind will be irremediably shattered. So far as pædagogy is concerned this fear is beside the mark. What vitally interests pædagogy is the light which the new psychology casts upon the variations of the raw material which teachers have to mold. The study of hallucinations, for example, may be carried to an extreme in the field commonly known as "psychical research," but for pædagogy it becomes of far-reaching importance since, as Professor Hoffman says, children are frequently punished for lying when no lie is intended, sense perception and memory having sadly gone astray. That the variations and oddities of memory are legion has been amply shown by the new psychology. Hence the necessity of the teacher studying the personality of the pupil. Professor Stratton justly says:

"How many children have been accounted stupid simply because no one appreciated the peculiar difficulties under which they worked! They were expected to retain materials that had no affinity for their particular constitution. And their failure was counted a moral wrong, laid at the door of the will or of inattention, when in reality the difficulty was not there at all. The present interest in child study in the schools has already prepared the way for a more intelligent and sympathetic treatment of these personal differences. To a teacher interested in psychology, not as a bookish doctrine, but as a thing of flesh and blood, a child who cannot learn to spell should be regarded as a rare and inviting individual who may not be dismissed until he has yielded up the secret of his defective memory."

The more thoroughly teachers study personality the better will they appreciate the truth of the statement that there is something faulty in the education which does not develop the power of attention. The proper development of this power largely depends, as empirical psychology has shown, upon the teacher's understanding of the operation of the law of assimilation. The teacher must discover, to quote again from Professor Hoffman: "Some means of awakening interest by linking the present task with something in the child's past experience." On the other hand, there should not be an undue repetition of old illustrations, for the attention will as readily wander from such as it will reject the altogether novel in which it can discover no possible likeness to anything it has already experienced.

Again, it must be remembered that attention, like all other mental powers, has a physical basis and that overwork, involving too great a flow of blood to the brain, is almost always certain to have a degenerating effect upon the power of attention. It is the recognition of this that has revolutionised pædagogy, but, as has been suggested above, the recognition can only be complete when homework is so adjusted that the child will not have to toil miserably during hours which should be spent in health-giving recreation. It is not enough to shorten the recitations themselves, to give frequent recesses, and to diversify subjects; the teacher must duly consider the needs of the child away from as well as at school.

It is a heavy responsibility that em-

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pirical psychology would lay upon teachers. Properly to direct the young calls, in this view of the case, for far more than a lively interest. It demands a keen insight into the idiosyncrasies and variations of personality, the ability to stimulate and hold attention, to arouse and guide latent talents, and, above all, the constant determination that, since the law of imitation is particularly applicable in early youth, the children shall have as a pattern a life of rectitude and moral strength. One of the new psychology's latest words, in reality an echo from a far distant past, is that character has more to do with intellect than is generally thought to be the case. How searching and how frequent, therefore, should be the self-examinations of those whose mission it is to mold the minds of the young.

H. Addington Bruce.

A PLOT FOR A STORY

Here is a plot for a story. All persons desiring to do so may use it without further permission. I only ask that they send me copies of their finished productions, that I may sit up nights and compare them.

One day a loved and loving suburban wife took it into her foolish head that she would go away and leave her happy home just so as to find out whether her husband really loved her or not, so she wrote a note to him which ran as follows:

DEAR GEORGE:

Do not seek to follow me or to guess why I have decided to leave you. When you get this I shall be, oh! so far away. Forgive me, George. I have loved you more than once. Do not ask me if I still love you, and do not attempt to find me.

Yours with many tears—Oh, George, be good to little Georgie, and tell Ann we'll have bluefish to-morrow instead of haddock—the last haddock we had was so dry.

Good-by and God bless you.

Your naughty wife,

STELLA.

The letter written, she left town.

Well, George came home from business, and the first thing he did was to call out: "Where's the best woman in the world?" Generally when he said that there would come a very sweet voice from the parlour or the bedroom or the library, saying: "Here I am, you nicest man on the block," and a very pretty woman would come running out to greet him with a kiss. This sort of thing had been going on for nine years, with no one able to stop it.

But to-night, when George asked where the best woman in the world was, the cook came out of the kitchen and said, "Did you call, sir?" but no wife came flying from any room in the house.

And then George became alarmed at once and expected to find his wife lying under the bed poisoned, or else shot in the pantry, or hanging to the cellar beam. But he did not find her in any of those modes of death, whereat he was just a little disappointed, our minds being such queer affairs that they long for sensations even when our entire future happiness is involved.

But George loved his wife too ardently to have more than a tenth of a second's disappointment at not finding her body, and he went out into the street and met his son Georgie returning from dancing-class and he asked him if he had seen his mother, and Georgie had not; and then there was a panic right away, for Mrs. George had always been so methodical in her habits that to have her absent from home at six o'clock without a word of explanation meant death and disaster.

And the two Georges came home wailing, and the elder George went up to his bedroom and there he found the foolish letter from his wife. And then his grief was unbounded. If he had been a man of action he would have gone out and set detectives to work, but as he was more of a Hamlet than an Othello, he went into the library and wailed, and then he wailed awhile in the dining-room, and then he went to bed and tossed for a few hours. If Stella could have seen him then she would have had no doubt of his love.

But Stella was at that moment wishing

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that she had not taken the night boat to Fall River, because it did not get there fast enough, and she wanted to take the next train and get back to the Long Island home in which she knew that George was bewailing his loss. If he wasn't bemoaning it she would go away for good, as she did not care for a loveless life.

All night long George either tossed or else moaned and walked the floor and kept little George from sleeping by telling him what a good woman his mother had been; and Georgie asked a great many times why mamma had gone away, if she was good, his small but logical mind seeing no good in the desertion of a husband by a wife. But at times he, too, fell to sobbing, because he loved his mother dearly and wanted to kiss her, and supposed that she had been run over in her efforts to get away from them.

The next morning George came down to breakfast still looking sad and sorrowful, and he did not eat a mouthful. Georgie ate a good deal, to the distress of his father, who attributed it to callousness when it should have been attributed to healthy appetite.

And now all the while Stella was being borne home on a train that did not fly fast enough to suit her. Hurry, Stella, hurry, for George looks like the monument of Sorrow, and it will do your loving heart good to see his grief.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Stella struck the next village to the one in which she lived, and set out on foot to go to her home and see with her own eyes whether George loved her or not.

George, dear George, keep on crying, for Stella is only a quarter of an hour away, and so much depends upon your continuance in sorrow.

She is now not two minutes away, and George is still swaying and saying to little George: "Your mother is the best mother you ever had," which was slightly redundant, and seemed so to the boy, who replied that she was his *only* mother and that he wanted her to come back.

Oh, what was it that moved George to dry his tears, and what was it that put it into the heart of the little boy to repeat a joke that he had heard at dancing-school the day before? It is really funny, for young George has a sense of humour, and it sounds doubly funny coming from the lips of a small boy at such a sad time. Perhaps, too, Stella's husband is slightly hysterical. At any rate, he yields to laughter just as Stella tiptoes up the veranda and looks in at the library window.

She sees the husband that she deserted laughing gaily at some drollery of the little George; she interprets it to mean that all night long George has been laughing at having been rid of an encumbrance, and quite noiselessly, with an Enoch Arden tread in her faithless common-sense shoes, she leaves her home and goes forth into the world alone forever—

And in a moment George ceases his laughter and takes up his sorrow again, and through the long night of his after life joy is a stranger to him.

This, then, is the plot that I give to the world. Hawthorne, who wrote *Wakefield* for us, could have taken this plot and done even more with it than I have done. He would have pictured the remorse of the wife alone on the Sound steamer with her guilty conscience; he would have made George reproach himself for a thousand things he might have done for his wife and had not done; he would have made the characters seem like figures in a dream, and yet they would have stayed with us—particularly we who have inherited New England consciences.

George Ade—to come down to the moderns—would have printed the story in the form of a fable with a generous use of capitals, and would have forced us to laugh at the human nature hiding behind the capitals. His keen eye would have picked out foibles in both George and Stella that have passed unnoticed by me.

And there is Dooley. He would have told Mr. McKenna(?) the tale as a bit of Archey Road gossip, and he would have shown us what a cheap type of husband "Jarge" was and how ultra-romantic and matineeish Stella was.

Elisabeth Stuart Phelps Ward—what different kinds of people are lumped under the head of "writers"—Elisabeth Stuart Phelps Ward would have made Marna—I should say Stella—write a good many notes and pin them everywhere so that George would hear the dreadful news as soon and as often as possible.

Josephine Dodge Daskam would have

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elaborated the part of the child, and would have made him interestingly precocious and her own style scintillatingly brilliant. I think, too, that her sense of humour would have caused her to get in some slaps at George for being such a helpless individual as to sit at home crying when there were detectives and telephones to be had for the using.

Henry James would have made a three-volume novel out of the plot without introducing a single new incident. He would have involved himself and the reader and the characters in labyrinthine twists of tortuous and mazy language, dallying with a sentence for an unconscionable time and making the reader turn the page back half a dozen times to commit to memory the first part in order to get at the gist of the remainder, but James would not have cared to better the plot.

If Ibsen had made a play of it he would have diseased Stella and deformed the boy, and crippled George so that he could not go in search of his errant wife; and he would have made the little George, through pre-natal influence, utter the crucial words on which would hinge the plot, and he would have made his characters utter reams of such talk as we hear every day of our lives at home and in the street, but do not care to hear upon the stage—and every one would have said: "What a powerful plot, but how morbid!"

I don't pretend to be able to forecast what Kipling would have made of it, but at all events it would have been readable and would have made his admirers say, "Kipling strikes twelve every time," while his detractors of to-day (who were his admirers just after he recovered from his sickness) would have said, "Kipling is falling off. He isn't the man he was," which would be in the nature of self-revelation, and if the critic also happened also to be a writer, his remark might safely be laid to envy.

And what if Mark Twain had taken it? If he had approached it in his melodramatic style he would have spoiled it, but if he had written it in the manner that gave us his story of Oliver Cromwell and the little child, it would have been a masterpiece, and that, too, without any need of humour. There is many a humourist who can be funny at the right time, but it takes a prince of humourists to refrain from being funny and yet never become for a moment unconsciously funny. The man who can throw off the motley and play a serious part without reminding you of laughter, he is a humourist indeed, for he knows not only what will make you laugh *with* him, but also what might make you laugh *at* him.

Howells would have made George so convincingly natural that you would have loved him for his everydayness. But I think that Howells's sense of probability would have caused him to make Stella go into the house to find out what on earth her husband could be laughing at so soon in the game, and the story would have ended in tears, followed by merry-making.

I wish Howells *had* written it, because the conversations would have been so delightful. *There's* a man who can write the kind of talk you hear every day, with just enough tincture of Howells in it to make it pleasant in large doses. He may think he's photographic, but after all *he* is the lens through which he takes his picture, and he is twice as natural as life; while Ibsen is only just as natural, and therefore not natural enough.

If Maurice Hewlett had taken my plot he would have set it back a half-dozen centuries and made you doubtful whether it was laid in England or France, and then he would have soaked it with atmosphere and wreathed it with style, and would have refused to add a glossary—and he undoubtedly would have added a little touch of spice by making Stella run away with Count Plançon de Maurel, and would have made George, or Georges, a fiery crusader who would have noted his wife's flight from the topmost turret of his tower, and would have spitted Count Plançon in less time than it takes to tell it—unless one is a Henry James—and that would have spoiled my innocent plot. So I'm glad he didn't take it, although I dare say I would have read what he wrote just for the sake of the style. My plot and his style. Heavens, what an opportunity for some one!

Charles Battell Loomis.

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THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TALE OF TEARS.

He had told Celeste that he would be away from home over one night and she was alarmed when he did not return on the second night after his departure. On the third day she could not shut out the picture of his despondent face. When she heard his footsteps in the lower hall that afternoon her heart gave a great bound of relief, and all his plans went scattering before her joyous greeting.

He entered the house steeled to tell her, but his resolution wavered, and with the words on his tongue's end he felt them forced back by her kisses. He let himself procrastinate; every vestige of courage vanished before this attack of love and confidence. If his response to her welcome was lifeless and cold, she did not complain; if he seemed distraught she overlooked it in the joy of having her apprehensions swept away.

"Do you know, dear, I was beginning to fear you had been lost in the snow storm and that I should have to send St. Bernard dogs out to find you," she said gayly, as she drew him into the big chair before the grate and climbed cosily upon the arm beside him.

"God, I can't tell her now," he was groaning to himself. "I can't break her heart to-day—not to-day."

"Was it so warm and pleasant in Milwaukee that you couldn't tear yourself away?" she went on, her hand caressing his hair.

"Where? Mil—oh, yes, Milwaukee," he stammered, recalling that he had told her he was going there on business. "No; it was beastly; I had to stay a day longer than I expected."

"Tell me all about it," she said. "Did everything turn out as good as you hoped? Will he take the pictures?"

He was unable to reply at once. Indeed it was necessary for him to remember just what excuse he had given her for going to Milwaukee. Slowly it came back to him. Without lifting his guilty eyes from the coals, he told her that Mr. Evans had not given him the order for the five paintings until he had consulted his partner, who was delayed in returning from St. Paul. On the partner's return (here Jud's twisted heart leaped at a fresh inspiration) the firm promptly agreed to accept all of his paintings and contracted for others to be finished within a very short space of time.

"Isn't that a very short time in which to do the work, Jud?" she inquired anxiously. A cunning thought had prompted his statement; in it he saw the respite that might be needed. The task of supplying the fictitious order would command his closest thought and energy, and, by preventing the trip to Florida, would give him a longer time in which to make ready for the trial at hand. He saw that he would lack the immediate courage to tell her, and that it would require hours and days of torture to bring him to the task.

"It means that I'll have to give up the Florida trip," he said.

"Oh, no, Jud. Let the old pictures go! Can't they wait? You must go to Florida. It will do you so much good, and my heart is so set on it."

A new thought struck him sharply and his spirits leaped upward. "You could go without me, Celeste. There's no reason why you should give up the pleasure because I have to—"

"Dudley Sherrod," she interrupted decisively, "you are hateful. I will not go a step without you. It is you who need the rest and the change. Write to Mr. Evans this afternoon and tell him you cannot do the pictures until next spring."

"I can't do that, dear. They must be done at once," he said.

"But you must have the two months in Florida," she persisted in troubled tones. "Why, dear, I have made preparations to leave on Saturday and this is Thursday.

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Won't you please, for my sake, give up the pictures?"

"Impossible," he said firmly, rising suddenly. He pressed her hand softly and passed from the room, afraid to look back into her eyes. She sat perfectly still for many minutes, the puzzled expression deepening in her eyes.

"To-morrow I will tell her all," he vowed, as he paced the floor of his studio. The memory of the distressed look in her eyes bore him down. He knew that he could not endure the sight of prolonged pain in those loving eyes, and what little wisdom he had at his command told him that to end the suspense quickly was the most charitable thing to do. "To-morrow, to-morrow," he repeated feverishly. He groaned aloud with loathing for himself and shame of what the morrow was to bring. "I love her. How can I tell her that she is not my wife? How can I tell her that I deceived her deliberately? And what will she say, what will she do? Good God, what is to be the end of it? Will she submit or will she cry for the vengeance that is justly hers?"

For the first time the agony of this question was beyond his power of suffering. His mind refused to consider it. He was dulled; he felt nothing—and presently there was a relief in feeling nothing. Up to that time his sensitive nature had responded to every grief. Of a sudden his mind refused grief; and the inspiration came to him to support that refusal. He shut out thoughts of Celeste, and let himself look forward to the happiness with Justine and his boy.

The next day he faltered in his determination to tell Celeste and the day after it was the same. He could not stand before her and look into her eyes and tell her. He was conscious of the fact that her troubled gaze was following him wherever he moved, that she seemed to be reading his thoughts. He grew more apathetic under the scrutiny. He took to good food as a refuge from his thoughts, and surprised her by asking for dainty dishes. He found some poetry, careless with fatalism, and instantly became a fatalist. He would let affairs take their course. The yearning for Justine dulled a little.

But one day, entering his studio, expecting to find him at work, she was amazed to see him with a picture in his hand. He was looking at it eagerly. She could see the face. It was Justine Van.

Justine Van! The girl of the meadow; the sweetheart of the old days! The first jealousy tore at her heart and she began vaguely to comprehend the stoop in his shoulders.

He had found the picture among some old drawings, and the sight of it enlivened his desire for Justine. He wrote her a letter, and then conceived the plan of writing a confession to Celeste, and slinking off to his room to await the crash. He knew she would fly to him, and—well, it would be like defending himself against an assault. He laughed harshly at himself as he contemplated this last exhibition of cowardice. He wrote not only one but ten confessions, destroying one after the other as the lingering spark of manhood flared up in resistance to this mode of doing battle.

One night Celeste came to him in the dimly lighted studio. The trouble in her heart revealed itself in her voice and eyes. He sat dreaming before the little grate and started when her hands gently touched his cheeks from behind.

"What is the matter, Jud, dear?" she asked, softly. "There is something on your mind. Won't you confide in me? I love you, dear. Tell me everything, Jud, and don't try to bear it alone. Don't you think I love you enough to share the greatest pain that might come to you?"

He tried to speak, but could only reach up and clasp her hands in his.

"Can you guess, Jud, of whom I was thinking to-day?" she went on bravely.

"I—I can't guess," he said with misgiving in his soul.

"I was thinking of Justine Van, that pretty girl down in the country. Her face was as clear as if it were before me in reality. Do you know, Jud, I shall always see her as she appeared on that day at Proctor's Falls. She was so pretty and you were so handsome. I thought you were sweethearts, you remember. How embarrassed you were, both of you, when I so foolishly told you that the money I paid for the picture was to be her wedding present. I

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believe I began to love you on that very day."

Her hands were still pressing his cheeks and her heart suddenly stood still and grew icy cold when something hot and wet trickled over the fingers. Without a word she drew away from him, and when he looked up through the mist of tears she was passing from the room, straight and still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT OUT.

The next morning she telephoned to Douglas Converse. In response to her somewhat exacting request, he presented himself at the Sherrod home in the late afternoon. Her manner had impressed him with the fear that something had gone wrong in the little household. They were still the best of friends and he was a frequent, informal visitor. Jud admired him immensely—no one could help liking this tall, good-looking, boyish fellow. In the old days Celeste had known his love for her, but after her marriage there had been no evidence, by word or deed, that she still lived uppermost in his affections. To Douglas Converse, she was the wife of his best friend.

He had seen, with increasing alarm, the change in Jud's manner and appearance. The anxious look in Celeste's eyes was but poorly concealed of late; he feared that all was not well with them. There was no mistaking Jud's attitude toward the world and the genial friends of old. The newspaper men who had been his boon companions a few months before now saw nothing of him. He and Celeste rarely were seen in society, seldom at the threatres and cafés; it was as though they had dropped entirely away from the circle which had known them so well. The excuse that he was busy in his studio was sufficient until even outsiders began to see the change in him. It was impossible to hide the haggardness in his face.

Converse, sitting opposite Celeste in the drawing-room, saw depression under the brave show of cheerfulness in her face. His mind was filled with the possibilities of the moment. Over the telephone she had said that she wanted to see him on a matter of considerable importance. His first unuttered query on entering the hall was: Where is Sherrod? He had expected a greeting from him on the moment of his arrival. Before the short visit was over. Converse was plying himself with scores of silent and unanswerable questions.

"Where is Jud?" he asked, after the first commonplaces.

"At work in the studio," she replied. He noticed the change of tone, but tried to look uninterested.

"He's working a trifle hard these days, isn't he?" he asked, casually. Somehow, he felt relieved on hearing that Jud was at work. He discovered that he had feared—something, he could not define.

"What is he doing, Celeste?"

"Something for the Milwaukee people I was telling you about not long ago. They insist on having the paintings before the first of February."

"Before February? Why, that's—" But he checked the exhibition of surprise and went on with admirable enthusiasm—"That's a surprisingly nice order. It proves that he has made a hit and that the market for his work is immediate."

"But he is working too hard, Douglas," she cried, unreservedly. The look in his eyes changed instantly.

"I was afraid so," he said. Then, eager to dispel any feeling of hesitancy she might have, he broke out, bluntly: "You are very much disturbed about him, aren't you, Celeste? I know you are, but I think you should find some comfort in knowing that the work will soon be completed and you can both run away for a good rest."

"I can't help being worried," she said, in low tones, as though fearing her words might reach Jud's ear in the distant studio. "Douglas, I want to talk with you about Jud. You will understand, won't you? I wouldn't have asked you to come if it were not that I am very much distressed and need the advice and help of some one."

"Isn't it possible that you are needlessly alarmed?" he asked, earnestly. "I'm sure it can be nothing serious. You will laugh at your fears some day."

"I hope you are right. But it doesn't cheer me a bit to talk like that, Douglas. I am not deceiving myself. He is changed, oh, so greatly changed," she cried.

"You—you don't mean to say his—

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his love—" began Converse. "There—there isn't any danger of—of *that?*" he substituted.

"No, no! You don't understand me," she said, drearily. "He loves me as much as ever—I know he does. It isn't that. Douglas, we must get his mind off his work. He thinks of—of nothing else." She would have given anything for the courage to tell him what she had seen the day before. Her confidence in this tall friend was sufficient, but she could not acknowledge the pain and terror Jud's tears had brought to her.

"Well, it can't be for long. The work will soon be completed," urged he, knowing as he spoke how futile his words were.

"But it makes me so unhappy," she cried, with a woman's logic.

"Poor girl," he smiled. "Let the poor chap work in peace. It will come out all right. I know him. He's ambitious, indefatigable, eager. His soul is in this work. Just now he is winning his spurs in a new line and his mind, his heart is full of it. Can't you see it all? Put yourself in his place, with his fine temperament, and see how intensely interested you would be. You would be just as much wrapped up in it as he—just as much enraptured, I might say. Brace up, dear girl; Jud can't help but turn out all right. He's bound to win."

"The trouble is—the trouble is—" She hesitated so long, staring with wide eyes at the grate fire, that he feared she would not continue. "His heart doesn't seem to be in the work at all."

"You mean?"

"I mean, Douglas, that it is not ambition that inspires him just now. There is something on his mind—something else. Oh, I don't know what it can be, but it is unmistakable. He is not the same—not the same in anything except his love for me."

Converse was silent for a long time, his eyes on her pale face, his mind busy with conjecture.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Celeste," he said at last, a deep sigh escaping involuntarily.

"He works feverishly," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Of course, he is doing the work well. He never did anything badly. But I know he is positively driving himself, Douglas. There isn't anything like the old inspiration, nothing like the old love for the work."

"I see it all," he said, relief in his voice. "His heart is not in the work, simply because he is doing it for someone else and not for himself. They told him what they wanted and he is simply breaking his neck, Celeste, to get the job off his hands."

"But, listen to me, Douglas," she cried, in despair. "He told me they wanted five pictures—a series of studies from life. The series was to represent five periods in the life of a woman, beginning with childhood and ending in extreme old age. But, Douglas dear, he is painting landscapes instead."

Converse bit his lip.

"You must have misunderstood him," he managed to say. She shook her head sadly.

"No; he was most precise in explaining the conditions to me the day after his return from Milwaukee. I remember that I was very much interested. The work, you know, upset our plan for going to Florida and I was quite resentful at first. You can imagine my astonishment when I found that he was doing landscapes and not the figures the order calls for."

Converse was dumb in the face of this indisputable evidence. He could muster up no way to relieve her fears. There could be no reassuring her after what she had seen and he wisely forebore.

"It was very strange," he said, finally. "He must have a reason for the change and no doubt he has forgotten to speak to you about it."

"I wish I could believe that, Douglas," she sighed. "He likes you. You can help me, if you will."

"With all my heart. Anything in the world, Celeste," he cried.

"Then get him away from his work as much as possible. He won't go out anywhere, you know. I've implored him to go out with me time and again. Douglas, can't you think of some way to—to get him away from himself?"

She was standing beside him, her hand clasping his as it rested on the arm of the chair. Converse looked up into the troubled eyes.

"Tell me what to do, Celeste, and I'll try," he said, earnestly.

"Make him go out with you—go out

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among the men he used to know and like so well. I'm sure he likes them still. He'd enjoy being with them, don't you think? He seldom leaves his studio, much less the house. I want you to take him to luncheons and dinners—where the men ate. It will get him out of himself, I know. Do, Douglas, do for my sake, make him forget his work. Take him back to the old life in the club, at the cafés—if only for a little while. Don't you understand?"

"You mean—oh, Celeste, you don't mean to say that he is tired of this happiness?" he cried.

"He is unhappy, I'm sure of it. He loves me, I know, but—" She could go no further.

"I know what you mean, Celeste, but you are wrong—fearfully wrong. Poor little woman! God, but you are brave to look at it as you do."

They did not hear Jud as he stopped on the stairs to look down upon them. He saw them and was still. The pain was almost unbearable. There was no jealousy in it, only remorse and pity.

"Ah, if only she belonged to him and not to me," he was thinking. "He is straight as a die and she would never know unhappiness. He loved her, he loves her still, and she—poor darling, loves me, the basest wretch in all the world."

He closed his eyes and leaned heavily against the stairway. Its creaking attracted the attention of the two in the drawing-room. When he looked again, they were standing and staring at him. Slowly he descended, a mechanical smile forcing itself into his face.

"Hello, Doug," he said. "I thought I heard your voice. Glad to see you."

A quick glance of apprehension passed between Converse and Celeste. Had he heard?

"I just inquired for you, Jud," said Converse, pulling himself together as quickly as possible. "Celeste says you're terribly busy. Don't overwork yourself, old man. I dropped in to say you are to go to a little dinner with me to-night. Some of the boys want to eat something for old times' sake."

The shadow that passed over Jud's face was disconcerting.

"There is nothing else in the way, Jud, dear," Celeste hastened to say. "It would be awfully jolly, I should think."

"Vogelsang says you haven't been in his place for months," added Converse reproachfully. "You shouldn't go back on a crowd like this, old man. They'll think you're stuck up because you've made a hit."

Sherrod smiled wearily, then pulled his nerves together and made a brave show of being pleased and interested.

"I don't believe they'll accuse me of that, Doug," he said. "They know I'm frightfully busy. Who is to be there?"

Converse, with all his good intentions, had not been foresighted enough to see that he might be asked this natural question. It was impossible to count on any one in particular and it would be far from politic to mention names and then be obliged to give flimsy excuses if their owners failed to appear.

"Oh, just some of the old crowd," he replied, evasively, even guiltily. Jud's gaze was on the fire in the grate and Converse was thankful for the respite. "They'll be mighty glad to see you again. It doesn't seem right to take you away from Celeste, but we're talking of doing something like this at least once a week."

"Can't you have ladies' night occasionally, as they say at the clubs?" asked Celeste, merrily entering into the spirit of the conspiracy.

"I suppose we could," said Converse, with well-assumed reluctance.

"Count me out to-night, Douglas," said Jud, at this juncture. "I'll come down for the next one, but just now I'm—"

"That won't do!" exclaimed Converse, peremptorily. "Work is no excuse. There was a time when you worked a blamed sight harder than you do now, and yet you found time to eat, drink and be merry—I should say, eat and be merry. You go with us to-night. That's all there is about it. I'm not going down and tell the fellows you couldn't come because you had to stay at home and put on a few dabs of paint that don't have to be on before to-morrow. I'll stop for you on my way down at 7:30, and I'll get him home safe and sound and sober, Celeste. Don't worry if he's out after nine o'clock."

"I shan't sleep a wink," smiled Celeste, putting her arm through Jud's and laying

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her cheek against his shoulder. Sherrod sighed and smiled and said he would be ready when his friend called.

Celeste went to the door with her confederate. She pressed his hand warmly and her eyes seemed to exact a promise that could not be broken.

"Do everything in your power, Douglas," she said, softly.

"He hates to leave you alone, Celeste; that's the worst obstacle to the plan," said Converse, his lips whitening. "But, we'll try to make him—to—I was going to say forget, but that would be impossible. He can't forget that you are here and loving him all the time."

Then he was off, confronted by rather arduous conditions. It would be necessary to get together a party of congenial spirits, and it was imperative that it be done in such a way that Jud's suspicion might not be aroused. When his hansom stopped for Jud at 7:30 Converse was thoroughly satisfied with the result of his expedition in search of guests, but he was conscious of a fear that the attempt to take Sherrod "out of himself" would be a failure.

A half-dozen good fellows of the old days had promised to come to Vogelsang's at eight, and, under ordinary circumstances, there was no reason why the night should not be a merry one. It all rested with Jud. Converse was gratified to find his friend in excellent spirits. His eyes were bright, his face was alive with interest. The change was so marked that Converse marvelled while Celeste rejoiced.

If he had any doubts at the beginning, they were dispelled long before the night was over. Sherrod's humour was wild, unnatural. To Converse, it soon became ghastly. To the others, it was merely cause for wonder and the subject for many a sly remark about the "muchly married man who finally gets a night off."

Going homeward in the hansom, Converse, now convinced that Jud's mind was disordered, asked in considerable trepidation if he really meant to dine out every evening, as he had said to the others at the table. Sherrod's hilarity, worked up for the occasion, had subsided: He was, to the utter bewilderment of his companion, the personification of gloominess. Involuntarily Converse moved away from his side, unable to conquer the fear that the man was actually mad.

"Did I say that?" came in slow, mournful tones from the drooping figure beside him.

"Yes," was all that Converse could reply. Sherrod's chin was on his breast, his arms hanging limply to the seat.

"I don't believe I care much for that sort of thing any more," he said, slowly.

"Good Lord, Jud, I thought you had a bully time to-night," cried Converse, in hurt tones.

Sherrod looked up instantly. After a moment's silence, his hand fell on the other's knee and there was something piteous in his voice when he spoke.

"Did you, old man? How in the world—" here he brought himself up with a jerk—"I should say, how could I help having a good time?" he cried enthusiastically. "They are the best lot of fellows in the world. I had the time of my life."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LETTER TO CRAWLEY.

Justine waited and waited patiently. His midnight visit was the most dramatic event of her life. That he had come to kill her and then himself she was slow in realising. As the days and nights went by, the real horror of this thought took root and grew. Sometimes she awakened in the night cold with perspiration, dreading to see the white-faced man in the doorway. In some of her dreams he stood above her, knife uplifted, his face full of unspeakable malevolence. Waking she would scream aloud and instinctively she would draw her baby close to her breast as if seeking protection from this tiny guardian.

His letter, intended to inspire confidence and hope was not skillful enough to deceive even Justine. She could read between the lines and there she could see that he was hiding something from her. She could not help feeling that he was facing failure and that he was miserable. With every mail she expected to receive a letter from him in which he would announce that he had given up the fight, and then would come the dispatch bearing the news that he had killed himself.

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Mrs. Crane knew, of course, of Sherrod's strange visit. 'Gene Crawley saw him but once on that occasion, looking gloomily from the window. The two men did not speak to each other, although Crawley would have called a greeting to him had not the man in the window turned away abruptly as soon as he met the gaze of the one in the barnyard. The only human creature about the little farm who did not feel the oppressiveness was the baby, Dudley, the second. He was a healthy, happy child and birth-gift of tragedy though he was, he brought sunshine to the sombre home.

One day three weeks after Jud's visit, Justine approached 'Gene as he crossed the lot on his way to feed the stock in the sheds. A team of horses occupied stalls in the barn, but they were not Justine's. When her horses had died, 'Gene, from the savings of many months, had bought a team of his own, and his animals were doing the work on her place. The cow and the hogs and the chickens belonged to Justine—and Jud. Crawley observed an unusual pallor in her face and her eyes were dark with pain and trouble.

"'Gene, I can't get it out of my mind that everything is not going well with Jud," she said, as he came up to her.

"Wasn't he all right when he was here?" asked he, slowly. She had to hesitate for a moment before she could answer the question. She must choose her words.

"He has not been well, 'Gene," she said at last. "You know sickness is a dreadfully discouraging thing in a big place like Chicago. Nobody cares whether you get well or die, and if you get too sick to work some one else takes your place. Jud has had a lot of bad luck and I know he's sick and discouraged."

"He didn't look right well when he was here," admitted 'Gene. "I wouldn't git upset about it, 'f I was you Justine. He'll come out all right."

"But maybe he is sick and can't do anything," she persisted. "When he was here he said he'd been out of work and in a hospital for a long time."

"Out of work?" repeated he, slowly.

"Yes," she went on, hurriedly, now that she had begun the confession, "and he is in debt, too. It costs so much money to live up there and if one gets behind it's hard to catch up, he says. Oh, 'Gene, do you suppose anything has happened to him? I have had no letter since last Thursday and this is Wednesday, isn't it? I know he is sick, I know it, 'Gene."

"Ain't he on the paper any more?"

"He has been off the paper for months."

"Doin' nothin'?"

"Some private work, but it hasn't paid well. And, besides, he hasn't been well. That's held him back."

"What did he say when he was here? Did he have a job in view?"

"No," she answered, shame outfacing her pride. Neither spoke for a long time. She was looking intently at the frozen ground, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers. His black eyes were upon the white, drooping face and his slow mind was beginning to see light. His heart began to swell with rage against the man who had won this prize and could not protect it.

With the shrewdness of the countryman, he concluded that Jud had not been able to combat the temptations of the great city. He had failed because he had fallen. He cast a slow glance at Justine. Her head was bent and her hands were clasping and unclasping. He knew what it was costing her to make confession to him and lifted his head with the joy of feeling that she had come to him for sympathy.

"Why don't he come home if he's sick?" he asked. "He could rest up down here an'—an' mebby that'd git him on his feet ag'in."

"He doesn't like to give up, that's all. You know how brave and true he is, 'Gene. It would be awful to come back here and admit that—that he couldn't get along up there. Oh, I wish he would come back, I wish he would come back," she wailed, breaking down completely. The tears forced themselves through the fingers that were pressed to her eyes.

"God A'mighty, how she loves him," groaned Crawley to himself. In this moment the big blasphemer of other days loved her more deeply than ever before in his dark, hopeless life. "Couldn't you —you write an' tell him to come down here fer a couple of weeks or—or a month?" he stammered, after a moment of thought.

"He wouldn't come, 'Gene, he wouldn't

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come," she sobbed. "He said he would not give up until he had made a home for me up there. When he came the last time he was discouraged but—but he got over it and—and—oh, I wish he would write to me! The suspense is killing me."

Crawley had turned his back and was leaning against the fence.

"He needs me, 'Gene," she said, "he needs me to cheer him on. I ought to be with him up there."

He started sharply and turned to her. She was looking straight into his eyes, and her hands were half lifted toward him.

"He is so lonely and I'm sure he is sick. I must go to him—I must. That's what I want to talk to you about. How am I to go to him? What shall I do? I can't bear it any longer. My place is with him."

"If he ain't got a job, Justine, you'll—you'll be—"

"You want to say that I'll be a burden to him, that's it, isn't it? But I'll work for him. I'll do anything. If he's sick, I'll wash and iron and sew and scrub and—oh, anything. I've been thinking about it since last night and you must not consider me foolish when I tell you what I want to do. I want to borrow some money on the place."

"You mean you want to put a mortgage on the—on the farm?" he asked, slowly.

"How else can I get the money, 'Gene? A small mortgage won't be so bad, will it? What is the farm worth?" She was feverish with excitement.

"It's not the best of land, you know, and there ain't no improvements," he said, still more deliberately. "You might sell the place for $2000 but I doubt it."

"I won't sell it; it must be kept for my boy. But I can borrow a little on it, can't I? Wouldn't David Strong let me have $200 on it?"

"Good Lord, Justine, don't put a morgidge on the place," he cried. "That will be the end of it. It's the way it always goes. Don't, fer God's sake, do anything like that."

"There is no other way to get the money and I—I am going to Jud," she said, determinedly, and he saw the light in her eye.

In the end he promised to secure the money for her and he did. The next day Martin Grimes loaned Eugene Crawley $150, taking a chattel mortage on a farm wagon and harness and the two big bay horses that stood in Justine's barn. At first she refused to take the money, but his insistence prevailed and three days later she and her boy left Glenville for Chicago and Jud. She promised to acquaint Crawley with Jud's true condition and their plans for the future.

Crawley said good bye to her as she climbed into Harve Crose's wagon on the day of departure. He wished her luck in a harsh, unnatural tone, and abruptly turned to the barn. For hours he sat in the cold mow, disconsolate, exalted. His horses stamping below were mortgaged! Lost to him, no doubt, but he gloried in the sacrifice. He had given his fortune to gratify her longing to be with the man she loved.

At sunset he trudged to the toll gate. An unreasoning longing filled his lonely heart. When he asked for the mail there was uppermost in his mind the hope of a letter from her, although she had been gone not more than five hours. His loneliness increased when Mrs. Hardesty said that there was no mail for him or Justine. For the first time in months he felt the old longing for drink.

"Jestine gone to Chickago fer a visit er to stay?" asked Jim Hardesty, when Crawley joined the crowd that lounged about the big sheet-iron stove in the store.

'Gene did some very quick thinking in the next few minutes. He realized that her departure had been the subject of comment and speculation and that it would be necessary for him to resort to something he knew nothing about—diplomacy. Had he been an observing man he would have noticed the sudden cessation of talk about the stove when he first entered the toll house. The loungers had been discussing her departure and there would have been a murderer in their midst had 'Gene Crawley heard the remark that fell from Luther Hitchcock's lips.

"Don't know how long she'll stay," responded 'Gene, briefly. He leaned against the counter, crossing his legs.

"How's Jed gittin' 'long up yander?" continued Jim.

"All right, I reckon."

"Justine hain't been lookin' very well

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lately," said Link Overshine, from the nail-keg.

"Hain't looked herself sence the kid come," added Hitchcock.

"When did she last hear from Jud?" asked Link.

"Talkin' to me?" asked Crawley.

"Yes."

"Well, how in hell do you s'pose I know anything about her letters?"

"Don't you git the mail?"

"Harve Crose leaves it as he goes by an' you know it, Overshine."

"She ain't had a letter from him in more'n a week," volunteered the postmaster. "He don't write very reg'lar here of late."

"Does the gover'ment hire you to tell who gits letters through this office an' when they git 'em?" demanded Crawley, sharply. Jim hitched back in his chair nervously.

"Good Lord, they ain't no harm in that," exclaimed he.

"You talk too much fer a job like this, Jim," said Crawley.

There followed a few moments of silence.

"One of Grimes's men says you morgidged your team to the old man," began Overshine.

"Which one of Grimes's men said that?" asked 'Gene, quietly.

"Why, I—er—lemme see, who *did* say it?" floundered Link, in distress.

"Oh, it don't matter," said 'Gene, carelessly. "I just asked." The subject was dropped at once. The crowd watched him leave the place and conversation was stagnant until Hardesty, who was near the window, remarked that 'Gene was walking pretty rapidly down the road. With the knowledge that he was out of sight and hearing, the loungers discussed him and his affairs freely.

It was not until the fourth day that he received a letter from Chicago, directed in strange hand-writing. A number of men were in the store when the epistle was handed out to him by Mrs. Hardesty. Without hesitation he tore open the envelope and began to read. The letter was for him, beyond a doubt, but Justine had not addressed the envelope. What had happened to her?

He read the letter with at least a dozen eyes watching his face, but his dark face betrayed no sign of emotion. At the end, he calmly replaced the note in the envelope and strolled off homeward. Once out of the hearing of the curious, he leaned against a fence, read it again, folded it carefully, opened it and read it again, and then lowered his hands and gazed out over the fields.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO WOMEN AND A BABE.

"Mr. Sherrod is not working for the paper now," responded a man in the counting room when Justine, overawed, applied for information at the office of the newspaper in which her husband's pictures had attracted such widespread notice. At the station a policeman had put her in a cab with directions to the driven. With her baby and her pitiful old satchel, she was jolted over the streets and up to the door of the newspaper office. She felt small, helpless, lost in this vast solitude of noises. The rush of vehicles, cars and people frightened her. Every moment she expected there would be a collision and catastrophe. And Jud was somewhere in this seething, heartless city, sick, unhappy, discouraged, and longing for her.

"I know," she responded, thickly, to the clerk, whose glance had been cold and whose tones were curt. "He left here some months ago, but he gets his mail here."

"Does he?" brusquely.

"I address all of my letters to this office and he gets them."

"Country as can be," thought the clerk, his eye sweeping over her, "but devilish pretty. Lord, what eyes she's got." Then aloud, with a trifle more cordiality: "I'll ask Mr. Brokell if he knows where Sherrod lives. Just wait a minute, please." As he walked away there was one thought in his mind: "Sherrod is a lucky dog if he can get this woman to leave her happy home for him." In a few minutes he returned with the information that the address was not in the office, but that he would be glad to assist her in the search. She thanked him and walked away. Somehow she did not like to meet the eye of this man. There was in it an expression she had never seen before, she who had looked only into the honest faces of countrymen.

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The shock of the clerk's blunt announcement that Jud's address was not known to anyone then in the office was stupefying. So stunned with surprise was she that her wits did not return until she found herself caught up by the rushing throng on the sidewalk. When she paused in the aimless progress through the crowd, she was far from the newspaper office and paralyzed by the realization that she and the baby had nowhere to go. In sheer terror, she stopped still and looked about with the manner of one who is aroused from a faint and finds a strange world looking on in sympathetic curiosity.

Busy men jostled her rudely, thoughtlessly; women arrayed as she had seen but one in her life, stared at her as she stood frightened and undecided in the middle of the sidewalk. There was no friendly face, no kindly hand in all that rushing crowd. Scarcely realising what she did, she asked a man who leaned against the building nearby if he knew Dudley Sherrod. The man stared at her blankly for an instant, a sarcastic grin flashing across his hard face. The smile faded instantly, however, for, street loafer though he was, he saw the agony in her eyes and knew that she had lost her way. With a politeness that surprised himself, he answered in the negative and then advised her to consult a directory.

She looked so helpless and unhappy that he volunteered to lead her to the nearest drug store. She followed him across the street, her baby on one arm, the big "telescope" bumping against her tired leg as she lugged it with the other hand. The city directory gave Dudley Sherrod's address as 1837 E———— street, but she remembered that he had left this place nearly a year before. Her friend, the lounger, advised hre to appeal to the police, but she revolted against anything suggestive of the "criminal." To ask the police to look for her husband was, to her, shocking.

A clerk in the store was appealed to by the lounger and that individual agreed with him that the police alone could find "the Man," if he was to be found at all. All this was adding new terror. Tears came to Justine's eyes and she did not try to dash them away. Pride was conquered by despair. The clerk, taking matters in his own hands, called in a passing policeman and bluntly told her to state the situation to him.

"In the fir-rst place, ma'am, d'ye know the felly here?" asked the officer, regarding the lounger with an unfriendly eye. The latter winced a bit but did his best to put up a brave show of resentment.

"She never seen me till ten minutes ago, Maher, an' I ain't done or said nawthin 'wrong to her, hones' to God. Leave it to th' girl herself if I ain't been dead square. Ain't I, ma'am?"

"He's been very kind, policeman," answered Justine, eagerly.

"Sure, sure, Maher, dat's right," said the lounger, triumphantly.

"Did he's thry to touch ye, ma'am?" demanded the officer, still unsatisfied.

"No, sir; he did not do anything so rude. He was very kind and I thank him," responded she, taking the word "touch" literally.

"What d'I tell you?" said the suspect, in hurt tones.

"Kape yer gab out, Biggs," said the officer. "I mean, ma'am, did he ask yez fer money?"

"O, no, sir," said Justine, confusedly.

"Never asked her fer a cent, on the dead—"

"That'll do ye, Biggs. Clear out onnyhow," said the policeman, unpityingly.

"Aw, dat's not right—"

"G'wan, now, will ye?" exclaimed Officer Maher, roughly shoving Mr. Biggs toward the door.

"Oh," cried Justine, indignantly. "Let him alone!" Her eyes were flashing angrily.

"It's all right, ma'am," explained the clerk, calmly.

"But he's done nothing wrong."

"You can't take chances with these bums. They're a bad lot. He's a tough customer, Biggs is. Don't have anything to do with strangers on the street. It's not safe." By this time the red-faced guardian of the peace was with them again and Justine reluctantly explained her dilemma to him.

"He worked here for a long time as a newspaper artist," she said, in conclusion.

"I've seen his pictures many a time," said the clerk with new interest. "Is he your husband?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess he's not on the paper now. I haven't seen his pictures for some time."

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"He's been off the paper for nearly a year."

"Come wid me to hidquarters, ma'am, an' the chief'll sind some wan out to loca-ate him befure night," said the officer. "Sthate yer case to the boss. It won't be no thrick to find him."

"I hate to have the police look for him," said she, imploringly.

"Will, thin, phat'd yez call me in fer?" demanded the officer, harshly.

"I—I didn't call you in, sir," said she, looking helplessly at the clerk.

"I called you in, officer," said the clerk. "She didn't know what to do."

"Will, it's up to ye, ma'am. We'll find him if yez say so."

"Do you know any one else in Chicago?" asked the clerk. "Maybe there's some one you could go to while they're trying to find your husband."

"I don't know any one here," said she, despairingly.

"Don't you want to leave your—your grip here? We'll take care of it till you come after it."

"That'll be all right, ma'am. It'll be safe here an' yez don't want to be luggin' it around town wid that kid on yer hands. L'ave it here," said Officer Maher, and he picked it up and carried it behind the prescription counter before she could remonstrate. The clerk handed her a card containing the name and location of the store.

"O, I do know some one here," she cried, suddenly, her face brightening. "Miss Celeste Wood. Do you think I could find her?"

To her dismay, the name was not in the directory.

"Does she live with her parents," asked the clerk.

"I—I think so," replied Justine, helplessly.

"Do you know her father's name?"

"No, sir. She has a brother named Randall, would his name be in the book?"

Young Wood's name and address were readily found by the clerk and officer. Maher advised her to take a cab to the place at once. These men unceremoniously took matters in their own hands, and, almost before she knew it, a cab was taking her northward, bound for the home of the girl who had so often sent her love, through Jud, to the other girl of Proctor's Falls.

The ride gave her ample time to reflect and she had not gone far before her thoughts were running once more in a straight channel. Her pride grew as the situation became plainer, displacing the first dread and confusion. How could she go to a stranger and inflict her with her troubles? What right had she to ask her assistance or even her interest in this hour of need? Beside all this, the mere confession that she could not find her husband would be humiliating to her and explanations would be sure to put Jud in an unpleasant light. It would mean that she must tell Miss Wood of his failure in everything, a condition which the young woman might politely deplore, but that was all. Her own poor garments now seemed the shabby reflection of Jud's poverty, his degradation, his fall from the high pedestal that had been his by promise. She could not look down into the bright, laughing eyes of her boy and go on to the shameful exposition of his father's misfortune. The red of pride mounted to her brown cheeks and the new fire in her eyes burned bright with the resolution to save him and herself from the humiliation of an appeal to Miss Wood.

Past rows of magnificent homes she was driven, but they interested her not at all. Beneath her pride, however, there battled the fast diminishing power of reason. Try as she would, she could not drive out the stubborn spark which told her that she must call upon some one in her helplessness—but that the "some one" should be a woman was distressing. As she was struggling with pride and reason, the cab turned in and drew up at the curb in front of a handsome house. Her heart gave a great bound of dismay.

"This is No. ——, ma'am," said the driver as he threw open the door.

"I—I don't believe I'll go in," she stammered, trembling in every nerve.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked, wearily. Little he cared for the emotions of his fares.

"Are you sure this is the place?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Do you want to get out?"

Fresh courage inspired her, brought about by the sharp realization that it was the only way to find help, humiliating though the method might be. There was

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no other way, and his question: "Where shall I take you?" reminded her forcibly that she had no place to go.

"Yes," she said, decisively, and with the haste of one who is afraid that hesitation will bring weakness, she stepped to the carriage-block.

"Shall I wait, ma'am?"

"I don't know how long I'll be here," she said, her ignorance confronted by another puzzle. The driver saw in his mind sufficient cause for her uncertainty, and sagely concluded that she was a poor mother who expected to find a home for her babe with the wealthy people who lived at No.——.

"I'll drive into the park and be back in half an hour, ma'am, if you think you'll be there that long," he said, and away he rolled. She mounted the steps quickly, and, after a long and embarrassing search, found the electric button and rang the door bell. A trim maid responded. Justine had fondly hoped that Miss Wood herself would come to the door, and her heart sank with disappointment.

"Is Miss Wood at home?" she managed to ask.

"She does not live here," replied the maid, surveying the caller with a superior and supercilious air.

"I thought her brother—" began Justine, faintly. She felt as if she were about to fall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wood live here, and they have a married daughter living over in S——— Place. I have only been here since Monday, ma'am, and I can't tell you her address."

"It is Miss Celeste Wood I want to see," said poor Justine, her lip trembling.

"That's the name—Celeste. She was here yesterday and I heard Mrs. Wood speak the name. Won't Mrs. Wood do as well?" There was kindness in the voice now, Justine's eyes had made their usual conquest.

"I'd—I'd rather see Miss Celeste," she said, timidly. "Can't you tell me where she lives?"

"I'll ask Mrs. Wood. The butler'd know but he is sick. Will you wait inside the door? What a pretty baby!"

She was gone but a few minutes, returning before Justine's dazed eyes had half accustomed themselves to the attractive place.

"She lives at No. 1733 S——— Place. You go to the next corner and turn west. The house is in the second block."

The day was cold and her bare hands were numb. The wind from the lake cut through her thin garments so relentlessly that she longed for the protection of the carriage which was not to return for half an hour—and then to the wrong place. What if Celeste were not at home? She could not ask to be permitted to sit in her house until her return; that would be too much of an imposition. She could only return to the street and wait for half an hour in the freezing winds for the cab which seemed like a home to her now.

A hurrying figure in furs and brown approached from the direction in which she was going. The two drew nearer and nearer, the one walking rapidly against the wind, the other driven along more swiftly than was her wont by the heavy gale at her back. Justine was the first to recognize the other. Her heart gave a great bound of joy, for there could be no mistaking the face of the woman who faced the wind. The country girl jubilantly uttered in her soul a prayer of gratitude to the Providence that had brought her face to face with the one she sought. She half stopped as the other drew near. Celeste's eyes met hers. Evidently she was surprised to observe a desire to speak with her, on the part of a stranger. Justine's eyes were wide with relief and her lips were parted as if words were just inside. Celeste's eyes narrowed for one brief instant of indecision and then she knew. There was but one face like Justine Van's and it had been in her mind for days and days. She had just come from it, in fact, and her heart was still aching with the pain of seeing it on Jud's easel not an hour before. But what could the girl be doing in Chicago? was the thought that flashed into her mind. Even as she opened her lips to greet her, her hands extended, it was known to her that Justine could be going only to the home of Jud Sherrod. Justine's joy was too great for words and Celeste's heart went out to her irresistibly. Despite the wanness of the face and the dark circles under the eyes Justine's were still the vivid, matchless features that Celeste had envied in that other day. Though she was sorely troubled by the inexplicable presence of the one woman whom she had

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been thinking of for days, Celeste could but greet her warmly.

"This is the greatest surprise in the world," cried Celeste. "Who would have dreamed of seeing you here?"

"I have just come from your old home. They told me you lived on this street," said Justine, her voice hoarse with emotion.

"And you were going to my home," cried Celeste, just as if intuition had not told her so before. "I was on my way to mother's. Isn't it lucky we met? I will go back with you at once. You must be very cold. And—a baby? Oh, the dear little one! How cold it must be."

"I have him well wrapped up," said Justine. Celeste mentally noted that the child was protected at the sacrifice of the mother's comfort, for Justine looked half frozen.

"Is he—is he your boy?" asked Celeste, and a wave of happiness surged over her when the answer came. Did it not prove that she was married and forever out of Jud's life?

"I am sure he must be a handsome little fellow," said she, as they turned from the sidewalk to the steps leading to the door of her home.

"He looks like his father—and not a bit like me," said Justine, modestly.

"Have you named him?"

"He is named after his father, of course."

"A token of real love."

"Of love; yes—he could have had no other name. I am so happy that he is a boy." The door swung open and they were in the warm hallway.

"You must let me see him. Bring him to the grate. But, first, take off your hat and coat. Mary will relieve you of them. Now, let me see him."

Dudley, the second, was awake, wide-eyed and frightened when he looked up into the two faces above him.

"Does he not look like his father?" asked Justine, happily.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE END OF IT ALL.

Celeste started. Justine's innocent query rudely tore down the curtain that had hung between her understanding and Jud's strange behaviour, and it seemed to her, in that one brief, horrible moment, that she saw all that was black and ugly in life.

She could take her eyes from the mother's gentle face only to let them rest upon the features of the baby. Justine's question—"Does he not look like his father?"—could have but one answer. Dudley Sherrod's likeness was stamped on the face of the boy unmistakable, accusing. In her terror, the face of the little one seemed to age suddenly until there loomed up before her the features of Jud, the man.

Powerless to answer, she turned abruptly and staggered to a window, leaning heavily against the casing, her heart like lead, her face as white as death. She knew now the cause of everything that had mystified and troubled her in Jud's conduct. Now she knew why the picture of Justine was before him, now she knew why the mention of her name threw him into confusion. The whole wretched truth was plain.

"Oh, Jud! Oh, Jud!" she cried to herself. "Oh, this poor ruined girl? How could he have done such a—oh, God, no, no! I must be wrong. The resemblance is not real—it is my fancy. But—but, why does she ask me if he looks like his father? What other father can there be—what other man is known to both of us? But how young the boy is; Jud has not seen her in years. He cannot be the father. Why am I afraid? Why have I doubted him?" The voice of the other woman came to her from the fireplace, indistinct, jumbled and as if through the swirl of a storm.

"Pardon me, but I do not know what your name is now," was the apologetic remark from the other side of the room, and Celeste turned to her.

"My name is—is Sherrod, Miss Van," she said, slowly. Justine looked up in surprise and bewilderment. A shadow of unbelief crossed her face.

"Sherrod?" she asked, curiously. "Why, how strange that we should have the same name."

"The same name, Miss Van?"

"My name has not been Van for a long, long time. We were married before you met us at Proctor's Falls, I'm—why, what is the matter?"

"It is not true—it is not true," half shrieked Celeste. Justine shrank back as

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if confronted by a mad woman, instinctively shielding her boy. "Do you mean to tell me you were married to Jud Sherrod?" she continued, scornfully?

"Of course I was—don't look at me like that! What in the name of heaven is the matter, Mrs.—Mrs.—" a sickening thought struggled into Justine's mind. "Your name is—is Sherrod, too," she said, dully. "Has—has Jud anything to do with it?"

"He is not your husband," cried Celeste, pityingly.

"What do you mean?" gasped Justine, limp and white. "Jud and I were married three years ago—"

"Oh!" moaned Celeste. Justine's extended arm caught her as she dropped forward. The wild blue eyes looked piteously into the frightened brown ones and the grey lips repeated hoarsely: "Are you sure? Are you sure?"

"What shall I do?" moaned Justine. "I am his wife, I know I am. Nobody can deny it. Why, why, I have the certificate—" she went on eagerly. Celeste struggled to her feet.

"Then what, in the name of our God, has he made of me?" she cried, hoarsely.

"I don't understand," murmured Justine, dully. "Do you—do you love him?"

"Love him? Love him? Why, woman, he is my husband!"

The world went black before Justine's eyes. She fell back in the deep chair; her big eyes closed, her hands relaxed their clasp on the boy and he slid to the protecting arm of the chair; her breath clogged her throat. As consciousness fled, she saw Celeste sink to the floor at her feet.

A man drew aside the curtains a few minutes afterwards and planted a heavy foot inside the room. His sombre eyes were on the floor and it was not until he was well inside the room that his gaze fell upon the still group at the fireplace. He paused, his tired eyes for the moment resting wearily on the scene. Slowly his mind, which had been far away, caught up the picture before him. His dull sensibilities became active.

Celeste was lying on the floor. She had fainted. He stretched forth his arms to lift her and his eyes fell upon the upturned face of the woman in the chair. Petrified, he stood for an age, it seemed. Comprehension slowly forced its way into his brain.

"Justine!" A shriek of terror burst in his throat, the sound did not reach his lips. The end had come. It was all over! They knew—they *knew!* They knew him for what he was. He had not the strength to flee; he only knew that he was face to face with the end. He must stand his ground, as well now as any time. He waited. There would be cries, sobs, wails, and bitterness.

But no sounds came from the lips of the two women. The baby alone stared in wonder at this strange man. The faces of the unconscious girls were death-like, Justine's drawn with pain, Celeste's white and weak. Unconsciously his hand touched Justine's face, then her breast. She did not move, but her heart was beating. With the same mechanical calmness he dropped to one knee and half raised Celeste's head, expecting her eyes to open. The lids lay still and dark and her neck was limp. As he rose to his feet stiffly, his eyes fell upon the face of the boy and it was as if he were a child again and looking at himself in the old mirror up at the house "on the pike."

He could not meet the smile of that innocent spectator. In a fever of haste lest either woman should revive before he could be ridden from their wretched eyes, he pressed cold lips to their lips, covered the baby's face with kisses and a flood of tears that suddenly burst forth, and then dashed blindly from the room and up the broad staircase, terrified by the sound of his own footfalls, in dread of a piteous call from below, eager to escape the eyes—the condemning eyes that once had loved him.

Celeste was the first to open her eyes. For many minutes she lay where she had fallen, striving to remember how she came to be there. Memory gradually pushed aside the kindly numbness—and she saw clearly. Dragging herself to the mantel post, she tried to regain her feet. The effect was vain; her strength had not returned. Leaning against the Mosaic background, she turned her eyes upon the motionless figure in the chair. She never knew what her thoughts were as she sat there and gazed upon the face of the other woman, Justine Van—Justine Van, the girl of Proctor's Falls.

At last a long sigh came from Justine's

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lips, there was a deep shudder and then the fluttering lids parted, two wide, dazed eyes of brown staring into space. Minutes passed before the gaze of the two women met. There were no words, nothing but the fixed stare of horror. Moved by a desperate impulse Celeste struggled to her feet, her glazed eyes bent upon the face of the baby. Steadying herself for an instant against the mantel, she lurched forward, hatred in her heart, her hands outstretched. The fingers locked themselves in the folds of the child's dress and he was raised above the head of the frenzied woman.

Justine's weak hand went up appealingly; she had not the strength to rise and snatch the child from the other's clutches.

"Then, kill me, too," she whispered, closing her eyes.

A crowing laugh came from the child, the laugh of an infant who is tossed on high and revels in the fun. A moment later he was lying in his mother's lap and his enemy was sobbing as she laid her hand in the dark hair of the other woman.

A distant scream came from somewhere in the house, but the two women did not hear it. A maid came scurrying downstairs, white and excited. She dashed unceremoniously into the room, panting out the single exclamation:

"Hurry!"

Celeste slowly turned toward her.

"What is it, Mary?" she asked, mechanically, almost unconsciously.

"Mr. Sherrod, ma'am—you must come quick. In the studio," gasped the maid.

"Is Jud here?" asked Justine, raising herself in the chair. A new light struggled into her eyes. Celeste, cold with the certainty of some terrible news, straightened to receive the blow.

"Is it—bad, Mary?" she asked.

"Oh, ma'am, I—I can't tell you," almost whispered the girl. "It's awful! I'll see him to my dying day."

"He—he is dead?" The question came from frozen lips.

The maid burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEARTS.

Sherrod's body lay stretched across the rug in front of the grate in his studio. His coat and vest had been hastily thrown aside and his white shirt, covering the deep chest, was saturated with blood. The carved hilt of a Malay dagger stood defiantly above the cleft heart; the steel was deep in his body.

He had dealt one blow but he had sent the blade of the kris straight home; so true was its course that death must have been instantaneous. He lay flat on his broad back, his neck twisted as if checked in the supreme moment of agony; death had left its stamp of pain on his ghastly face.

On the floor near the body a piece of white paper was found, across which was scrawled:

"Forgive me."

The hand that penciled these words was the same that drove home the blade, but it had trembled only in the writing, not in the blow. The hasty scrawl revealed his eagerness to have over with life while there was yet a chance to escape facing the ruined women below. The last plea of the suicide was not directed to either of the loved ones; it was left for each to take it to her heart and in secrecy hold it as hers alone—cherishing it, if she could.

His had been a crime that the law could not sufficiently punish. He had inflicted the penalty himself and he had asked the forgiveness of those he had wronged in his weakness. They had loved him to the hour of his death; they had trusted him. Neither had known him in his baseness or his cowardice—they knew him only as loving, devoted, and true. Death came just as the joys of being his were shattered; the pains he had given them in life were known only after he had gone from them. They were asked to forgive a dead man who had been everything to them in life and whom they had loved until his last breath was drawn; he did not wait to receive their reproaches; he had gone away as they had known him and they had not looked upon the face of guilt.

Celeste was the calmer of the two and yet she was the more deeply wronged. After the first grief, she arose, bleeding and broken from the wreck of every joy, and she was strong. Justine, stunned by grief and horror, lay for hours in the bed to which she had been carried by the maids after the terrible scene in the studio,

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With the slow return of composure, Celeste saw dimly the situation as it existed for her. She was not a widow. The widow was the other woman who had crouched on the opposite side of the corpse, pleading with him to come back to her and the boy. While she could not as yet grasp the full reality of her position, she felt that Justine's claim was best.

It was she who had Justine taken to a room by the maids. There was no rage in her heart; she took that other one into her grief and shared it with her. There was no other way; they had suffered together. There still lingered a faint hope —cruel though it was—that she might be the real wife and Justine the false one. Hours after the calamity, far in the night, while her mother bathed her head and sought to soothe her, Celeste planned and planned.

She knew that if Justine's claim were true, Jud had deliberately made a wanton of her, even though he loved her. The world would soon know that she was not a wife and the newspapers would be nauseous with the sensation. She was confident, however, that she was the only one in the house who knew Justine's story, and as she lay waiting for the dawn there grew in her mind a steady purpose. The world must never know!

Justine, pale and dead-eyed, stood looking from the window of the bed chamber when the knock came at her door the next morning. She did not respond, she did not even turn her head, for her thoughts were of the night before and the life before that. Celeste softly opened the door and came to her side.

"Justine," she said, gently, almost inaudibly. Dark, heavy, despairing eyes were turned upon her and she feared for the success of her plan.

"Am I to go to him now?" came the lifeless voice of the other.

"Justine," said Celeste, taking a cold hand in her own, "we must understand each other, we must know the truth. I don't think anything that can happen now will hurt us; we are dead to all pain. We must talk about—about ourselves."

"I don't understand what it all means," moaned Justine. "Why can't I go to Jud? He is mine—he is mine, and—and—"

"But, Justine, dear, it is of this that we must talk. I—I thought he was mine. My God, don't you see? I have lived as his wife for months and—and I never knew until you came that I—that I—oh, don't you understand?"

Justine's unwillingness to believe evil of Jud, despite all that had happened to prove the existence of a double life, was a barrier hard to break down, and it was not without long entreaties and explanations that Celeste made her see that her claim had some justification. At last these two women brought themselves down to the point from which the situation could be seen plainly in all its unhappy colourings. Together in the darkness that he had cast about them they groped their way toward the light of understandings; as they went, the heart of each was bared to the other and both saw and sought to ease the pain the rents disclosed.

There was no denying Justine's right to call Jud husband. Celeste saw her every hope slipping away as she listened to the story of the courtship and marriage in the little country lane. She knew now that she had never been a wife and she knew that she had to live all the rest of her life beneath an ugly shadow. Whatever were her thoughts of the man who had so basely wronged her, she kept them to her self. Not one word of reproach did she utter in the presence of the wife and mother. The consequences of his crime were hers to bear and her only object in life now was to prevent others from sharing them with her, to prevent the world from knowing of their existence. If she loathed the memory of the man who had despoiled her honour, she held that loathing secret. To the world, he was her husband and the world should see her mourn for him.

Her proposition to Justine was at first indignantly rejected, but so skillfully did she paint the picture of her position in life as Jud had left it for her, that the tender, honest girl from the country fell completely under the influence of her pleading. Justine was made to see Jud's fault in all its blackness and was urged to share in the effort to protect his memory. No one was to know of the double life he had led; no one was to know of his crime; no one was to curse his memory; two women alone were to—forget, if they could.

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Between them it was agreed that in Chicago Justine was to appear as a cousin of the dead man and the funeral obsequies were to be conducted with the real wife in the background, the other as the deepest mourner. The body was to be taken afterwards to Clay township for burial and there Justine was to claim her dead, with Celeste posing as the good friend in the hour of direst trouble. This was the general plan, the minor but intricate details being entrusted to Celeste.

"Here he was my husband and the world may never be the wiser," said she, taking the other to her grateful heart. "Down there he is yours and no one there must know how he has served you. You can save me, Justine, and I can shield him from the curses of your people. He will lie in the grave you dig for him away down there, and your friends may always look upon his headstone and say: 'He was a good man. We all loved him.' It is fair, Justine, and I will love you to my dying day for doing all this for me."

"I love you," said Justine, and they went forth to play their unhappy parts.

It was Celeste, keen and bold in her desperation, who wrote the letter to 'Gene Crawley, signing a fictitious name, Justine looking over her shoulder with streaming eyes. It briefly told of a sudden death and ended with the statement that a telegram would follow announcing the time of leaving Chicago with the body. The newspapers in the city told the story of the suicide, giving the cause as ill-health, and pictured the grief of the young widow. Celeste saw the reporters herself. Purposely, deliberately, she misinformed them in many of the details regarding his birthplace and his earlier life. This act of shrewdness on her part was calculated to mislead the people of Clay township and it succeeded. No one could connect the identity of the suicide with that of the youth who had gone out from that Indiana community long ago.

How the two women lived throug hthe funeral service in S——— Place, was past all understanding. The real wife heard the sobs of the other and choked with the grief she was compelled to suppress. The other wept but who knows whether the tears were tribute of love for the man over whom the clergyman said such gentle, hopeful words? A dead man and two women knew the story that would have shocked the world. One could not speak, the others would not. And so he was eulogised.

That night the two women and their dead left Chicago for Glenville. Their only companion was Dudley Sherrod, the second.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CRAWLEY'S LEGACY.

The people of Clay township were kept in the dark concerning the manner in which Jud came to his death. The letter to 'Gene merely announced that his sudden death was due to a hemmorrhage, and another letter to Parson Marks from Justine's friend in the city bore the same news. Naturally Jud's friends believed that the hemorrhage was of the lungs, which inspired ninety per cent. of them to say that they had always regarded him as frail. Some went so far as to recall predictions made when he was a boy to the effect that he "wouldn't live to see thirty year."

Crawley and Harve Crose drove to Glenville in Harve's wagon to meet the train, prepared to haul the casket to the cemetery where Mr. Marks was to conduct short services. There was no hearse in Glenville, but there was a carpenter who buried people as a "side line." Rich people in the neighbourhood sent to an adjoining county seat for embalmers and undertakers; Clay township buried its dead as it was able and saw fit. Justine would not permit Celeste to pay the expenses of the funeral at Jud's old home and she herself could not afford the luxury of a hearse and mourners' carriage. The arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Marks, Crawley, and Crose, and the details were of the simplest character.

The aristocratic "two-seated rig" of David Strong and Martin Grimes's surrey were at the station to act as conveyances for Justine and the minister and a select few. Dozens of buggies, buckboards, and not a few spring-wagons fell in behind the "mourners' carriages" when the cortège left the depot platform, headed for the cemetery four miles away. Justine, her face hidden in a dense veil of black, occupied the back seat in David Strong's vehicle and the whole countryside longed to comfort her. By her side sat a pale, beautiful woman in a simple

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gown of black—the city friend the community had heard so much about. The baby found a comfortable resting place in the capacious lap of Mrs. Strong, who sniffled continuously while her husband drove solemnly and imposingly through the streets of the village. The town looked on with sombre gaze and the country spoke in a respectful whisper. Sad was the home-coming of the Sherrods.

The long procession, headed by the wagon containing the casket, wound its slow way out into the country, through the winter-clean lane, past the house in which Jud and Justine were married, and up to the gate of the dilapidated, weather-worn "burying-ground" on the hill. In oppressive silence, the throng crowded over and about the weed-covered graves in the ill-kept little cemetery to witness every movement in connection with the ceremony. They saw the casket lifted from the wagon-bed by six young men and they opened a pathway from the gate to the grave through which the pall-bearers passed with heavy tread; they saw the long black box in which Dudley Sherrod had come home lowered into the clay-colored gulf; they saw Justine, moaning as she stood between old Mrs. Crane and the stranger from the city; but they could not see the heart of that white-faced stranger who looked with tear-dimmed eyes into the grave at her feet.

Justine's grief was pitiful. Not a man, woman or child in that assemblage but shed tears of genuine sympathy. The men and women who had gathered at the pastor's home not many months before to condemn her, now stood among the graves and wept with her. Not a few cast curious eyes upon the fair stranger and went away to say afterwards that she was the kind of a friend to have.

The choir of the little church sang several hymns from books that Jud and Justine had used in days gone by. Heads were bared in the biting aiar and no man was there who did not do full honour to Jud Sherrod, the goodliest boy the township had ever produced. The grief of the people was honest. Mr. Marks, inspired by the opportunity, delivered such a discourse on the goodness, the nobility of the young man that the community, with one voice, proclaimed it to be a masterpiece of oratory.

"And to this devoted young wife; for whom he struggled so manfully, so loyally up to the very hour of his taking away, God gives his boundless pity and will extend His divinest help. Dudley Sherrod, our departed brother, was the soul of honour. He loved his home and the mistress of it second only to his Maker. I voice what is known to the world at large when I say that never lived there a man whose heart was more thoroughly given over to the keeping of woman. And she loved and revered him and we see her inconsolable, bereft of all earthly joy. We pray God that she may see the brightness beyond this cloud that He has in His wisdom thrown around her. And we pray for the life, the soul of this baby boy who lies fatherless in this—er—this cold world. He will never know the love of a father. We all glory in the privilege of having known this true, honest Christian man, a man, whose life bore not a single blemish. His life was an example to all mankind. Oh, ye who listen to my words in this sad hour, strive to emulate his example. Do ye as he has done, live the life he has lived. How many of us are there who might have lived as he—er—did—if we but had the courage to follow the impulses of the soul. He has gone to his reward."

❧

Just before the shades of night fell across the grief-ridden community, Justine escaped the kind ministrations of Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Hardesty, Mrs. Bolten, and other good dames who had followed her to the cottage after the chill services in the cemetery for the purpose of comforting her. They had gone to the cottage with red eyes, choking whispers, and hands eager to lift her up, and she was trying to avoid these good offices. She crept into the bleak little room upstairs to which Celeste had long since fled to find solitude for her broken heart.

Celeste was stretched upon the bed, face downward, and her slim body was as still as Jud's had been. The feeling of dread in Justine's heart was not dispelled until her hands touched the warm cheek and her ear caught the sound of a faint, tear-choked sigh.

"It is I, Celeste," she said, gently. "Won't you let me hold you in my arms? See! I am strong again and I must take some one to my heart. It seems so empty,

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so dead, so cold. You don't hate me for this day, do you?"

Celeste turned her face to the girl above and stretched forth her hand.

"I love you, Justine," she sobbed, and their wet faces were pressed close together on the same pillow. After many mintues she asked abruptly: "What are you going to do, Justine?"

"Do?" asked the other, blankly. "I don't know. I haven't thought."

"You will not stay here, you cannot stay here where—where—"

"But where can I go? What do you mean?"

"I want to be with you always—I want to be near his—your boy," said the other. "Oh, Justine, I must have some one to love, I must have some one to love me. Don't you see, can't you see? I want you to love me and I want his boy to love me. You—you cannot stay here—you shall not stay here and suffer alone; you must not bear it all alone. We took the blow together, dearest Justine; let us bear it together, let us live through it together."

And so it was that the women Jud Sherrod had made happy and unhappy in his brief, misguided life, found a vacant place each in the heart of the other and filled that place with the love that could not be dishonoured. It was a long time before Justine could fully comprehend the extent of the other's proposition and it was much longer before she was won over by almost abject pleading on the part of the wretched, lonely girl who had been wife in name only.

Celeste convinced Justine that she was entitled to all that Jud had left as a legacy; she deliberately classified herself as a part of his estate, an article among his goods and chattels, and as such she belonged to his widow and heir. The home in S——— Place was, by right of law, Justine's, argued the pleader, and all that Jud had died possessed of was in that house. So persistent was she in the desire to obtain her end that she triumphed over Justine's objections. It was settled that they were to live together, travel together so long as both found the union agreeable.

Celeste's plan included a long stay in Europe, a complete flight from all that had been laid bare and waste in the world they had known with him. In two weeks they were to sail and there was no time set for their return. Justine's most difficult task was to be performed in the interim. It was to be the rewarding of Eugene Crawley.

She had seen him at the graveside, standing directly opposite her across the narrow opening in the ground. The pallor of his face was so marked even she had observed it. He had not raised his eyes to look at her, but she had seen his chest rise and fall.

The third day after the funeral she faced Crawley in the barnlot. With Celeste she was to leave that evening for Chicago and the time had come for settlement. She stood near the little gate that led to the barnlot and he approached slowly, uncertain as to the propriety of addressing this woman in grief. It was to be his first word to her since he said good-bye on the day that took her to Chicago with his money in her purse, the price of his horses. He had staked his all to give her the means to find Sherrod and she had found him.

"'Gene, I am going away," she said, extending her hand as he came up.

"Going away?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes. Miss Wood has asked me to accompany her to Europe and—and I am going."

He was silent for a long time, his dazed eyes looking past her as if they were sightless.

"That's—that's a long ways to go, Justine," he said, at last, and his voice was husky. The broad hand which had held hers for an instant, shook as he laid it on the gate post.

"It is very good of her, 'Gene, and I love her so much," she said. She saw again that love was not dead in his heart and the revelation frightened her. "You have been so good to me, 'Gene, and I don't know how I am ever to repay you," she hurried on, eager to pass the crisis.

"You—you c'n pay me in your own way an' in your own time," he said, looking intently at the ground, uncertain of his own meaning.

"We leave to-night," she said, "and I must not go away without—without settling with you."

"Settlin' with me," he echoed. There was no passing over the bitterness in his voice. "You are goin' to-night? Good God—" he burst out, but the new habit of self repression was strong. "I beg your

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pardon, Justine," he went on, a moment later. "To-night?"

"Mr. Strong will take us to the train at six o'clock," she said. She had not looked for so much emotion. "'Gene, I owe you so much that I don't see how I am ever to pay you. Not only is it money that I owe, but gratitude. I have thought it all out, 'Gene, and there is only one way in which I can pay the smallest part of my debt, for the debt of gratitude can never be paid. I have sent for 'Squire Rawlings and—and, 'Gene, I know you won't misunderstand me—I am going to ask you to accept this farm from me, to be yours and yours only. The 'Squire will bring the deed and—"

"Justine!" he exclaimed, looking her full in the eyes. "You wouldn't do that—you don't mean that!" The darkest pain that she had ever seen was in his eyes.

"You deserve it and more—" she began, shrinking before his gaze. He held up his hand piteously and turned his face away, and she could see his struggle for control. At last he turned to her, his face white and drawn, his eyes steady, his voice less husky than before.

"You must never say such a thing to me ag'in, Justine. I know you meant all right an' you thought I'd be satisfied with the bargain, but you—you musn't offer to pay me ag'in. You've paid me all that's comin' to me, you've paid me by makin' a good man of me, that's what you've done. I'd die before I'd take this—this land o' yourn an' that little boy's. You're mighty good an'—an'—oh, can't you see it's no use in me tryin' to talk about it? Wait! You was about to begin beggin' me to take it. I want to ast you as the greatest favour you ever done for me, don't say it. Don't say it. I can't stand it, Justine!"

"Forgive me, 'Gene, forgive me," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks. "You deserve more than I can ever give you, dear friend. I did not mean to hurt you—"

"It's all over, so let's say no more about it," he said, breathing deeply and throwing up his head. "I'll take keer o' your farm while you're gone, Justine, an' it'll be here in good order when you're ready to come back to it. It'll be kept in good shape for the boy. Don't you ever worry about the place. It's your'n an' I'll take good care of it for you. You're goin' to ketch the evenin' train?"

"Yes," she said, gently, "and I may be gone for a long time, 'Gene."

"Well," he said with difficulty, "I guess we'd better say good—good-bye. You've lots to do in the house an' I want to do some work in the wagon-shed. Good-bye, Justine; be—be good to yourself." It was the greatest battle that rough 'Gene Crawley had ever waged, but he came out of it without a scar to be ashamed of.

"I want to ask you to—to look after Jud's grave, 'Gene," she said, her hand in his. "There is no one else I can ask, and I want it kept better—better than the rest up there. Will you see to it for me—?"

"I'll—I'll 'tend to it for you, Justine," he said, but his face went pale.

For a full minute she looked, speechless, upon the white, averted face of the man whose love was going to its death so bravely, and a great warmth crept into her cold veins—a warmth born in a strange new tenderness that went out to him. A sudden, sharp contraction of the heart told her as plainly as though the message had come in words that the love in this man's heart would never die, never falter. Somehow, the drear, chill prospect grew softer, warmer in the discovery that Love could still live in this dead, ugly world, that after all fires were burning kindly for her. There was a thrill in her voice as she murmured, brokenly:

"Good-bye, 'Gene, and God bless and keep you."

"Good-bye," he responded, releasing her hand. He did not raise his eyes until the door of the cottage closed after her.

At dusk David Strong drove away from the little house in the lane, and the Sherrods went with him. 'Gene Crawley stood in the shadow of the barn, his hopeless eyes fastened on the vehicle until it was lost among the trees.

A sharp, choking sound came from his throat as he turned those dark, hungry eyes from the purple haze that screened the carriage from view. About him stretched the poor little farm, as dead as his hopes; at his back stood the almost empty barn; yonder was the deserted house from which no gleam of light shone.

He was alone. There was nothing left

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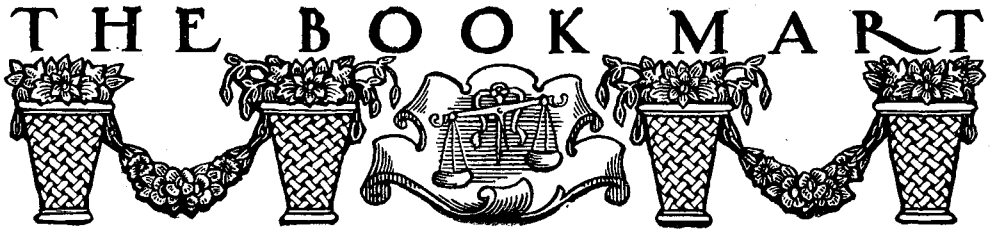
but the lifeless, unkind shadows. Slowly he strode to the little gate through which she had passed. His hands closed over the pickets tenderly and then his lips were pressed to the latch her fingers had touched in closing the gate perhaps for the last time—closing it with him a prisoner until she chose to come back and release him.

A moment later his face dropped to his arms as they rested on the post and he sobbed as though his heart would break.

THE END.



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton:

The Silver Poppy. By Arthur Stringer.

Mr. Stringer has become well known through his contributions to various periodicals and through his recently published book of verse. In this novel by him a literary vampire and a young Englishman, who has not found himself, play the chief parts in a clever romance. This book is reviewed in another column.

Animal Studies. A Text-Book of Elementary Zoology. By David Starr Jordon, Vernon Lyman Kellogg, and Harold Heath.

One of the series of Twentieth Century Text-Books, intended primarily for use in high schools and colleges, and it treats of the structure and habits of fossil animals with especial regard to their natural history rather than to their morphology.

The British Nation. A History. By George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto.

One of the Twentieth Century Text-Books. It is written somewhat after the fashion of Green's "Short History of the English People," that is, with due attention to social life as one of the important phases of the nation's growth.

Essays and Addresses. By Jules Cambon, Ambassador of France to the United States.

The essays in this volume include, among others, one upon "Pierre Loti's Iceland Fisherman," which was originally written to serve as an introduction to that story. Among the addresses are "A True View of France," delivered in New York, April 18, 1900; the address given by M. Cambon at the unveiling of the statue of Rochambeau at Washington last year; and his speech at the farewell banquet which was tendered him on the eve of his departure from this country.

Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton, Esq. By Nimrod. With Numerous Illustrations by Henry Alken and T. J. Rawlins.

This quaint little book is a reprint of one which was issued in the year 1837 by Rudolph Ackermann, of London. The subject of the Memoirs was an English country gentleman of eccentric habits, and the story of his exploits in hunting, racing and driving makes some amusing pages.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. A Poem. With Thirty-One Coloured Illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson.

This book also is reprinted, with the original pictures, from one issued in the early part of the last century from Ackermann's Repository of Arts in London.

Memoirs of George Elers, Captain in the Twelfth Regiment of Foot (1777-1842). To which are added Correspondence and Other Papers, with Genealogy and Notes. Edited from the Original MSS. by Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower.

The manuscripts of these Memoirs were found in the library at Burton Hall by Mr. George Leveson Gower, a relative of Lord Munson. They give an interesting picture of life in society and in the army at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Anthony Wayne. By John R. Spears.

A new volume in the Series of Historic Lives which the Appletons are bringing out in a uniform edition. Wayne, some-

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times called "Mad Anthony," was born in 1745 and died in 1796.

The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl.

A novel which deals with a somewhat new feature in fiction. Miss Sholl gives a picture of life as she has seen it in a large university, and she brings a personal knowledge to the subject. The book is noticed elsewhere in this number.

Practical Journalism. By Edwin L. Shuman.

A manual of the best newspaper methods by the author of "Steps Into Journalism," which aims to "meet the needs, both of those who seek to enter journalism and of those who have already embarked on a newspaper career. The book is also intended as an aid to students in certain collegiate course and in schools of journalism." The book should have a timely interest, as the founding of a College of Journalism is at present one of the topics of conversation.

American Railway Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson.

The fourth volume in Appleton's Business Series, the previous books being "The Work of Wall Street," "Funds and Their Uses," and "Trust Finance," Professor Johnson is connected with the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania.

Central Europe. By Joseph Partsch.

A new volume in the Appleton's World Series, "The Regions of the World," by the Professor of Geography in the University of Breslau. Miss Clementina Black has translated the work from the German.

A History of Arabic Literature. By Clement Huart.

In an editorial preface by Edmund Gosse, he says: "This volume has been written at my invitation for this series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, and has been translated from the author's manuscript by Lady Mary Lloyd." Professor Huart is one of the best known of the living Orientalists.

The Career Triumphant. By Henry B. Boone.

A novel. The heroine is a young Virginian, and her "career triumphant" leads her to the stage. Mr. Boone is co-author with Mr. Kenneth Brown of "Eastcover Court House" and "The Redfields Succession."

Baker and Taylor Company:

R. F. and H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis.

The Dohertys' successes in the international tennis championship contests in this country are a matter of very recent history. Their book is intended especially for would-be learners of the game, though there is much in it that will prove of interest to those who already play. It has many illustrations, showing the various strokes, ways of holding the racket, etc.

Book-Lover Press:

The Red-Keggers. By Eugene Thwing.

A story of a lumbering and farming community during the period from 1868-69 to 1871. A member of the editorial staff of the Century Dictionary says: "A great story—intensely interesting, true to life, and a phase of life never previously touched."

Crowell and Company:

Parsifal. A Mystical Drama by Richard Wagner. Retold in the Spirit of the Bayreuth Interpretation by Oliver Huckel.

Lovers of opera should welcome this English version of Parsifal, and particularly at the present time, when it is creating considerable discussion. The volume contains five illustrations by Franz Stassen and special type designs in black and red. A review by Mr. Lewis M. Isaacs appears elsewhere in this issue.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

An April Princess. By Constance Smedley.

A light novel by an Englishwoman. Somebody says of it: "There has been nothing like it since Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues." The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Yellow Crayon. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim is a prolific writer. Within the last few months he has written two successful books, "The Prince of Sinners" and "The Traitors." The present novel is founded upon the story of a secret society called "The Order of the Yellow Crayon," which was composed of the nobles of the earth, and originally instituted for united action against socialists and anarchists. The story is full of adventure and mystery, with many of the scenes laid in well-known hotels and restaurants in New York.

The Sherrods. By George Barr McCutcheon.

A review of Mr. McCutcheon's novel will appear in a later number of The Bookman. Then we shall feel at liberty to discuss the story impartially. As "The Sherrods" is still running serially in this magazine our reasons for declining to express any opinion whatever must be perfectly obvious.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Monsigny. By Justus Miles Forman.

A story which appeared in the Smart Set a few months ago. The novel has a foreign setting, the Chateau Monsigny being situated near Versailles. Mr. Forman's novels are pleasantly readable. A

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review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

Lane:

The MS. In a Red Box. Anonymous.

The mystery in connection with the receipt of this manuscript by the publishers is being used as an advertising feature. It is said that the publishers received the manuscript in a red box and that they have actually no idea who the author is. Whether this is a clever advertising dodge or not one cannot say at the present moment.

The Motor Book. By R. J. Mecredy.

A small book of interest to persons who desire to learn something about motor cars. The writer is an authority on this subject, being editor of "The Motor News" and "The Dictionary of Motoring," both of which are published in Dublin.

Songs of Dreams. By Ethel Clifford.

A book of verse which deserves much more than a passing notice. The contents are divided thus: "Songs Out of Doors," "Songs in the Night," "Songs in Remembrance," "Songs of Love," "Songs in Imitation," "Songs of Dreams." The poems are written by an Englishwoman, many of them having appeared in the Westminster Gazette and the Pall Mall Gazette.

Life in the Mercantile Marine. By Charles Protheroe.

In these sketches of nautical life the author, writing in the first person, gives an account of the conditions which prevail in the lives of the "men who go down to the sea in ships."

Masters of English Landscape Painting. J. S. Cotman. David Cox, Peter de Wint. Edited by Charles Holme.

A special summer number of the International Studio which contains many beautiful reproductions of the work of the three painters discussed.

The Tree Book. By Mary Rowles Jarvis.

The third volume in the Country Handbooks series, edited by Harry Roberts. "A life-long love of trees, and much lore concerning them, gleaned from foresters, charcoal burners, and other men of the woods . . . are the writer's chief qualifications for the making of this tree book."

A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country. By Handasyde.

A story with an English setting, written in the first person.

The House on the Sands. By Charles Marriott.

A new novel by the author of "The Column." The house on the sands is occupied by a man and a woman who have decided to experiment with Platonism. The man is an ascetic, and for a time the woman believes as he does. But when a change comes over her and new interests enter her life sufficient good material is provided for an interesting novel.

Eleanor Dayton. By Nathaniel Stephenson.

A new novel by the author of "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton." The scenes of the story shift from the Court of Louis Napoleon to cities in the United States. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

Life Publishing Company:

Cirillo. By Effie Douglas Putnam.

A story, the scene of which is laid in Florence, and which has a musical atmosphere. The author is a harpist by profession, living in Paris, and this is her first novel.

New Harlem Publishing Company:

New Harlem Past and Present. By Carl Horton Pierce, William Pennington Toler, and Harmon de Pau Nutting.

According to the title page this is the story of an amazing civic wrong, now at last to be righted, with a review of the principles of law involved in the recovery of the Harlem Lands. The purpose of the book is "to prove that the town of New Harlem has not been erased from the map; that there is not only a 'past,' but a 'present New Harlem.'" The volume contains many illustrations.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Monarch Billionaire. By Morrison I. Swift.

A novel dealing largely with the conditions existing between the very rich man and the laborer. Giles Wyndon, the billionaire, and his daughter, Margaret, are the principal characters.

Outlook Company:

Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies. By John Dickinson. With an Historical Introduction by R. T. H. Halsey.

The first of these "Letters" made their appearance in the Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, November 30-December 3, 1767. A letter followed for twelve successive weeks, and such was their popularity that they were reprinted in almost all the Colonial newspapers. The present volume is a large one, and is bound in blue paper boards with vellum backs, after the style of the original edition.

Pott and Company:

The Eastward Road. By Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.

A small book of poems, some of the poems having appeared in Harper's,

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Everybody's Magazine, and The Bookman.

Putnam's Sons:

Old Paths and Legends of New England. By Katherine M. Abbott.

Miss Abbott is the author of the little paper-bound book "Trolley Trips," which described the old New England haunts that may be reached by trolley. In this more pretentious work she has not limited her wanderings to the trolley track, but has penetrated to out-of-the-way places, visiting old homesteads and spots of historic interest in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The book is well bound and profusely illustrated.

The Shadow of Victory. By Myrtle Reed.

A new novel by the author of "Lavender and Old Lace." The action of the present story takes place among the stirring scenes of an early Western trading post, and it bears the sub-title "A Romance of Fort Dearborn."

Rains Company:

The Hasheesh Eater. By Fitzhugh Ludlow.

A reprint of a book originally published in 1857. It is not fiction, but the personal experiences of the author while using the drug, Hasheesh, or Indian Hemp.

Scribner:

The Diary of John Evelyn, Esquire, F.R.S. Edited by William Bray.

An imported book, bound in limp leather. Mr. Evelyn lived in the times of King Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II., King James II., and King William, and it was his custom to make notes of such events as he thought worth recording.

Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By William Bayne.

This is also an imported volume, illustrated with twenty plates after Wilkie and a photogravure frontispiece. The preface speaks of the work of this Scotch artist as being of interest to the whole art-loving public. "It is probably at the present day not sufficiently well recognised how great was the homage universally paid to his genius in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and how he was held to be representative of British art in general as well as of that of the land of his birth."

Rossetti Papers, 1862 to 1870. A Compilation by William Michael Rossetti.

In 1899 the compiler of this volume brought out two separate books, "Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism," and "Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters." They consisted of letters, journals, etc., and were intended to show forth the career of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The record was carried up to February, 1862, while in the present volume it is brought up to April, 1870. The material in the present book, which is an imported one, is arranged chronologically.

Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad. Edited by A. Wallis Myers, with Contributions by H. S. Mahony, H. S. Scribner, G. W. Hillyard, Mrs. Sterry, and other Authorities on the Game.

This book gives a pretty good idea of what a book on a certain sport should be. It is comprehensive and entertaining and excellently illustrated. In it the subject has been covered in a broader way than has been done before. We have, however, just one criticism to make. The volume purports to treat of Lawn Tennis "at home and abroad." The title should read "Abroad and at Home," for the marked precedence given the English side of the game is one unwarranted, even when one takes into consideration the remarkable showing of the English challengers during the past summer. Of course as this is an imported book, this precedent is understood by those who realise the fact. But bearing the imprint of an American house the volume in this respect will puzzle the average American reader. And it is in his behalf that we offer the criticism.

A Search for the Masked Tawareks. By W. J. Harding King. (Imported.)

A book describing a race of marauding nomads who live in the trackless wastes of the Sahara, south of Algeria. On account of their impious character, says the author, they have been named by the Arabs "Tawarek," or "Godforsaken." The text is accompanied by over forty illustrations.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox, Jr.

As a serial in Scribner's Magazine this story has attracted favourable comment. The story pictures boy life among the Kentucky mountaineers, and life at a blue-grass college in the days before the war. Mr. Fox also shows how Kentucky was affected by the Civil War. A review appears elsewhere in the present issue.

The Vagabond. By Frederick Palmer.

The first novel of a man who has already become known as a newspaper correspondent and as a writer of short stories. It is a Civil War story, and has been running serially in Collier's Weekly.

A Doctor of Philosophy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A love story which will not please those readers who demand the often inevitable "happy ending." The doctor of philosophy is a woman, and a taint of negro blood adds a tragic element to the story. A further notice of it appears elsewhere in this issue.

Travels of Marco Polo. In Two Volumes.

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The book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the kingdoms and marvels of the East. Translated and edited, with notes, by Colonel Sir Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., K.C.S.I. The third edition of this work has been revised throughout in the light of recent discoveries by Henri Cordier of Paris.

A Song of Speed. By William Ernest Henley.

The Messrs. Scribner have imported this poem of Mr. Henley's, and have brought it out in paper covers. It is dedicated to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, but it might appropriately have been dedicated to all automobilists.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Middle Course. By Poultney Bigelow.

An ultra modern novel. The lady of the frontispiece is described as being "dressed in the fashion of the day-after-to-morrow—for which she did not mean to pay till the day after that."

Miss Sylvester's Marriage. By Cecil Charles.

A novel, the reading of which will not overtax the brain. There is a great deal about Miss Sylvester and her husband, also a good deal about Miss Sylvester's aunt, who is described as being "non-irritant, non-astringent."

Hearts Aflame. By Louise Winter.

A story which depicts the efforts of a society leader to re-establish in the social world a woman friend who has been sensationally divorced. The illustrations in the book are by Archie Gunn.

Street and Smith:

Conversations of a Chorus Girl. By Roy L. McCardell.

This particular chorus girl is described as a "peroxide blonde," and her "conversations," in which the interlocutor is a dramatic editor, may be said to be of the peroxide type also. They tell of her experiences "on the road," of her various flirtations, and other things dear to the heart of the chorus girl.

Walker-Ellerson Publishing Company:

The Curse of Caste. By N. J. W. Le Cato.

A novel dedicated to the President. The author has much to say about the negro question, and for his frontispiece he has chosen the picture of a negro, with the following caption "I allus 'low'd dat it was bad business to free the nigger 'thout making him white."

Werner Publishing Company:

The Exact Science of Health. By Robert Walter, M.D. Volume I.: Principles.

The author of this book holds that the care of the body and the preservation of the vital forces may be developed into a science, determined by laws as exact as those which control the movements of the stars.

Boston.

Dana Estes and Company:

Whitewash. A Novel. By Ethel Watts Mumford.

"Whitewash" first appeared in The Smart Set. The scene is laid in New York, the characters are members of fashionable society, and a mysterious robbery and the exposure of a clever criminal furnish the main motive.

The Millionaire's Son. By Anna Robeson Brown.

This novel, to quote the publishers, "is a study in temperament and heredity, and a satire on social conditions in America." A further notice of this book appears elsewhere in this issue.

Ginn and Company:

Agriculture for Beginners. By Charles William Burkett, Frank Lincoln Stevens, and Daniel Harvey Hill.

The authors of this book, professors respectively of agriculture, biology and English in the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, have collaborated in the belief that there is no line of separation between the science of agriculture and the practical art, and that the child intended for the farm cannot too early be taught the fundamental truths of farming.

The Jones First Reader.
The Jones Second Reader.
The Jones Third Reader.
The Jones Fourth Reader.
The Jones Fifth Reader.

These are school books by L. H. Jones, president of the Michigan State Normal College. The series covers the reading work of the eight grades of the elementary schools.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Zut and Other Parisians. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A collection of short stories dealing, as the title suggests, with Paris and Parisians.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Gorgo. By Charles K. Gaines, Ph.D.

A romance of Old Athens by the Professor of Greek in St. Lawrence University. Gorgo is the daughter of a Spartan chief, reared in Laconia, and her lover is a young Athenian. The story abounds in battle scenes.

Mutual Book Company:

The Knocker. By Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated by E. B. Bird.

A book intended to be funny. Here is a typical quotation: "A knocker is a sourball who thinks he knows it all. . . . Why

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does a knocker knock? Because he has dyspepsia and feels like a soft-shelled crab."

Page and Company:

The Red Triangle. By Arthur Morrison.

This is a detective story, and a fairly good one, as detective stories go. Further mention of this is made in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The New Tokology. Mother and Child Culture. By Eli F. Brown, M.S., M.D., and Joseph H. Greer, M.D.

A book which gives considerable information about the vital functions of the body and which also contains a dictionary of medical terms. There are numerous instructions for the prevention or the cure of disease, and special illustrations have been made by Dr. Ruth Blake.

Towards the Rising Sun. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Sigmund Krausz.

An account of the author's trip through the Orient, beginning at Constantinople, leading to Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, and extending from there through the Red Sea to Ceylon, Calcutta, and overland through Central India to Bombay.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Based on the most eminent Authorities by E. T. Roe, LL.B., and Professor O. H. L. Schwetzky, Editor.

This is a concise lexicon, bound in half leather, and containing, besides definitions and pronunciations of words and the various departments of the regulation dictionary, several cyclopædic features and a number of attractive coloured plates and maps.

Open Court Publishing Company:

Babel and Bible. Two Lectures on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. Embodying also the Most Important Criticisms and the Author's Replies. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Translated from the German by Thomas J. McCormack and W. H. Carruth.

Dr. Delitzsch is Professor of Assyriology in the University of Berlin, and these lectures were delivered under the auspices of the German Oriental Society.

Hadley Ballads. By Julia Taft Bayne.

A small book of poems. "Her sons and daughters have gathered these," says the introduction, "from the New England Magazine, the Independent, the Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, Springfield Republican, and Hartford Courant, into this little volume, which they present to their mother as a birthday gift, knowing also that it will give pleasure to her many friends."

The Mysteries of Mithra. By Franz Cumont.

A work translated from the second revised French edition by Thomas J. McCormack. It treats of the origin and history of the Mithraic religion, and is accompanied by a number of illustrations. The author, Franz Cumont, is Professor in the University of Ghent, Belgium.

Stone and Company:

My Friend Annabel Lee. By Mary Maclane.

This is very much the sort of book that one might expect from Mary Maclane.

Waite and Company:

Homophonic Conversations in English, German, French and Italian. Being a Natural Aid to the Memory in Learning those Languages. By C. B. and C. V. Waite.

A small book based upon the similarity in sound and in signification of the principal words used in the sentences which are chosen as examples. Nearly five hundred homophonic words are used, giving the form of the word in each language.

Winona Publishing Company:

The Bible in Shakespeare. By William Burgess.

A study of the relationship of the works of William Shakespeare to the Bible, in which the author undertakes to prove, by numerous parallel passages, quotations, and references, that Shakespeare—notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary—was a true Christian.

Philadelphia.

Ferris and Leach:

The Independence of the South American Republics. A Study in Recognition and Foreign Policy. By Frederic L. Paxson, Fellow in History in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Monroe Doctrine has been, almost since the beginning of the last century, a vital question in American politics, and its history has never, so far as we know, been comprehensively presented in a single volume before.

McKay:

Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease. What a Layman Should Know About It. By Lawrence F. Flick, M.D.

A sane and helpful little book on the subject of tuberculosis, which should help those who read it to understand what the disease is, and therefore to do much toward preventing its spread.

Akron, Ohio.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Man in the Camlet Cloak. By Carlen Bateson.

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This is an historical novel, the plot being founded upon the conspiracy of Aaron Burr. It is put forth in the guise of "an old writing transcribed and edited."

Under Mad Anthony's Banner. By James Ball Naylor.

Mr. Naylor, author of "In the Days of St. Clair" and several other historical novels, has written a story founded upon the career of Gen. Anthony Wayne in the Northwest Territory. He dedicates his book, quite appropriately, to the memory of the hero of its pages.

Charleston, S. C.

Walker, Evans and Cogswell Company:

Life of John C. Calhoun. By Gustavus M. Pinckney.

A sketch of the "Great Nullifier," giving a brief biographical account of his life and work, but portraying him chiefly by means of extracts from his letters and speeches.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Fortunes of Fifi. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

A sprightly romance of the early part of the nineteenth century, with the scenes laid in Paris. The story has been running serially. This book is noticed in another column.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Press of the Ithaca Democrat:

The History of the Treman, Tremaine, Truman Family in America. By Ebenezer Mack Treman and Murray E. Poole, D.C.L., LL.D. Two Volumes.

This history appears in two massive volumes of over a thousand pages each. To those persons interested in genealogy it may be well to state that the history concerns itself with Joseph Truman of New London, Connecticut (1666); John Mack of Lyme, Connecticut (1680); Richard Dey of New York City (1641); Cornelius Board of Boardville, New Jersey (1730); John Ayer of Newbury, Massachusetts (1635), and their descendants.

Oxford, England.

At the Clarenden Press:

A History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman, M.A.

This, the second volume of Professor Oman's exhaustive work, covers the ground from January to September of 1809, that is, from the Battle of Corunna to the end of the Talavera Campaign.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Schools for Spirits. By E. M. Wood, D.D., LL.D.

In this paper covered volume the author touches upon theosophy, spiritualism, hypnotism, Dowieism, Mormonism, and Christian Science. "Having this book," announces its publishers, "you need nothing more on these subjects."

San Francisco, Cal.

Elder and Company:

Bachelor Bigotries. Compiled by an Old Maid and Approved by a Young Bachelor. Illustrated by an ex-Bachelor. Published by a Young Married Man.

The compilers of this little volume have made selections for every day in the year from the various writers who at one time or another have turned cynical toward women.

Robertson:

Of Both Worlds. By Herman Scheffauer.

A book of poems dedicated to Ambrose Bierce.

Some Village Verse. By Master Emery.

A small paper-covered book without a publisher's imprint. According to the frontispiece "Master Emery" is not so young as his verse would lead one to think. The title page bears this announcement: "Notice! This edition is limited to five hundred copies."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between July and August, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan. $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy (Clode.) $1.50.
6. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Wee MacGreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt & Co.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Philosophy Four. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Prince of Sinners. Oppenhein. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel-Biddle.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Lousiville, Ky.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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Memphis, Tenn.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett.) $1.00.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Philosophy Four. Wister. (Macmillan.) 50 cts.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Gentleman of the South. Brown. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell.) $10.00 net.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Children of Destiny. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Such Things as Dreams Are Made of. Miller. (Lawrence.) $1.00.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Ward of King Canute. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. As It Was In the Beginning. Miller. (Robertson.) $1.00.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

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St. Louis, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel-Biddle.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Morang.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.
6 Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Stokes.) $1.50
6. Round Anvil Rock. Banks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Greene. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Monsigny. Forman. (Doubleday-Page.) $1:50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	221
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.	207
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	164
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	77
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	69
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.....	66

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